June 15, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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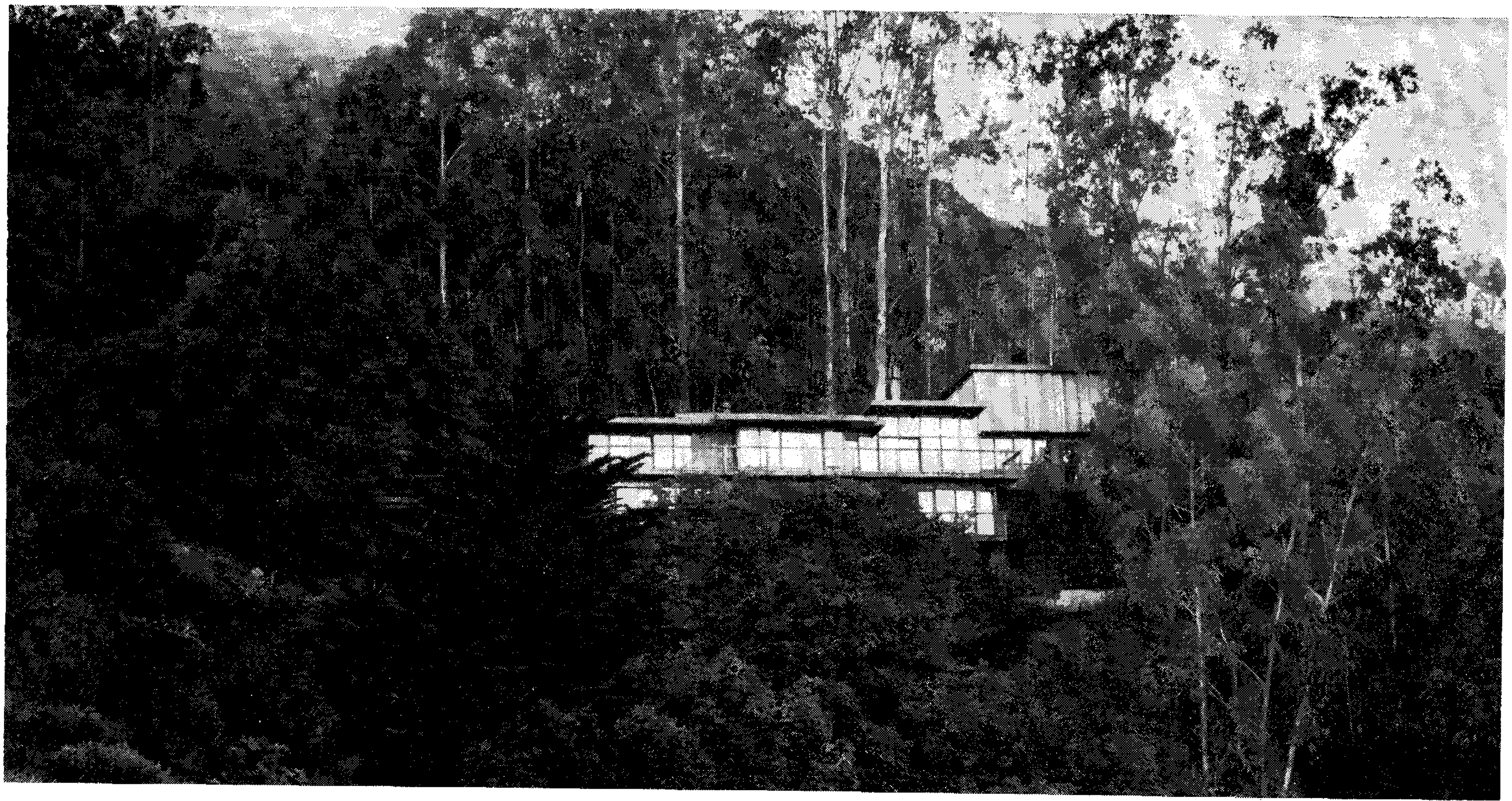

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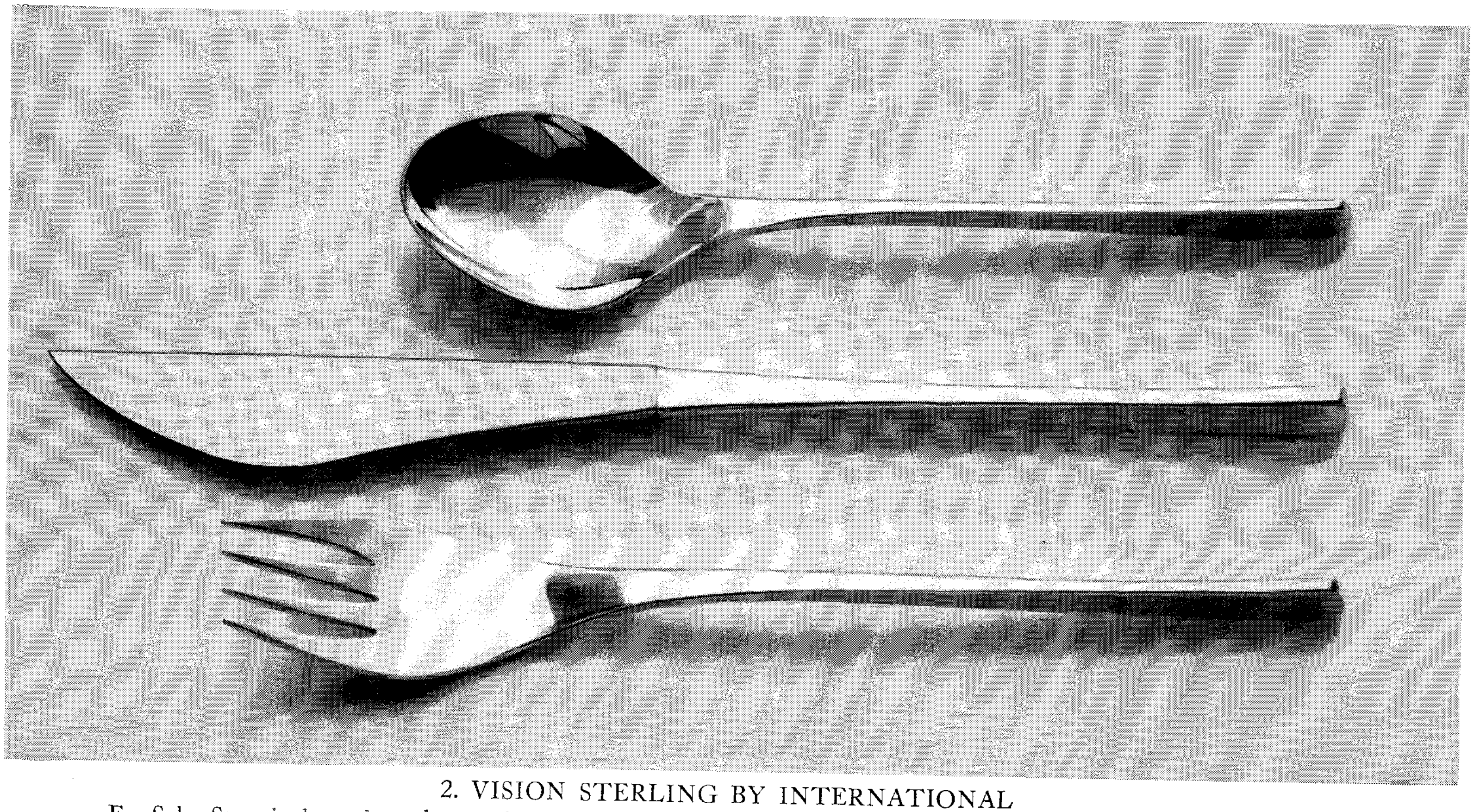

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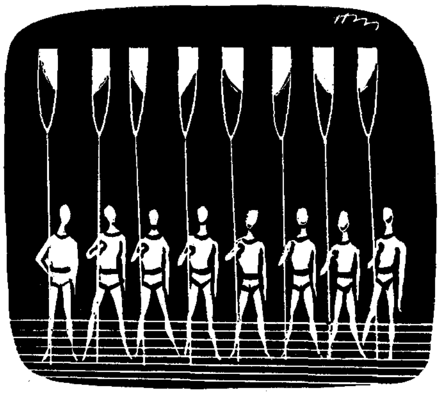
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—A comedy by Leonard Spigelgass about a Jewish matron who keeps poking her nose into other people's affairs until a psychoanalyst persuades her to desist. Gertrude Berg is engaging as the matron, and Howard Da Silva, Jill Kraft, Tresa Hughes, and the others in the cast give her a lot of assistance. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—This funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner, concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—A jolly comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Photo Finish—Peter Ustinov as an old-timer who, on his deathbed, finds the capacity to meet himself in various guises, from downy youth to old age. Intermittently amusing. Mr. Ustinov (who is also the author) is supported by Dennis King, Eileen Herlie, and Paul Rogers. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rattle of a Simple Man—A lovable and antic prostitute tries to establish virile confidence in a shy, middle-aged millworker in this three-character drama by the English playwright Charles Dyer. The grounds are familiar and the play is too long, but the dialogue rings true, and the direction, by Donald McWhinnie, is alert. Tammy Grimes and Edward Woodward are engaging as the featured players. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Strange Interlude—A revival of the O'Neill drama, employing a stream-of-consciousness technique that is compelling even though it is almost unbearably lengthy. Directed by José Quintero and produced by the Actors Studio Theatre, the play is fortunate in its cast, which includes Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Rip Torn, William Prince, and, in smaller roles, Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, Collin Wilcox, and Geoffrey Horne. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Shepperd *Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton.* (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Little Me—Sid Caesar plays all kinds of roles in this comedy adapted by Neil Simon from a book by Patrick Dennis. He represents the various lovers in the life of a lady called Belle Poitrine, who in the course of the play makes her way from the Middle West to Southampton, but, for all his efforts, the comedy is lukewarm. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built on and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; Paul O'Keefe, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through seven ages, which seem like eons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy—vintage early thirties—about lovers, Red and White, of old Mother Russia. But Vivien Leigh gives a fine performance as a grand duchess to the palace born. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a play based on the works of Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO STRINGS:** A Richard Rodgers show in which Diahann Carroll is a model for Paris *Vogue* and Richard Kiley an expatriate American novelist. Barbara McNair will succeed Miss Carroll on Monday, June 17. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 15.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"The King and I," with Eileen Brennan and Manolo Fabregas. The last in a series of three Richard Rodgers musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 23.)

Along Came a Spider—A foolish and repellent melodrama. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	84
BOOKS	113
THE CURRENT CINEMA	54
LETTER FROM LONDON	100
THE RACE TRACK	111
THE SPORTING SCENE	58

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, June 13-14: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 15: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, June 16, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, June 18-19: "Patience."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 20-21: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 22: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are a generally appealing and sporadically talented bunch. With Karin Wolfe, Edmund Gaynes, and Liza Minnelli. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Shelley Winters and Jack Warden in a double bill of two-character plays ("Snowangel" and "Epiphany") by Lewis John Carlino, directed by Howard Da Silva. Opens Thursday, June 13. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Salome Jens is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Act I of this quite stylish revival is filled with echoes of other performances in other revivals, but Acts II and III have a charm all their own. The actors largely responsible for the charm are Melville Cooper, as Chasuble, and Jean Cameron, as Prism. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Month in the Country—The shortcomings of Celeste Holm, as Natalya, rather distort, but do not spoil, this production of Turgenev's wry comedy. Several of the supporting roles are well played, Peter Wingate's settings are charming, and David Ross's direction is, as usual, quite skillful. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A bright and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Sally Rand as M.C. and star turn of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—Eli Wallach, with the help of his wife, Anne Jackson, does some splendid clowning and acting in this pair of bright comedies by a new playwright named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box, which could serve in a pinch as a Garden of Eden, will reopen Friday, June 14, with Eddie Fisher, a Hollywood industrialist whose principal contributions to his avocation of balladry are curly hair and an unquenchable smile. He appears at dinner and supper; a Lester Lanin orchestra plays around all evening. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do the dance music. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. No dancing Sundays, when only the wing known as Perona's is open.

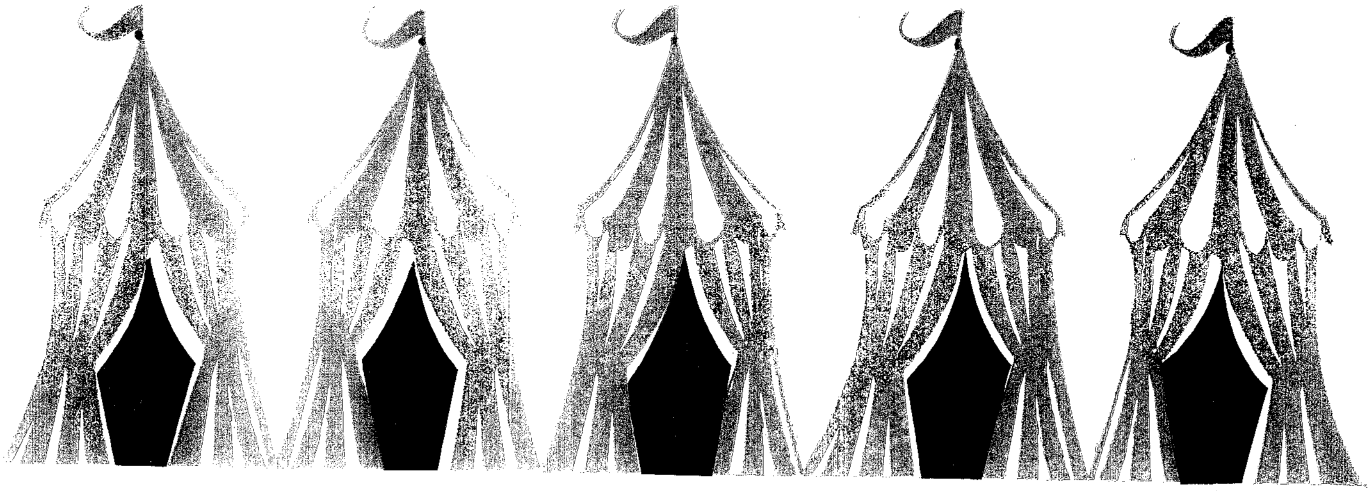
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's little band is for sedate dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for more impassioned dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Mondays, another band is the entire show.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kitty Kallen, a singer who never strays from the Hit Parade, makes a production number out of everything she does. The dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room are hers; in between her séances, Emil Coleman's heavy artillery and Mark Monte's light artillery provide music for the benefit of any dancers. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, age-old *palais de danse*, has turned over a new leaf. Beneath it you will find Sue Carson, a chatterbox with a sharp eye and a sharp tongue, and Frank D'Rone, whose half-world ditties sound best when his guitar goes along with them. The rest of the time, a dance trio of no particular consequence works hard. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This picturesque castle in the air is in its customary rosy state of mind. Charles Turecamo's band, of the Long Island summer set, and Walter Kay's group, an old St. Regis retainer, do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Pitti Palace, blue lagoon, Forest of Arden all combine to make the Columns a beautiful game refuge for anyone who likes to roam a dance floor. Chauncey Gray's orchestra, whose music was born and bred in New York, shares the podium with Arturo Arturos's triad of Latin lovers. They set to at seven. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Ray Hartley, who spends the cocktail hour and the rest of



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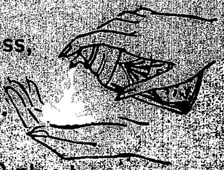

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the evening after seven in the leisurely Café Lounge turning out piano that flows like Pouilly-Fumé, begins a sabbatical on Saturday, June 15.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Life as everyone thinks it is always lived on Park Avenue is represented by the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the gymnastic tunes of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dreamworld violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* of the wayside inn is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening, and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around all evening, too, and Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight, before popping off to Downstairs at the Upstairs. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and the fast company he kept—Pinkerton, Cio-Cio-San, Rodolfo, Mimi—recalling in idyllic arias their petty misdemeanors. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is Hans Christian Andersen and Walt Disney, but all its playful grandeur cannot suppress Norbert Faconi and his gay-Lothario Stradivarius. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He stays home Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the executive suite of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics takes place in miniature onstage twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Moonlight over Rome, glimpsed from one of the Seven Hills. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin sits in on Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so calm that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): *Se habla español* in mien and menu. The regional dialect of flamenco is often in evidence, generally with a Latin-American accent. Miguelito Valdes, a singer of burning-bright persuasion, is the major exponent. Now and again, a dance band encourages the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The voice of everything but the turtle—violin, zimbalon, trumpet, tenor, and soprano (Lili France)—is heard, and often, in this eternal springtime, Hungarian style. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social workers here must be mostly recruited from the *Register*. Their accompaniment, from cocktails until after the theatre, is George Feyer's hop-skip-and-jump piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *La dolce vita* in a fairly accurate paraphrase of the Via Veneto. Herman Honigsberg is principal violinist in a floating island of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute dining room becomes a minute music room when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Accordion, piano, and guitar divide the remainder of the evening. After ten-thirty Mondays through Fridays, a trio turns out dance music beside a minute recreation ar[illegible] . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800[illegible] A well-behaved casbah with American [illegible]ne and, in among all the Moorish arc[illegible] soft-spoken American piano, from si[illegible]o nine-thirty, by Conrad Monjoy. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti rambles along at his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Merry Villagers pop up at intervals to deliver no-holds-barred snatches of opera at the diners (and sometimes horse, or at least horseplay, opera, too). Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, a world traveller whose notebook is eclectic yet hospitable, gets the run of the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park from cocktails until after the theatre every night but Sunday. . . . **ABSINTHE HOUSE**, 130 W. 48th St. (CO 5-6571): Herman Chittison, owner of one of the few dreadnought-size pianos that remain in night life, lets it resound easily but joyously in this chophouse dining room from eight to one-thirty. His last night is Wednesday, June 19. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening, to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the living room, or just to table-hop. Sundays, a pianist is the entire orchestra. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, the most recent of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Eve before her encounter with the apple and the serpent is exemplified by three dozen fair ladies, or fair hoydens. Into this lovely-to-look-at bower intrude a few males, such as Jerry Colonna (stuff-and-nonsense

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conversation) and Dino Formichini (muscular arias). Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. Jack Fletcher, a Hall of Fame *farceur*, departs the cast on Saturday, June 15, but Gordon Connell, a jolly roisterer, joins up on Monday, June 17. The rest of the company—Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Fredricka Weber, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning—stands pat. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the hours are nine and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Wise beyond their meagre years are Woody Allen, a street-urchin philosopher, and Allen & Grier, a boy-and-girl commentary on the excessively great lengths to which folk music is going. Dinner and supper, it's nice to note, are again part of the entertainment. . . . ¶ In the lounge, after the theatre and several times in the early morning, Bobby Short sings those songs that burn at both ends, and exhilarating is the light they shed. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his noble sidemen. All three are marked absent Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," the new emotional outlet of the Second City players, is a revue with incidental music by Tom O'Horgan's harp. Some of the sketches are old friends, and some (among them a playlet that is Kafka with—if that can be imagined—a funnybone in his teeth) have just been hatched. Andrew Duncan, Barbara Harris, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, and MacIntyre Dixon are the laudable amusers. The enterprise starts around eight-thirty and eleven during the week, additionally after midnight on Saturdays, and only at eight-thirty on Sundays; Mondays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LE 3-5020): Many a true word is being said—and not always in jest, either—by the four-strong cast of a new revue that's sometimes informal to the point of formlessness. The schedule: Thursday, June 13, at seven-thirty; thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A bunch of good neighbors from down around the equator are whooping and dancing it up in the back room. They turn out at dinner and supper, leaving plenty of time for the customers to get on the floor and prance for themselves. Sundays, there's also a tea dance, which runs (and rampantly, too) until all hours. Emilio Reyes' band is the perfect stimulant for all this. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Graham Crackers," Ronny Graham's revue-eyed view of life and the pursuit of happiness, sometimes gets bug-eyed, too, and sometimes misty-eyed. Of the six players who occupy the stage, Mr. G. himself is the most noticeable, because of the trail of volcanic ash that accompanies him, but Bill McCutcheon is funny, too, in more earthly fashion. They all set to at *nine-fifteen* and *midnight*; closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** Mabel Mercer's advice to all hands (love and let love) is being distributed after ten in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Fridays and Saturdays, Ronny Graham is there, too, to do his awesome impersonation of a composer who has sold his soul to the Devil and come out of the transaction one up. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The second edition of the revue from London's The Establishment is a counterpart of the first, in that the quality of its mercy, whose appearances are infrequent, is strained indeed. The same set of players—John Bird, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt,

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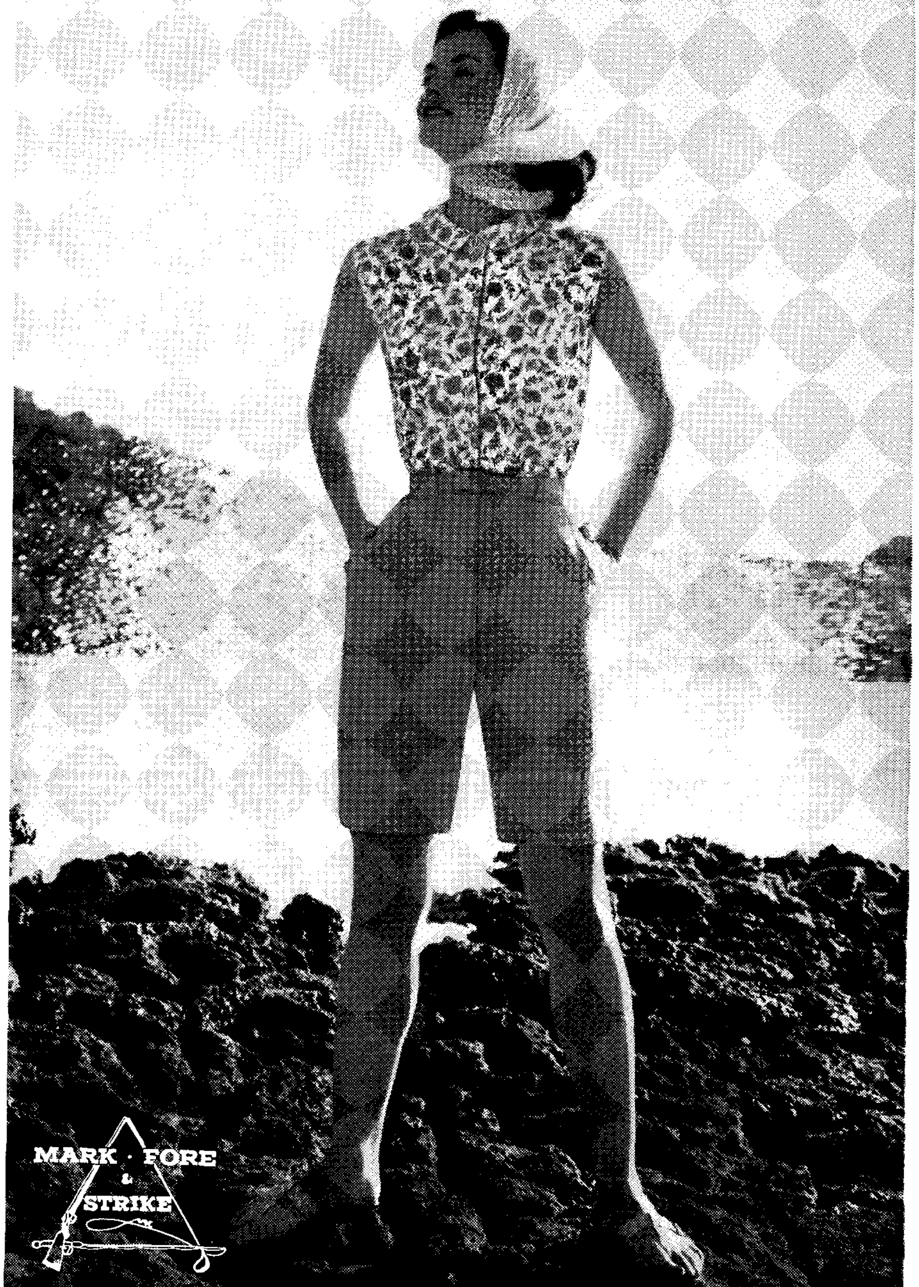

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Carole Simpson (who all deserve to be made honorary citizens)—is at work. Teddy Wilson's American jazz trio, which fits in well with all this British jazz, also plays from one-thirty to three in the bar. Dinner and supper shows during the week; lights out on Sundays. . . . **THE HOWFF,** 4 St. Marks Pl. (YU 2-0220): The newest of the *café-noir* enterprises is for the moment dedicated to an in-memoriam concert, "The World of Kurt Weill in Song." Its personnel—Will Holt, in his time perhaps the most skillful parodist of the Weilly ways, and Martha Schlamme, a wholly in earnest devotee of Mr. W.—go to work twice a night Mondays through Thursdays, thrice on Fridays and Saturdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Stan Getz, his horn lowing gently o'er the lea, runs a quartet; a newcomer named Bob Pozar runs a trio. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Gerry Mulligan, a might-and-main blower, drives a good hard foursome; the Limeliters fool around with folk music, or even make it up. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The back-to-the-country movement is here in full fledge. Miriam Makeba, a noble sight and sound, takes it back to her native Africa; Lucho Navarro and Tom Paxton stay closer to our own rocks and rills. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Hails in this estimable coffeehouse are sometimes instantaneously followed by farewells, but—at a guess—you'll now get (along with your lemon peel) Judy Henske, a stringbean of a girl who can shout folk tunes with the best, and a new set of backwoods voices called the Big 3. Just for laughs (his main stock in trade), Bob Cosby is added. Miss Henske and Mr. Cosby depart on Monday, June 17; on Wednesday, June 19, Oscar Brand, a folklorist who can dip well down into the spice box, will arrive. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has come down to the Village. It's done by Wilbur de Paris and band, in which Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White are apt to be embedded. These hands are supplemented by Curtis Knight's quartet, and dancing is now legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged, whose quartet now contains Dick Wellstood, provides quantities of let-'em-have-it-between-the-eyes old-school jazz. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Catalysis and cataclysm are the basic ingredients. The Dukes of Dixieland (Mississippi raftsmen) will be succeeded, on Friday, June 14, by Maynard Ferguson's orchestra (wailing wall). Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current shivaree, which is headed by the noisy Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, ends on Wednesday, June 19. Among next evening's acquisitions are Philly Joe Jones' assemblage and Jackie Byard's trio. Visiting days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet will, on Tuesday, June 18, be temporarily disbanded, it is reported, so that Mr. Sims can experiment with some British importations—Ronnie Scott on tenor sax, Ronnie Ross on baritone sax, and Jimmie Deuchar on trumpet. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, wielding a clarinet as pensive as the pipes of Pan, runs the small and traditional band. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Variations on a theme—the one that goes "Subject to Change, etc."—are often performed by the management, not the cast, of this academy for the study of modern influences on music. Thelonious Monk's quartet and Mose Allison's trio are presumably on hand every night but Monday. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-callay that goes with it. Dizzy Gillespie, though, lends a note of distinction, and his horn (which heads a quintet) lends several such notes. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Martial Solal, a pianist whom France is lending us as warily as it lent the "Mona Lisa," is as modern a trapping as this chophouse has ever experimented with. His trio is around every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hothouse, now transplanted, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined Fridays and Saturdays by Danny Barker's trio. No music on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Mary Abbott—Collages containing poems by Barbara Guest; through Saturday, June 15. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Burt—Mobiles and stabiles; through Friday, June 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Sam Francis—Abstract oils and lithographs by this American, who works in Paris; through Friday, June 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Antonio Frasconi—Lithographs and color woodcuts; through June 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Richard La Barre Goodwin (1840-1910)—Trompe-l'oeil still-lifes; through Thursday, June 20. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Lucian Krukowski—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Henri Michaux—Ink drawings and water colors; through June 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Saturdays.)

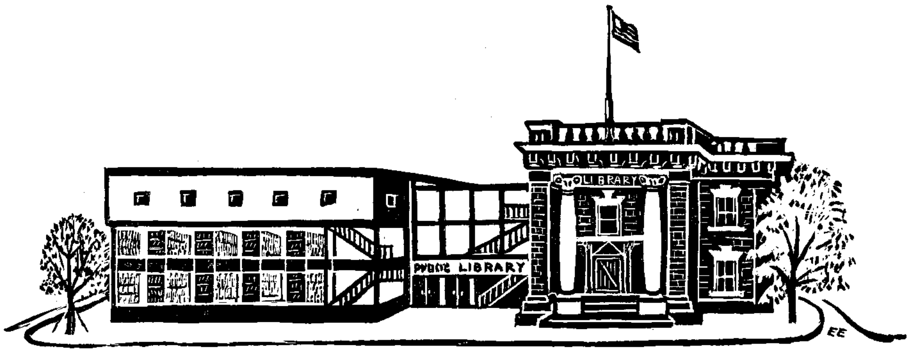
Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italy; through June 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Fred Mitchell—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 15. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Shiryu Morita—Modern Oriental calligraphy; through Saturday, June 15. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Giuseppe Napoli—Music is the theme of a group of non-objective oils; through Thursday, June 20. (Insel, 987 Third Ave., at 59th St. Daily, 2 to 8.)

Anna Neagoe—Semi-abstract figures, land-



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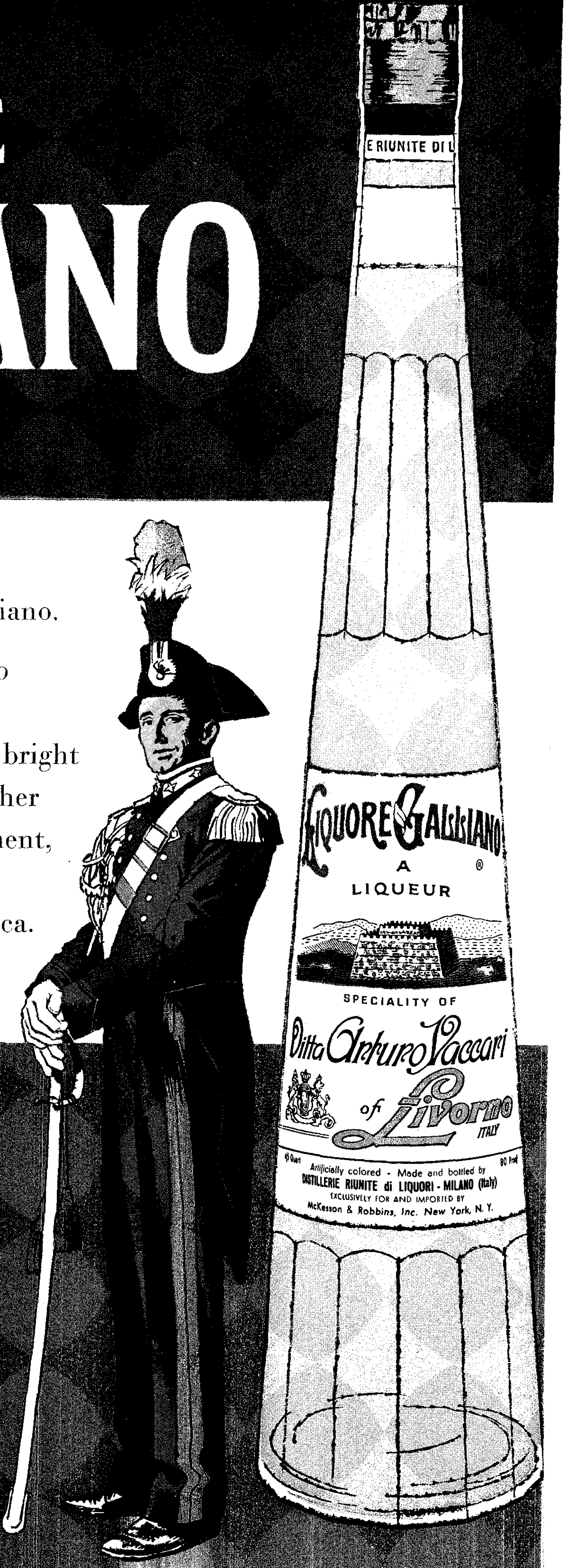
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, June 22. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Don Nice—"Pop" paintings; through Saturday, June 15. (Feigen-Herbert (24 E. 81st St.)

Auguste Rodin—Seventy sculptures and thirty-eight water colors in an exhibition that coincides with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through June 26. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Jack Roth—Black-and-white drawings; through June 28. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

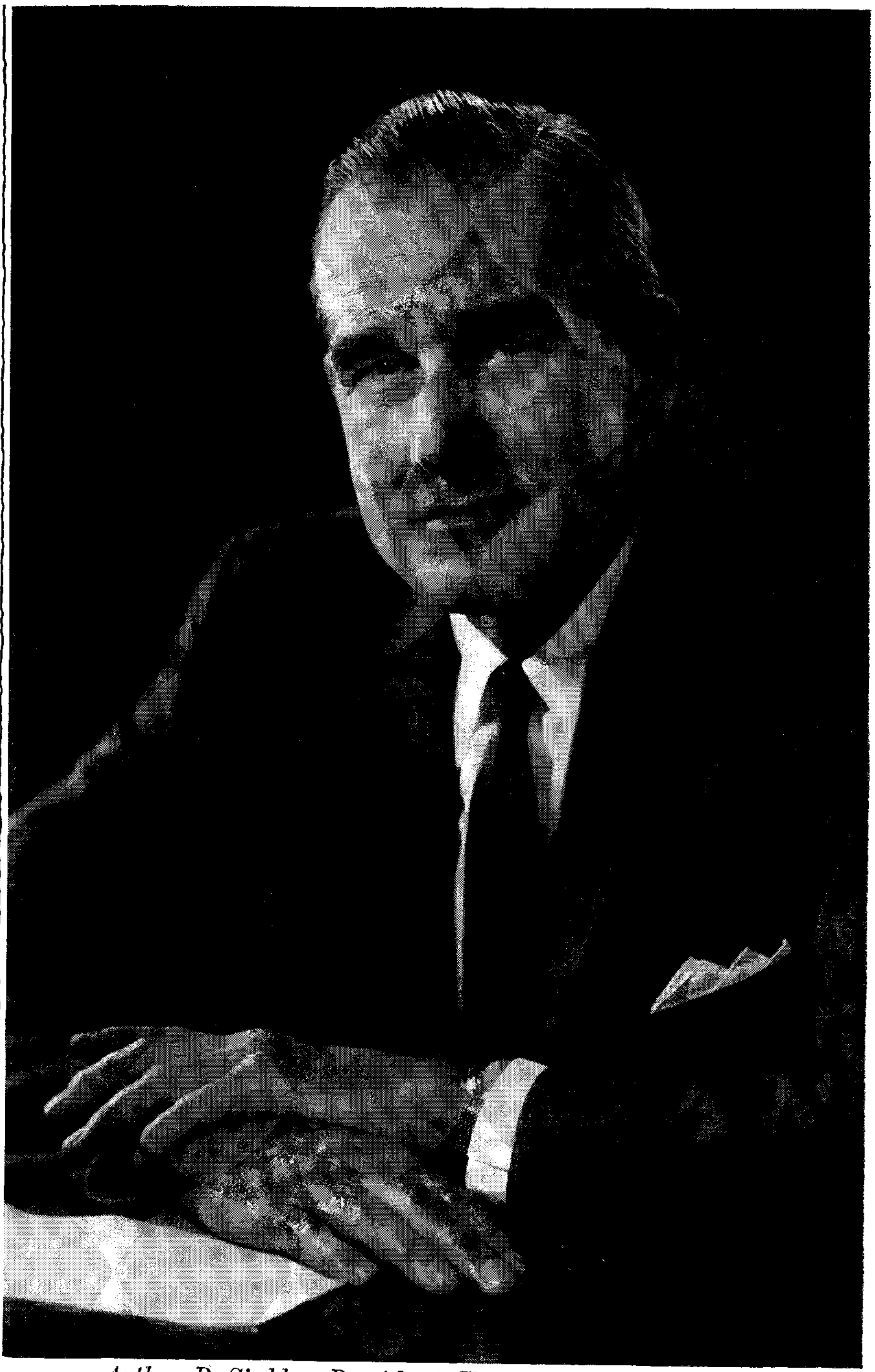
Miriam Schapiro—Imagist paintings; through June 28. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

David Smith—Drawings, 1953-63, by a leading American sculptor; through Friday, June 21. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Sculptures—At the **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pieces by Leonard Baskin, José de Rivera, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and others; through June 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Naum Gabo, James Rosati, Fritz Wotruba, and seven other sculptors; through June 29.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Lee Bontecou, Nassos Daphnis, and Gerald van de Wiele; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fabric banners (wall hangings) by Marisol, Alfred Jensen, George Ortman, and others; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Karl Schrag, William Kienbusch, and Robert Laurent are three of the artists represented in a showing of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **lewison**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century artists, including Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, and George Luks, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Ernest Fiene, and Waldo Peirce; through June 28. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: John H. Twachtman, Ernest Lawson, Leon Kroll, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **roko**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Participants in a painting-and-sculpture show include Herbert Kallem, Walter Williams, and Ann Freilich; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **schweitzer**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, John Singer Sargent, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through Aug. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **stable**, 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Indiana, Marisol, Richard Stankiewicz, and three others; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **zabriskie**, 36 E. 61st St.: Beach scenes by early-twentieth-century painters, among them Thomas Anshutz, George Bellows, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Saturday, June 22.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (1700-1963) by Arthur G. Dove, Aubrey Beardsley, and Jean-Pierre Dantan (to name a few); through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by John Wesley, Friedel Dzubas, François Arnal, and others; through Friday, June 21. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **gallery 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Gandy Brodie, and other painters; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings by, among others, Klee, Feininger, and Baziotes; through Saturday, June 15. . . . **stein**, 24 E. 81st St.: A dozen artists (including de Kooning, Picabia, and Schwitters) make up the roster of an exhibition entitled



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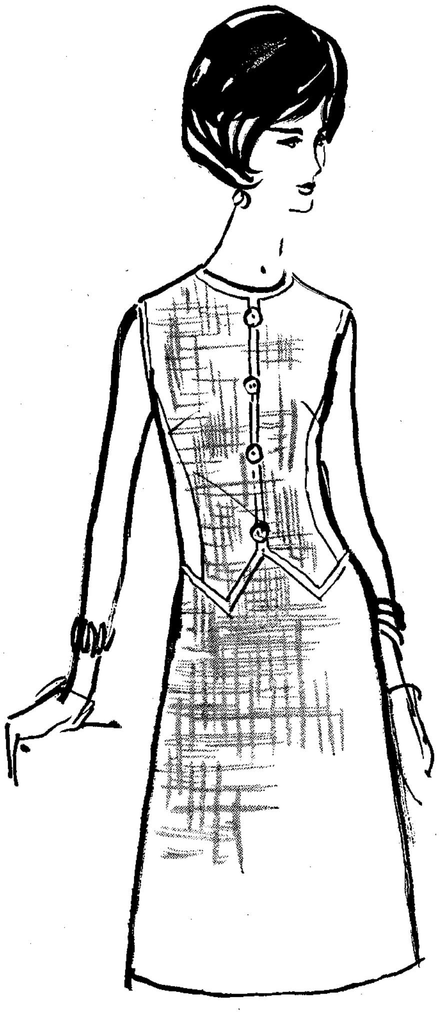

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Painters of the Avant-Garde, 1909-49;" through Saturday, June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **Thibaut**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Two groups of paintings, one by young Americans (Alex Katz, Vincent Longo, and others) and the other by contemporary Americans and Europeans (Franco Assetto, Hans Hartung, Antonio Music, and others); through July 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Show—"Weimar-Nuremberg-Bonn," an exhibit of eighty twentieth-century German posters never before seen outside Germany; through Saturday, June 15. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and such) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Rodin showing at the Slatkin Galleries, 115 E. 92nd St.... ¶ "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Gold of the Andes, Treasure of Peru," a collection of some five hundred Incan objects (ponchos to ear ornaments), ranging in date from 200 B.C. to the sixteenth century and lent by Señor Miguel Mujica Gallo of Lima; through July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, scores, and books by, among others, Lillian Hellman, William Maxwell, and William Carlos Williams. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Jacques Lipchitz, Georgia O'Keeffe, Richard Lippold, Mies van der Rohe, and others; through Sunday, June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Evolution of the Buddha Image," various conceptions of Gautama Buddha on loan from museums and private collections in the United States, Europe, and Asia; through June 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

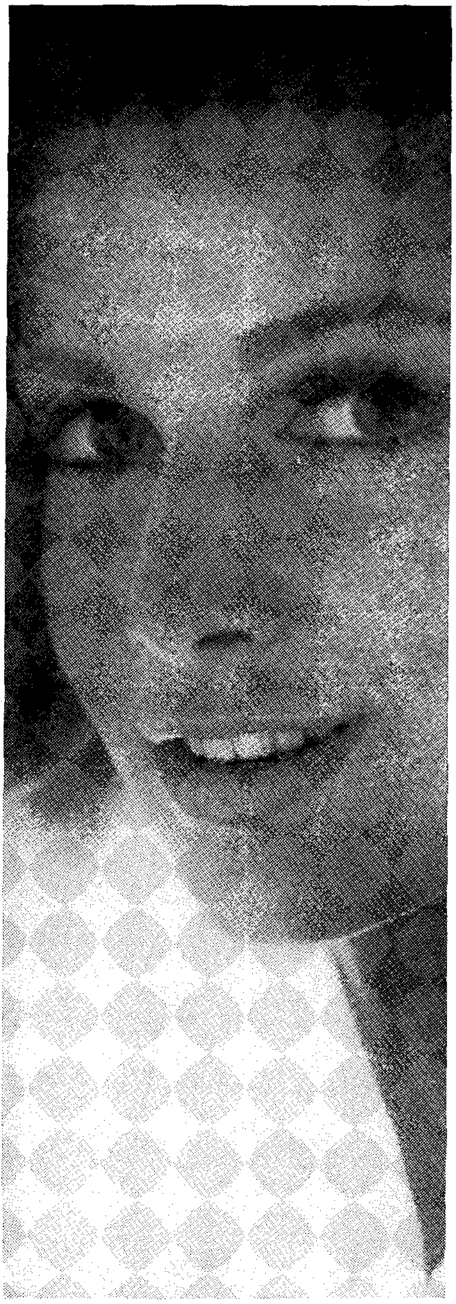
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Paintings," consisting of Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Toward a New Abstraction," paintings by Paul Brach, Ellsworth Kelly, Kenneth Noland, and a half dozen other artists; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9. Closes for a two-week vacation starting Friday, June 14.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings) and "Eighteenth-Century Drawings from the Samuel H. Kress Collection;" through July 26. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—The



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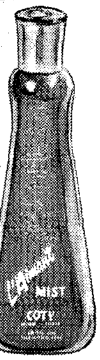

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collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by Ralston Crawford, Reuben Nakian, Josef Albers, and others), acquired during the past year by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and by the Museum; through June 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of contemporary prints executed by, among others, Robert Goodnough, Larry Rivers, and Adja Yunkers for the New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center; through June 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, the final performances of the season—Andre Previn conducting Thursday and Friday, June 13-14, at 8:30 (with Mr. Previn as piano soloist; Shelly Manne, percussion; and Red Mitchell, double bass); and Saturday and Sunday, June 15-16, at 8:30 (with Marni Nixon, soprano). . . . ¶ Morton Gould conducting Wednesday *through* Friday, June 19-21, at 8:30 (with Carol Brice, contralto, and the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas); and Saturday and Sunday, June 22-23, at 8:30 (with Danny Daniels, tap dancer).

Festival Casals—Pablo Casals directing the Festival Casals Orchestra and members of the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus in a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Olga Iglesias, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; and William Warfield and Ara Berberian, basses. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, June 16, at 5, with a dinner intermission from 6:30 to 8:30.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert Wednesday, June 19. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ Joseph Eger conducting a symphony orchestra, with Lau Mok, harmonica. (Saturday, June 15, at 8:15.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Warner Bass conducting a symphony orchestra, with Fred Jones, baritone. The second in a series of five concerts. (Sunday, June 16, at 4. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Riverside Park Concerts—Joseph Eger conducting a symphony orchestra, with Lau Mok, harmonica. (Monday, June 17, at 8:15.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—A program of music by Duke Ellington, performed by Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing, Sonny Greer, Jimmy Jones, and others. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, June 16, at 2:30.)

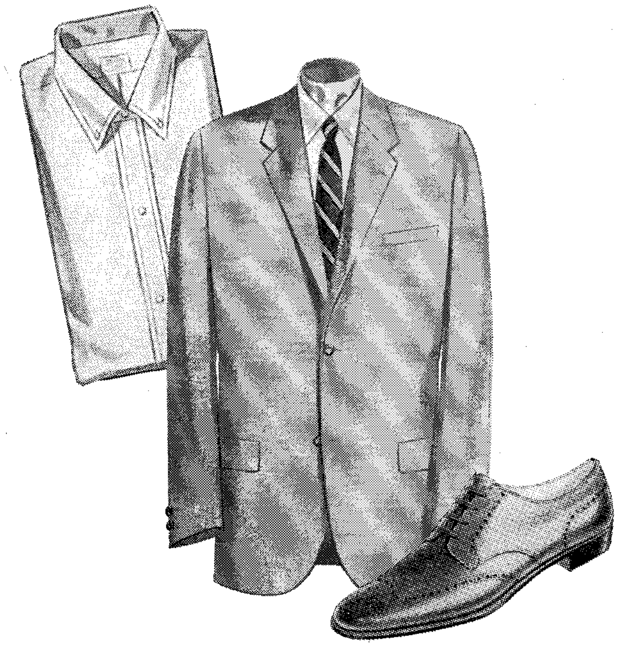
SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, June 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 14, at 8; Saturday, June 15, at 2; and Sunday, June 16, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 18-19, at 8, and Thursday, June 20, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Mets, Thursday, June 20, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball, postponed from June 3). . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 21, at 8, and Saturday, June 22, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, June 15: Wayne Thornton vs. José Menno, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 22: Charley Scott vs. José Stable, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 15; varsity race at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 15.)

GOLF—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Through Sunday, June 16.). . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Thursday through Saturday, June 20-22.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Albany-New York Outboard Marathon, Sunday, June 16.

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Fridays at 7. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, July 2. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 15; the National Stallion (for fillies), Monday, June 17; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 22. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48. Starting Wednesday, June 19, a boat will leave Battery Park at 10:15, and will be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.). . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 15.

SOCCER—International Soccer League: Recife vs. Valenciennes and Kilmarnock vs. Mantova. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Wednesday, June 19, at 7:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Friday, June 14, at 3:30, and Saturday, June 15, at 11.

TENNIS—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Saturday, June 15, through Sunday, June 23.). . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 22.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 22.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Harvard, Thursday, June 13; Dartmouth, Sunday, June 16; and Princeton, Tuesday, June 18.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—June 13, at 8 P.M.: "Symbolism and the Unconscious," the last in a series of programs presented in association with *Cinema 16*. . . . ¶ Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock," showings at 5:30; on Saturdays and Sundays at 3 also. June 13: "The Skin Game" (1931), with Edmund Gwenn and Jill Esmond. Starting June 14: "Rich and Strange" (1932), with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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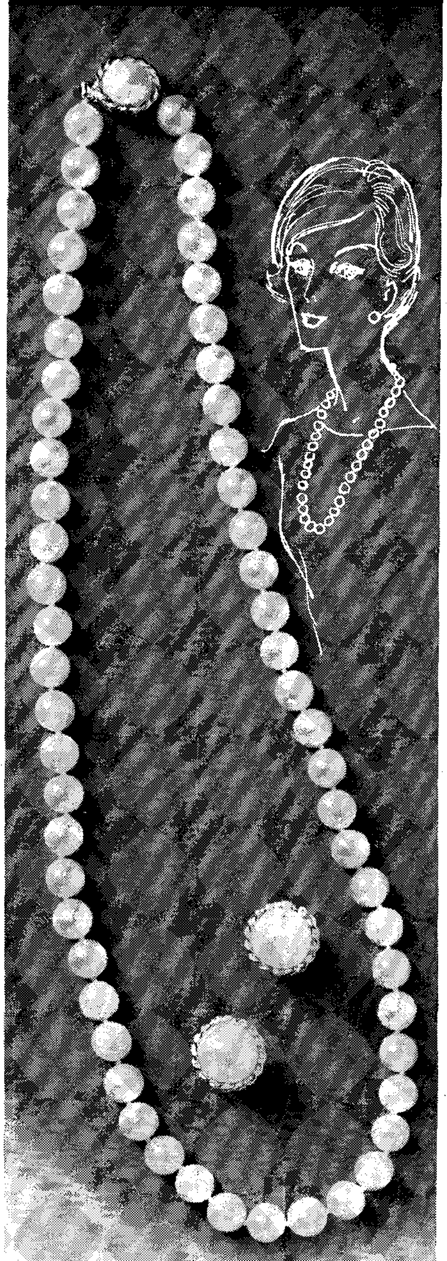

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Balcony—Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, of Hollywood, have made a remarkably successful adaptation of the grim play by Jean Genet, of Paris. Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith are among the superlative cast. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 19.)

Billy Budd—A classic study of good and evil, drawn from the crabbed work by Melville. Peter Ustinov has directed it with an eye to beauties internal as well as external, and is fine in one of the chief roles. Also present and also fine are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 15. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 18.)

David and Lisa—A low-budget picture, arrestingly modest in scope and arrestingly well acted. David and Lisa are mentally sick teenagers who help each other by falling in love unawares. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Days of Wine and Roses—A sad movie about a pair of hapless young alcoholics and how they go from bad to worse. Forbidding as this sounds, the picture is worth seeing for the superb performances by Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick, and Charles Bickford. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through June 18.)

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through June 18.)

Heavens Above!—The next-to-latest Peter Sellers, in which he plays a parson too Christian for his own, or anyone else's, good. With delightful supporting performances by Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael, and directed and produced by the jolly Boulting brothers. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hud—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon de Wilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all superlatively directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—A rip-roaring old-fashioned mystery, amusingly directed by John Huston and acted to the hilt by, among others, George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, and Dana Wynter. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem perfectly true. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Mind Benders—Mind bending is like brainwashing, only more so. A melodrama at first creepy and then soapy, done in the best English fashion, and starring Dirk Bogarde and Mary Ure. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 19.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in Jules Dassin's freewheeling contemporary version of a story that the Greeks whipped into good shape a couple of thousand years ago. Professors of classics had better stay away, but there's something in it for everyone else, including marriage counsellors. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Sanjuro—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

The Season for Love—In the foothills of the French Alps, eager lovers of all ages pair off in charming disarray. An excellent comedy, with Daniel Gelin, Françoise Arnoul, and Françoise Prevost. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A dazzling merry-go-round about soft hearts and hard feelings in East London. The first movie by the famous stage director Joan Littlewood, and it's a stunning success. James Booth and Barbara Windsor head the cast. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through June 16. . . . ¶ Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; starting June 17.)

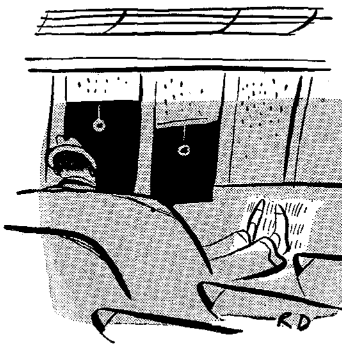
Sundays and Cybèle—A young French war veteran who has lost his memory and a child who has lost her family become friends and might someday be more than friends, but the world blunderingly intervenes, to the ruin of all their hopes. Sad and beautiful, and more beautiful than sad. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 18.)

The Trial—The horror of Kafka's novel springs from the matter-of-factness with which everyone, including the hero, accepts an outrageous fate. Orson Welles couldn't be matter-of-fact if he tried, and his brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to Kafka; to make things worse, the hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 18.)

Two Daughters—Satyajit Ray casts a warm eye on a handful of unimportant lives in the back country of India. Sweetly melancholy, and worth seeing. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through June 16. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 19.)

The Ugly American—Marlon Brando is simply wonderful in a melodrama about revolution and counter-revolution in a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. With estimable direction by George Englund and lively camerawork by Clifford Stine. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Winter Light—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak little tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With the usual marvellous Bergman repertory group. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)



The Wrong Arm of the Law—Hilarious hanky-panky in the London underworld, where Peter Sellers rules the roost and Lionel Jeffries proves a pitiably inept police scourge. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 19, tentative. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 16-17, last showing at 1:50.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 18, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

The Girl with the Golden Eyes (1962)—Jean-Gabriel Albicocco directed this French stylistic exercise, and Quinto Albicocco handled its photography. The story is from Balzac and the cast includes Paul Guers and Marie Laforêt. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 19, evening performances only.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 14.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting June 18.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 19, tentative. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 13.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 14-15.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—The waltz and the old Lehár music, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald most in evidence. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; June 16-18. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; June 18.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 13.)

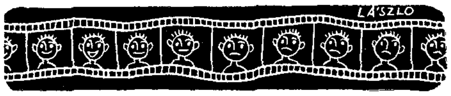
Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about a silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 15.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 14.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 16-17, last showing at 4:15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 18: **DR. NO.**
From June 19: "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE SEASON FOR LOVE (in French); and "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
HUD.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Cleopatra," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison. (Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
SANJURO (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
To be announced.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 18: **THE TRIAL.**
From June 19: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through June 18: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
From June 19: **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French), revival; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 18: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.
From June 19: "Horror Hotel," Dennis Lotis, Christopher Lee; and "The Head," Horst Frank, Michel Simon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 18: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).
From June 19: **THE BALCONY**; and "Brothers in Law," revival, Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 18 (tentative): "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.
From June 19 (tentative): "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy; and "Kill or Cure," Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
DR. NO.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE UGLY AMERICAN.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 18: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.
From June 19: **THE MIND BENDERS**; and "Free, White and 21," Frederick O'Neal.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
HUD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through June 16: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**
From June 17: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 16: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali).
From June 17: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
WINTER LIGHT (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
PHAEDRA.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 18: "Come Fly with Me," Dolores Hart, Hugh O'Brian.
From June 19: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 18 (tentative): "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy; and "Arturo's Island" (in Italian), Reginald Kernan.
From June 19: "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 18: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.
From June 19: **THE MIND BENDERS**; and "Free, White and 21," Frederick O'Neal.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 17: "Come Fly with Me," Dolores Hart, Hugh O'Brian; and "The Young and the Brave," Rory Calhoun, William Bendix.
June 18: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From June 19: "Hatari!," revival, John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli; and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," revival, John Wayne, James Stewart.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 13: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** and **JULES AND JIM** (both in French and both revivals).
From June 14: **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, revival; and **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 15: **BILLY BUDD**; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.
June 16-18: "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy; and "40 Pounds of Trouble," Tony Curtis, Phil Silvers.
From June 19: "The King and I," revival, Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 17: "Come Fly with Me," Dolores Hart, Hugh O'Brian; and "The Young and the Brave," Rory Calhoun, William Bendix.
June 18: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From June 19: "Hatari!," revival, John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli; and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," revival, John Wayne, James Stewart.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 18: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).
From June 19: **THE BALCONY**; and "The Beginning Was Sin" (in German).

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"55 Days at Peking," Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
June 13: "The Temptress and the Monk" (in Japanese).
From June 14: "Never Let Go," Peter Sellers, Richard Todd.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 19 (tentative): **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"In the Cool of the Day," Jane Fonda, Peter Finch.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Black Fox," a documentary film on Adolf Hitler, with a narration by Marlene Dietrich.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 15: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.
June 16-18: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From June 19: "Hatari!," revival, John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli; and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," revival, John Wayne, James Stewart.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 13: "Love in the Afternoon," revival, Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn; and "God's Gift to Women," revival, Frank Fay, Laura La Plante.
June 14-15: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and "42nd Street," revival, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler.
June 16-17 (last showing at 1:50): **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival.
June 17, at 6, 8, and 10: "Hell's Hinges" (silent), William S. Hart; and "Thundering Hoofs" (silent), Fred Thompson.
From June 18: **IF I HAD A MILLION**, revival; and "Christmas in July," revival, Ellen Drew, Dick Powell.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 18: **BILLY BUDD**; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From June 19: **THE MIND BENDERS**; and "Free, White and 21," Frederick O'Neal.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 13: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
June 14-17: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From June 18: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 18: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Island of Love," Robert Preston, Tony Randall.
From June 19: "Horror Hotel," Dennis Lotis, Christopher Lee; and "The Head," Horst Frank, Michel Simon.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 18: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).
From June 19: **THE BALCONY.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 18: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten; and "Show Boat," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.
From June 19: "Hatari!," revival, John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli; and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," revival, John Wayne, James Stewart.

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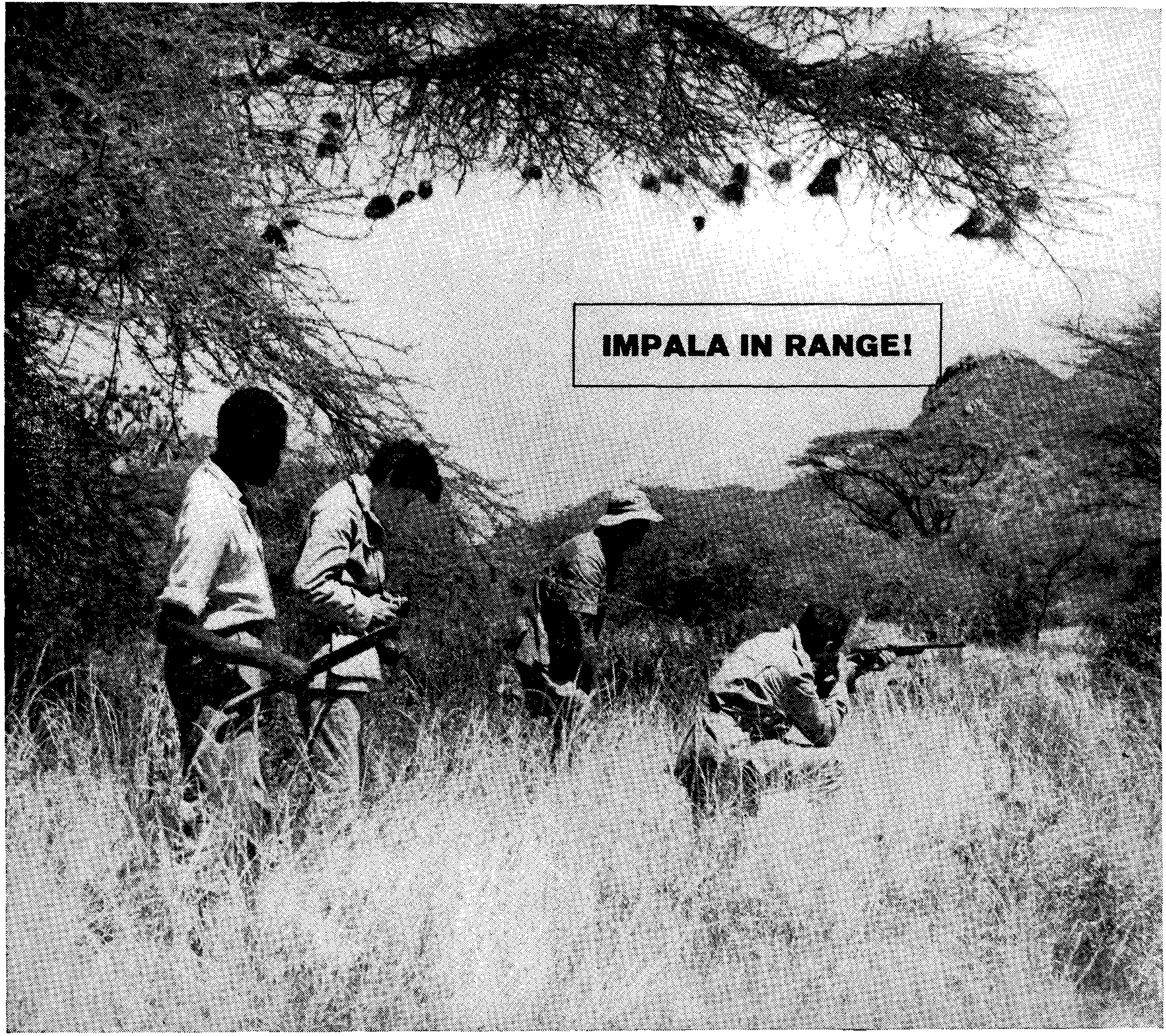
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When you do get a chance to escape from the exacting demands of a career, enjoy it! Don't let investment problems interfere with your holiday...or your work! △ Turn over your securities to experienced investment officers for productive full-time supervision. Your stocks and bonds will be in good hands at First National City—after all, managing money is our business. △ You'll discover many advantages in an Investment Advisory Account. Complete, continuing investment management, record-keeping, and safe custody of the actual securities are all included, at a reasonable annual fee, which is usually tax-deductible. Our "Successful Investing in the 1960's & 70's" booklet is available upon request. **FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK**

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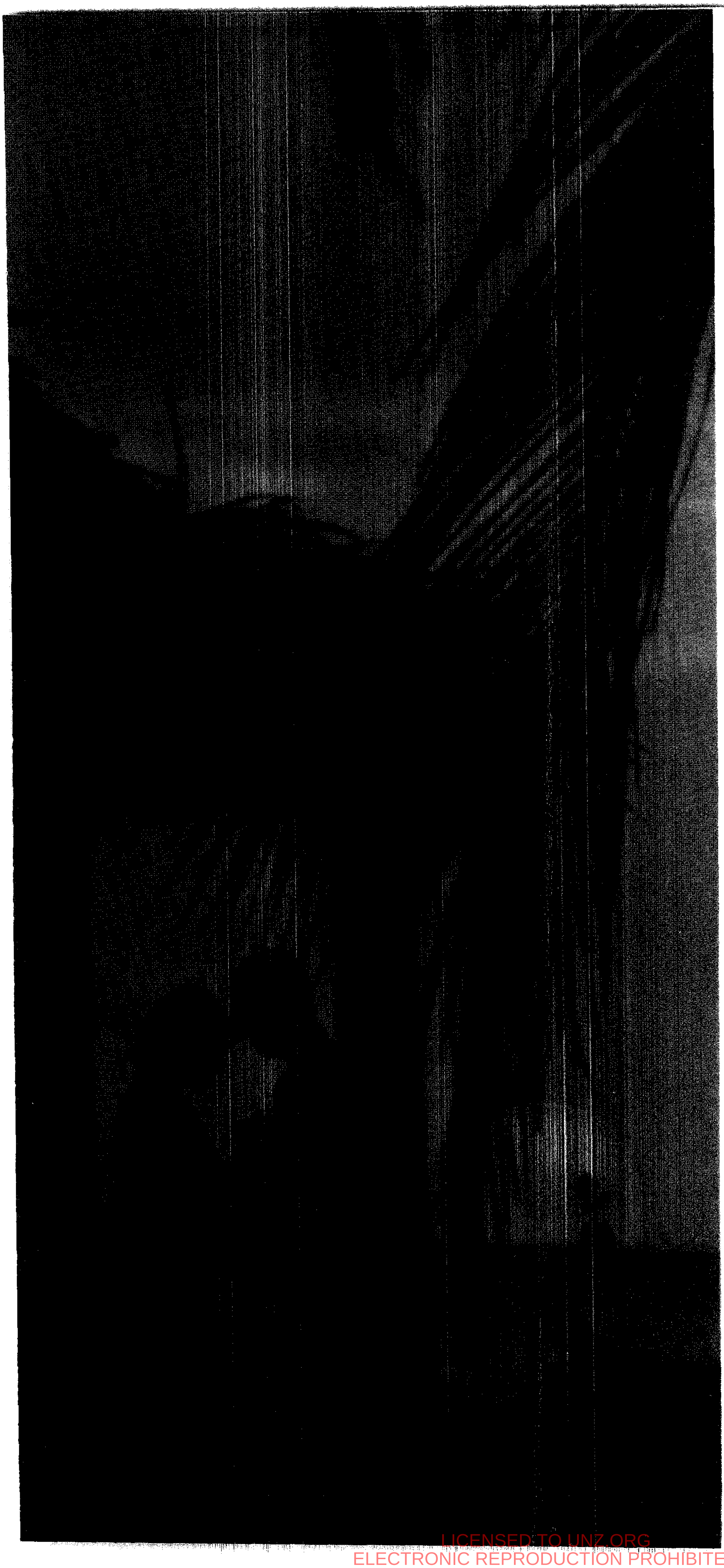

Enchanted evening

Bahamian pleasures are timeless. By day these verdant isles are a paradise for sun seekers. And when the sun goes down, the happy life goes on.

The winding lanes may sleep between their borders of Bougainvillaea. Crystal seas will sigh for tomorrow and the pink-powder beaches will wait to blush back at the dawn. But the Bahamian night casts a spell all its own.

Set the tempo to your taste. Bright lights glitter a gay welcome to the magnificent hotels of cosmopolitan Nassau. Goombay goes till the wee hours at "over the hill" native night clubs. And if your mood is misty . . . can you think of a more romantic setting?

All in all, night or day, the Bahama Islands are unique . . . and they're so easy to reach. Best of all, rates for accommodations are sharply reduced from now to December 15. Just see your Travel Agent. Or mail the coupon below.

BY SEA: Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $170. The M.S. Italia sailing from New York every Saturday at 4:00 P.M. The S.S. Queen Frederica sailing from New York July 27, August 3 at 9:00 P.M. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4.

Three-day, all-expense cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $54. The S.S. Bahama Star sailing from Miami every Monday and Friday at 5:00 P.M. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.

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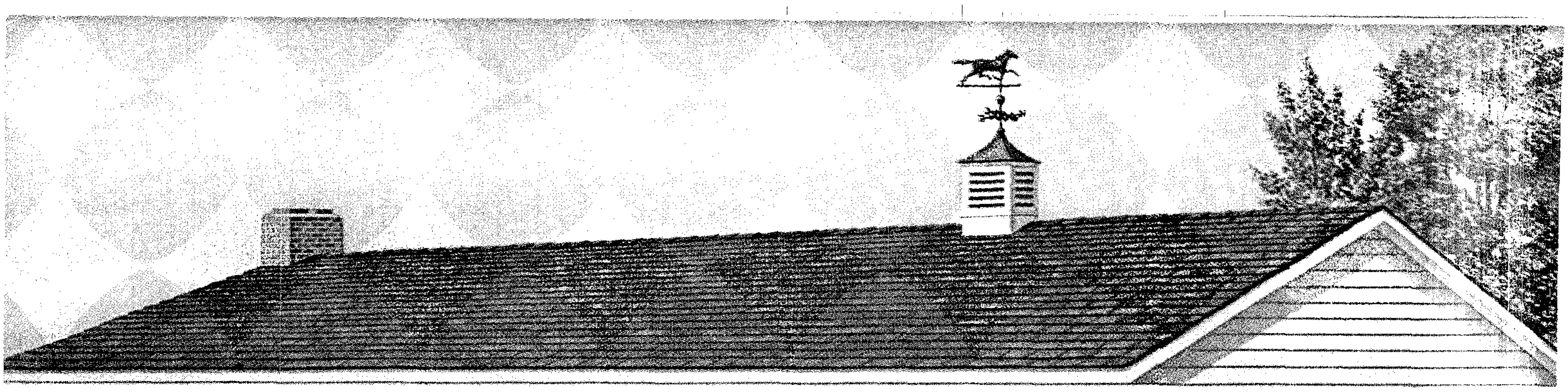

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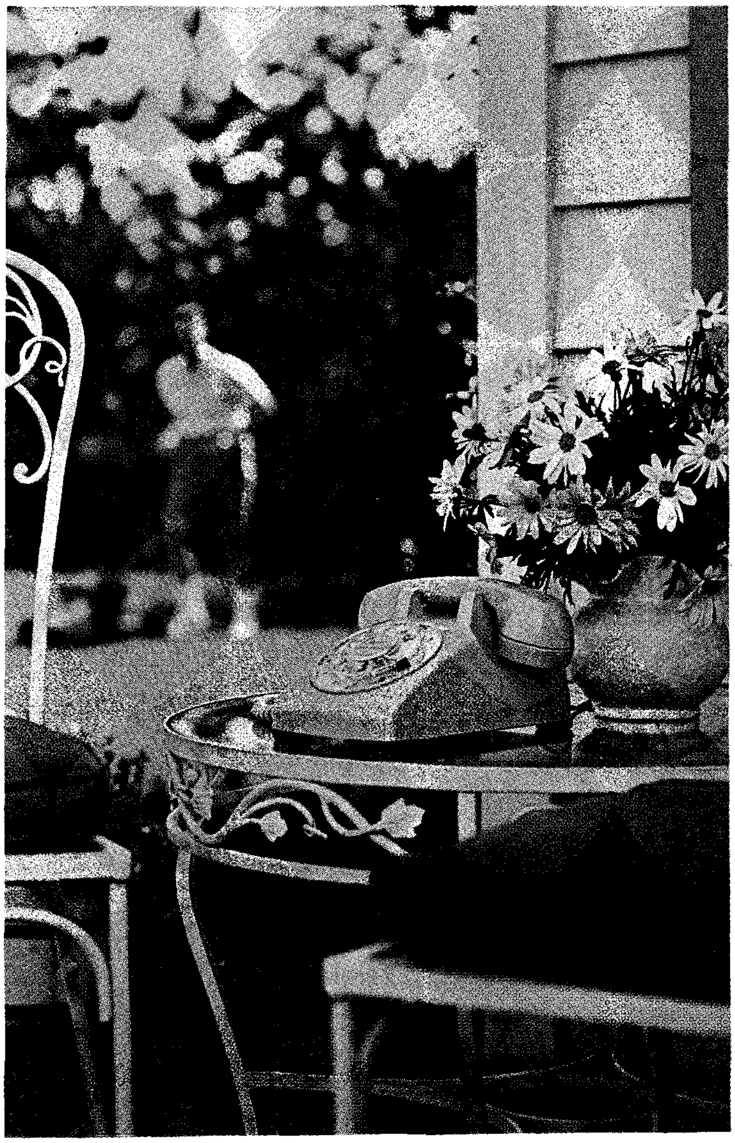

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Your lovely home is far more livable with extension phones to save your family steps and time.

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Order your extension phones from your Bell Telephone Business Office, or ask your telephone man about them.

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Picture of a spill that won't stain

Just blot! No spot!

Not even a rich, gooey ice cream cone can ruin this dress. Reason: it was made of fabric treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller. Most spills—even oily ones—just "sit" there till you (or your daughter) blot them away. And stains forced into the weave wash out or spot-clean without leaving a ring. What's more, this protection lasts through repeated washings or regular dry cleanings. For clothes you and your family care about, ask: Is it treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller? It pays!

R. A. R. - MOPPETS two-piece sleeveless, scoop-necked dress with panel-pleated skirt and "Fisherman" over-blouse. Sizes 3-6X, about $8; 7-14, about $9 in black watch plaid. B. Altman & Co., New York; Jos. Horne, Pittsburgh; Filene's, Boston; May Co., Cleveland; Bullocks Downtown, Los Angeles.

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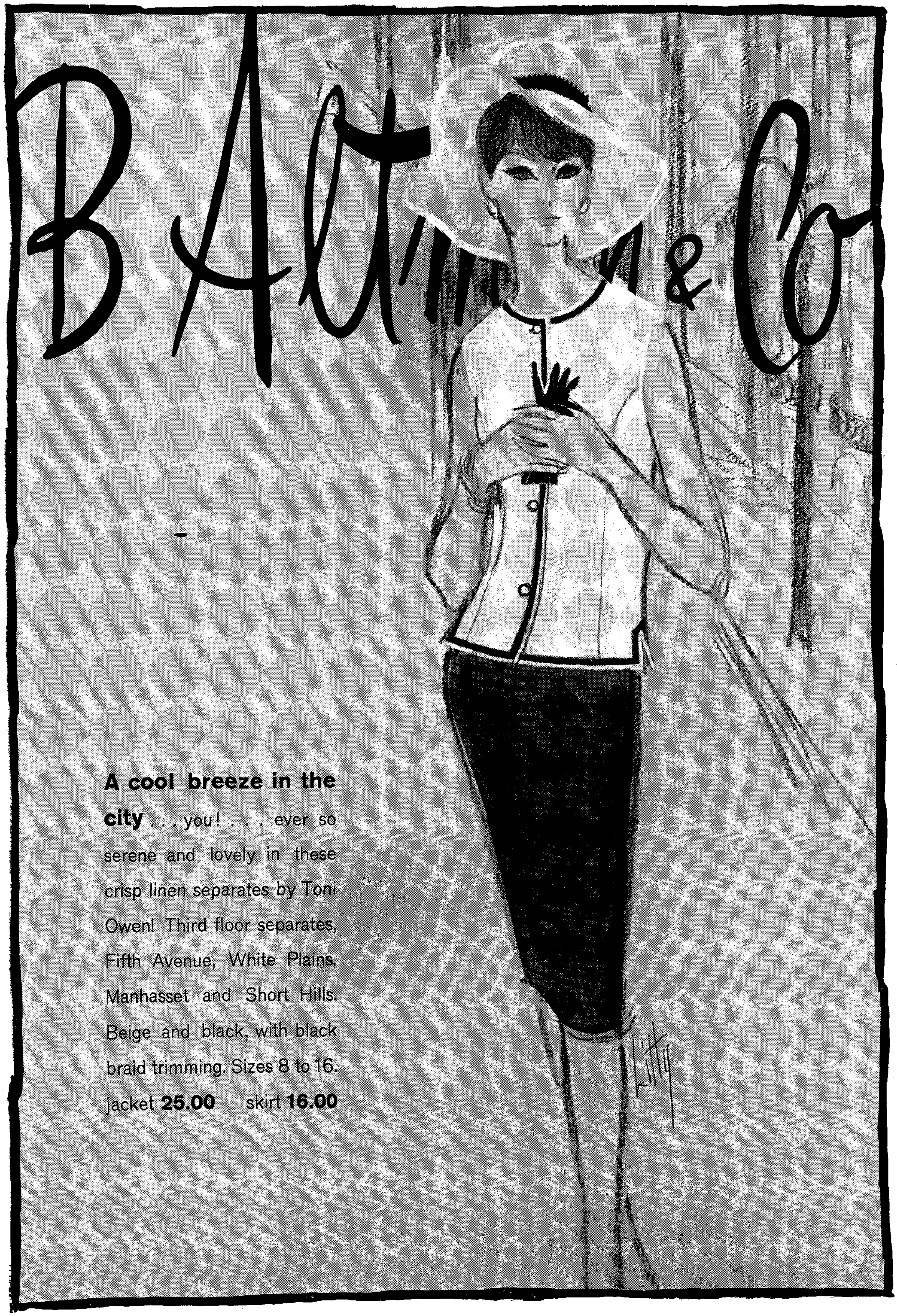

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jacket **25.00** skirt **16.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

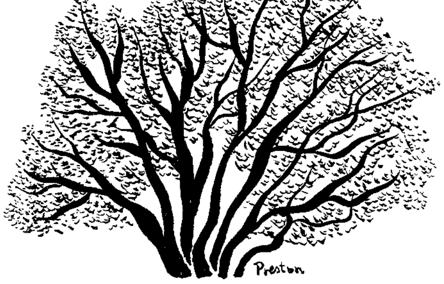
ONE mild, sunny afternoon last week, we boarded a No. 4 bus at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, rode to Lenox Avenue and 110th, and began a long, slow walk through Harlem. It was a sleepy day in the city, and the only thing that seemed to set 110th Street apart from any downtown thoroughfare was the number of small children playing on the sidewalk and in the street itself, chattering in Spanish and English, many of them wearing keys around their necks for entering their homes while the adults were out. The games were the ordinary ones—drawing with chalk upon the pavement, jumping rope, and playing baseball with bats improvised from wooden sticks broken off cracked window frames. There was an odor of uncollected garbage, but a city garbage truck was creeping slowly down the north side of the street.

We turned the corner uptown on Eighth Avenue and noticed a drugstore, much like any other, except that the products featured more prominently than cosmetics were powders for cockroaches and a salve for curing rat bites. On the avenue and the side streets leading to 125th Street we counted sixty-three men, standing outside bars and in the doorways of apartment buildings, engaged in casual conversation, staring off into space, or simply pacing back and forth. Two fist fights, partially in earnest, broke out on the corners of 119th and 123rd Streets. Since approximately thirteen per cent of the Harlem labor force is unemployed (more than twice the percentage for the city at large), and since the problem of over-population in Harlem is notorious, the "No Loitering" signs on nearly every building seemed to create a certain restlessness in the occupants, who simply could not find a legally sanctioned wall against which to lean. Billboards on the brick façades of several buildings announced the forthcoming election of Schaefer Beer's "Miss Beaux Arts" from among eight pretty, smiling Negro girls, none of them very dark.

At Harlem Square, on the corner of Seventh Avenue, a meeting was in progress. Among the speakers on the platform (obtained, after some resistance from Mayor Wagner, by the Harlem Anti-Colonial Committee) were Sylvester Leaks, who was introduced as representing Malcolm X, leader of the Black Muslim movement, which favors complete segregation and seeks to gain government of the blacks by the blacks; William Worthy, a Negro journalist whose passport was withdrawn by the State Department after he made a forbidden trip to China; and Conrad J. Lynn, a defending lawyer in several Negro cases before Northern and Southern courts. A crowd of seven or eight hundred people had gathered around the platform, which partially obscured the front of a bookshop advertised as "The House of Common Sense and the Home of Proper Propaganda." (The store features books by and about Negroes, and is sponsored by a movement that favors the immediate return of Negro Americans to Africa.)

William Worthy was speaking when we arrived. He suggested the formation, by Negroes, of a Freedom Now Party, to propose Negro candidates for public offices. "Think about it," he said. "Talk about it. Kick the idea around. We may not win many offices, but with one out of ten Americans a 'Negro' [he apologized briefly for his use of this word, which is in disfavor among Black Muslims, who prefer the term "Afro-American"], we can make our voice heard in the land." There was applause when Mr. Worthy sat down, and he rose again to say a few more words. "Do you know what would happen if Fidel Castro were President of the United States instead of John F. Kennedy?" Mr. Worthy said. "Bull Connor would be given a fair trial and then shot. Ninety-five per cent of the police would have to flee to South Africa for political asylum. J. Edgar Hoover would be thrown into an *integrated* cell. If that didn't cure him, he would be left there for life." The crowd laughed and applauded.

Mr. Worthy sat down again, and the crowd continued to grow. The next speaker was Conrad Lynn, who, in a hoarse but articulate shout, heaped derision upon Martin Luther King. "King says, 'If blood flows, let it be our blood.' Well, I have news for him. There is going to be a lot of *white* blood flowing in this country—in the North and in the South—until the Negro is accepted as an American citizen. The law is an instrument of oppression. Take it from me; I'm a lawyer and I know. Well, we have guns, and we are going to make our presence felt. When Mayor Wagner refused to let us have this platform, I went as a member of a delegation to City Hall. A Negro policeman was among the whites barring our way—a stooge for the white Boss Man. Perspiration stood out on his brow. Well, we got this platform, and we are going to get our rights. This evening, at nine o'clock, we are going to have a celebration in honor of the victory of Jomo Kenyatta, in Africa. When this meeting is over, I want you all to line up for a protest march to the United Nations, and then to come with your flags to our celebration. I was at a meeting recently, down South, and some white man looked around and said, 'The niggers in this crowd outnumber us two to one!' He didn't count the 'niggers.' He was just scared. They're scared because they have a guilty conscience. Well, we have power, and



we're going to use it!" The crowd stamped and milled and became so restive that the five policemen who had been lounging on the fringes of the gathering shifted uneasily. One of the policemen left to make a telephone call.

Just then we spotted a friend in the crowd, a young Negro woman who has lived in Harlem all her life, and walked back with her to Lenox Avenue as another speaker began to shout.

"There's going to be trouble," our friend said. "The families of some of these people have been on relief for three generations. They have energy and no work on which to spend it. Every night now in Harlem, there's a rumor that some white policeman has abused a Negro. On a hot summer night, it wouldn't take much to set off a riot—not isolated violence but a kind of revolution. Five years ago, it was still a problem for social workers—jobs, education, housing in which children wouldn't wake up to find rats in their beds. Now something will have to be done on an enormous scale or there's going to be murder."

We walked into the restaurant of Muslim Temple No. 7, on Lenox Avenue, bought a copy of the Black Muslim newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks*, and sat down at a table.

A waiter came up to us and said, "I'm sorry. We don't serve integrated couples. Not since Birmingham."

"Should we stage a sit-in?" our friend asked us, half seriously.

"No," we replied, and went with her to have our coffee farther down the street.

•

WEST COAST INTELLIGENCE: On windy days, a San Francisco radio station issues "small-car warnings" for the Golden Gate Bridge.

Creative Chat

EVERYONE knows that a book that is read in a few hours may have taken several years to write, but how many know that a three-day conference may be the fruit of a similar gestation? At any rate, that was the case with the Conference on Education for Creativity in the Sciences, being held this week at New York University, at which a hundred scientists, spearheaded by Jerome B. Wiesner, special assistant to President Kennedy for science and technology, are discussing such questions as:

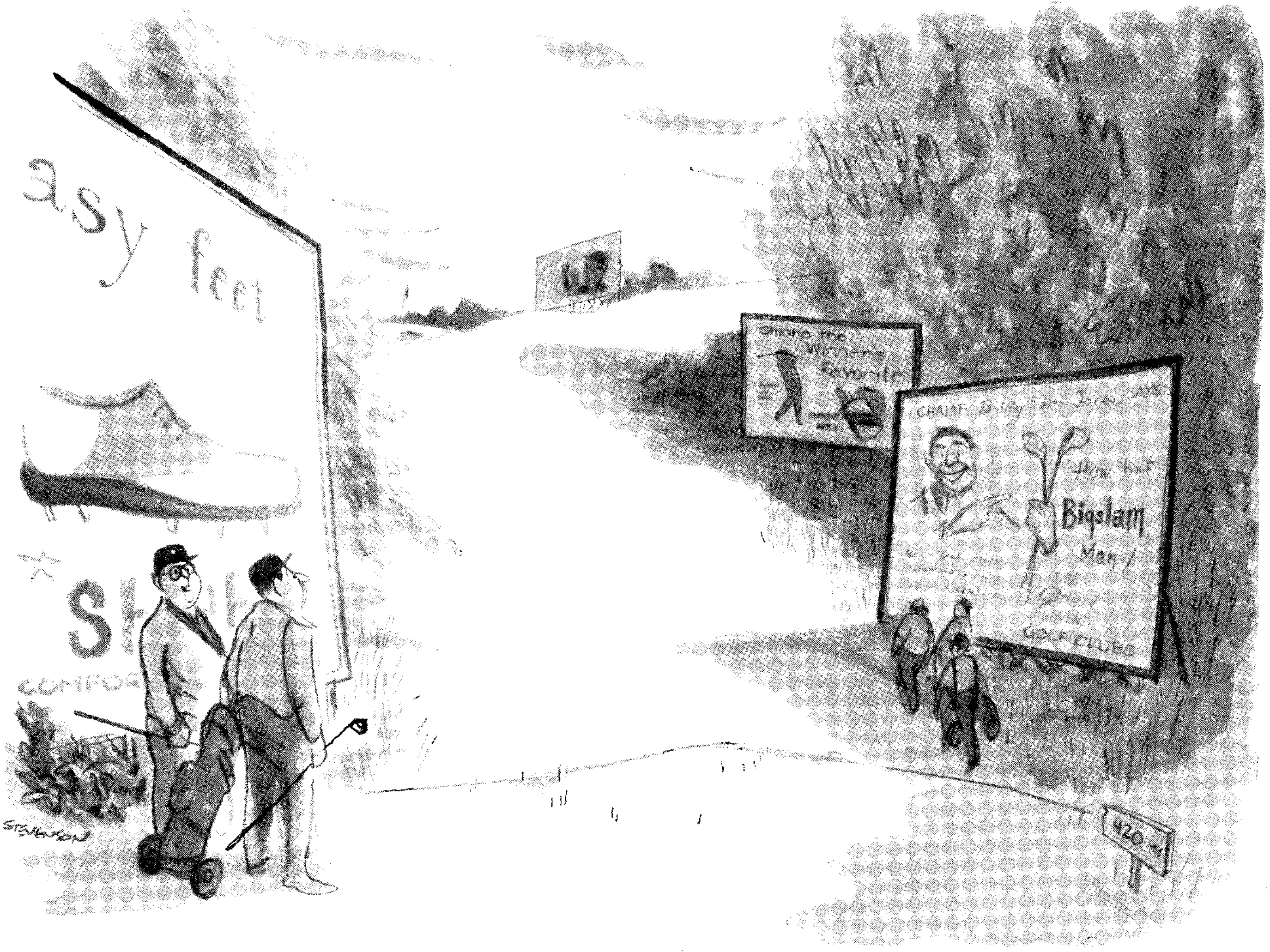
> Which educational practices tend to diminish and which to encourage scientific understanding and creativity?
>
> How can students be further stimulated toward fruitful scientific activities?
>
> What institutional environments will encourage individuals to perform most effectively in education, government, and industrial laboratories?
>
> Is scientific creativity on the individual and institutional level being stimulated in other countries in ways that would be applicable and valuable here?

This powwow owes its existence to nearly five years of meetings held monthly during the academic year, on Saturdays, in the business office of Dr. Myron A. Coler, who is the director of the Creative Science Program of N.Y.U.'s Division of General Education and founder and president of the Markite Corporation, originators and manufacturers of conductive-plastic precision potentiometers. Oh, for an asterisk! A precision potentiometer is an electromechanical device, weighing anywhere from a fraction of an ounce to approximately twenty-five pounds, which converts changes in mechanical position (typically, the rotation of a shaft) into corresponding changes in electrical voltage.

Very well. We called, by appointment, on Dr. Coler in the Markite Corporation's offices, at 155 Waverly Place, and found him in a book-lined room, seated at a curved desk. A lean man with a mustache, wearing gray flannel trousers, a dark coat, and an alert, sensitive expression, he rose to greet us and, when we asked how about scientific creativity, began to pace around the room. "I have notebooks on the subject dating back to 1932," he said. "I became interested in the fact that one could have at one's disposal all the tools for making something but then never make it. How do you get to use the tools? In 1941, I became a consultant to N.Y.U.'s Division of General Education, and in 1956 Dean Paul A. McGhee, who likes to encourage nonacademic research, said to me, 'How about some work on the subject of creativity in the sciences?' So I turned over some of my courses and took half a year to work out a program. I don't like this word 'creativity,' but when you look for substitutes you get neologisms. You might ask, Why another program? Well, I didn't think much of what had been done in the field, for the following reasons: One, my first area of worry was that it wasn't being properly approached on an interdisciplinary basis—engineers were talking to engineers, and so on. Two, the approach was too often anecdotal—the focussing on the achievements of an individual can utterly obscure what makes them happen. Three, there was a tendency to cite so-called outstanding creative people—Einsteins, Beethovens, Newtons—on whom (a) we don't always have sufficient information, and (b) who are so exceptional that what one learns about them may not be useful. And, four, there was a great deal of fudgy thinking in this creative area—people have often confused creativity with novelty."

Dr. C. sat down, stood up, and started to walk around again, in a rather small area. "I thought it would be good to get together an interdisciplinary group, not too large and not too small, of people who had *done* creative work and would be reasonably compatible," he said. "I got up a list of eighty-odd names, and from this there evolved a group of twelve, including me. All of them have at least two areas of strong interest and competence; I think you'll find that creative people are always more than one-dimensional."

Dr. C. handed us a list bearing, besides his own name, those of Dr. Nicholas E. Golovin, a member of President Kennedy's scientific advisory committee; Dr. H. Herbert Fox, senior chemist at Hoffmann-La Roche, Inc., manufacturers of pharmaceuticals; Dr. Harold W. Mohrman, director of research of the overseas division of the Monsanto Chemical Company; Dr. Anne Roe (Mrs. George Gaylord Simpson), professor of education at Harvard; Dr. Harold K. Hughes, professor of physics at Indiana State College; Dr. Ellis B. Blade, Markite consultant, and his wife, Dr. Mary Frances Blade, associate professor of mechanical engineering at Cooper Union; Dr. Morton I. Teicher, dean of the School of Social Work at Yeshiva University; and three N.Y.U. faculty members—Sidney G. Roth, director of the Office of Research Services; Russell F. W. Smith, associate dean of the Division of General Education; and Dr. Morris I. Stein, professor of psychology and director of the Research Center for Human Relations. "We meet in this room at nine-thirty in the morning, have coffee and cake, talk, argue, read and discuss papers, invite distinguished guests to talk, and generally concern ourselves with the problem of scientific creativity," he said. "What is it, how does it happen, how is it fostered—can it be isolated, measured, nurtured, predicted, directed, and so on. At twelve-thirty, we go out for a rather long lunch at one of five restaurants in the neighborhood; I think this promotes a continuing flow of discussion better than having a box lunch sent in. We come back around two-thirty for another couple of hours or so. We've focussed our discussions on



"The squawks died out plenty fast when everybody saw the club bounce into the black."

• •

creativity in the sciences, especially the physical sciences, because there is more objective information available in the sciences than in the humanities, but if it extrapolates into other areas, good. The sciences are less personal than the humanities. Toscanini could have said that he didn't like Japanese music and you couldn't really have challenged him, but Einstein could not have said that he didn't like Japanese physics without offering a reason. The sciences are cumulative. One thing about creativity: a responsible attitude toward his own statements is typical of the creative person. He gives his best thinking, and he may amend or correct a statement half an hour later. He has a sense of responsibility toward his subject and not toward his own position. An unknown student once wrote Einstein questioning one of Einstein's findings. Einstein replied, defending his view, but a month later he wrote a second letter, saying that he had been wrong. Our attitude—I think I can speak for the others—is something like this: Just as land, minerals, electric power, crops, and the use of tools and methods are part of our resources, so creative ability is also a resource. By enhancing it, you produce more from what you have of other resources. The ability to exploit a resource is in itself a resource."

Dr. C. said that the current conference was one of several projects developed from the Saturday meetings, and that these had been taped almost from their inception. He let us jot down a few nuggets from the abstracts of the 1961 seminars:

> A . . . fallacy is that the way to achieve the perfect medium of communication is by the establishment of an auxiliary language. The lack of practicality of this suggestion is amply demonstrated by the apathy which Esperanto has met.
>
> In simple terms, the difference between the approach to research in this country and in England is that in this country we favor the group approach, and in England they prefer the individual.
>
> There are people who resist games. In a game, there exists a clearcut situation. When a person loses, he cannot dismiss the loss in the same way that he can in a real situation. Some people simply don't like to risk being put into such a position.
>
> One analyst claims that one of the best ways that he knows to test an individual is to take him out to dinner where lobster or crab is served. If the person uses his hands freely and seems to enjoy himself at the meal, he is probably well adjusted. If, on the other hand, he has trouble in eating the crab, he probably will have trouble in his relations with people also.

At Dr. Coler's suggestion, we adjourned for lunch at the Steak Joint, on Greenwich Avenue, where, using our hands freely to pick an important bone, we continued the discussion.

Fully Titled

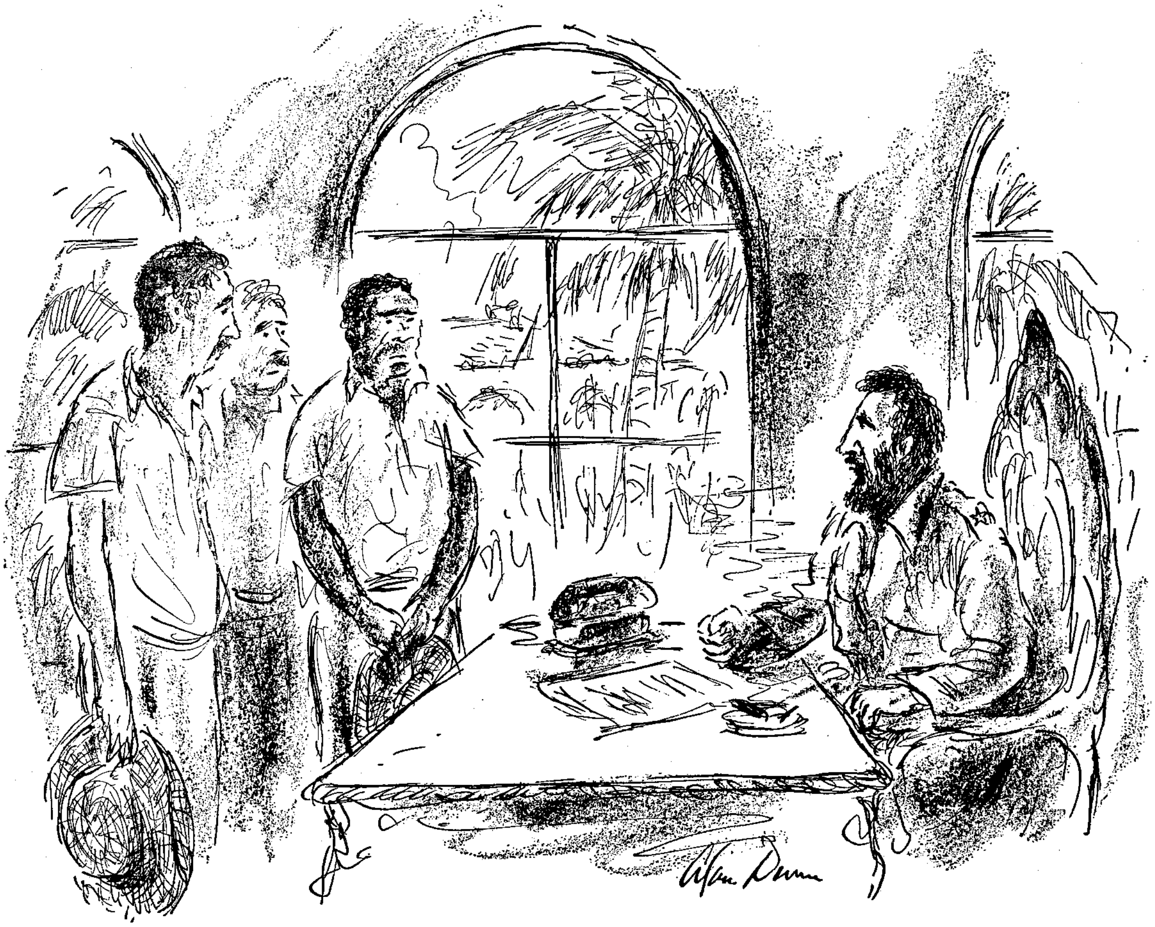
LADY GUINNESS, who lives in the United States, recently did some shopping at Bloomingdale's, and asked that her purchases be mailed to her. She gave her name, and started to give her address, when the salesgirl interrupted her. "Is that Miss or Mrs. Lady Guinness?" she inquired.

Origins

LOOKING into the possible Italian ancestry of President Kennedy some weeks ago, we were obliged to bring in the old Scots verdict "Not Proven." Now we'd like to glance briefly at his more immediate ancestry. There's no doubt it's Irish—all eight of his great-grandparents came here from Ireland during the fearful potato famine of the eighteen-forties—but once we start looking for great-greats in either his father's or mother's lines we find ourself on fairly shaky ground. There's a terrible lot of folk bearing the Kennedy and Fitzgerald names in Ireland today (eighteen thousand and thirteen thousand, respectively), and records of most of the Kennedys and Fitzgeralds who once flourished there are scanty or nonexistent. It's thought that the President's Kennedy great-grandfather, one Patrick, was born in Dunganstown, in County Wexford, and old records in the nearby port of New Ross are supposed to indicate that he paid three pounds for his passage to America. Having landed in Boston, in about 1848, he found work as a cooper; married a girl named Bridget Murphy, also newly arrived from the Ould Sod; and died suddenly, in his thirties, in 1858, leaving an impoverished Bridget to bring up their four children, which she did by operating a small stationery store and, when that failed, by getting a job as a hairdresser in the big Boston department store Jordan Marsh. Her youngest child, Patrick J. (1857-1928), never finished grade school but became part owner of three East Boston saloons and a successful wholesale liquor distributor, banker, and politician. He married one Mary Hickey (1857-1923) and had three children, the second of whom is the President's father.

The President's Fitzgerald great-grandfather was named Thomas, and in one account of the family is said to have come from Wexford, in another from Limerick, and in a third from Tipperary. In this country, he married a fellow-immigrant, Rosana Cox, whose place of origin is even more doubtful than her husband's, in part because the third of their seven sons, John Francis (1863-1950), the Boston politician and orator universally known as Honey Fitz, used to switch her birthplace from county to county, according to the audience he happened to be addressing; before a Sligo audience, she was born in Sligo, and before a Cork audience, sure enough, she came from Cork. (If there were enough French-Canadians in the audience to make it worth his while, he was a descendant of the Geraldines of Paris, and if some German votes were to be picked up, then he was a descendant of a long line of Von Fritzes, from *Himmel* knows where.) Thomas supported his large family by running a grocery store in the North End of Boston. He was born in 1830 and Rosana was born in 1835, according to the family Bible. She was thought to be about forty-four when she died, in 1879; Thomas also died young, in 1885. Honey Fitz, who had attended the Boston Latin School—an unusual distinction in the eighteen-seventies for an Irish boy in Boston—and was enrolled in Harvard Medical School, had to drop out and go to work, in order to help support his orphaned brothers and sisters. He became an insurance salesman and politician, and married Josephine Mary Hannon, who will be ninety-eight this year. They had six children, of whom the oldest is the President's mother.

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy's family tree is much easier to trace than her husband's. She is a descendant of the Bouviers, of the ancient house of Fontaine, near Grenoble, and of the Vernous, a family of provincial aristocrats living in Poitou and Touraine. Twenty-four Bouviers fought with the French forces in America during the Revolutionary War. Jacqueline Kennedy's direct paternal ancestor, André Eustache Bouvier, isn't listed in the official records, because the roster of his regiment was lost; the family story is that he took part in the siege of Yorktown. After the war, he returned to France, married, and settled down at Pont-Saint-Esprit, near Grenoble. His son Michel emigrated to Philadelphia in 1817, married Louise Clifford Vernou, and became a wealthy and influential merchant. The Vernous claim to go all the way back to a certain Armand, Seigneur de Vernou, who founded a church near Poitiers in 1026. Jean de Vernou, Louise's father, is believed to have fled to America during the French Revolution; he dropped the "de" from his name, married, and took up residence in Philadelphia. Michel and Louise Vernou Bouvier had ten children, among whom was John Vernou Bouvier, Mrs. Kennedy's great-grandfather. When Michel Bouvier died, leaving a great fortune, he was sufficiently renowned for Philadelphians to name a street after him. The old street is still there, but, to tell



"*Nyet!*"

the truth, it can't hold a candle to the John F. Fitzgerald Expressway, in Boston. You have to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of the Irish.

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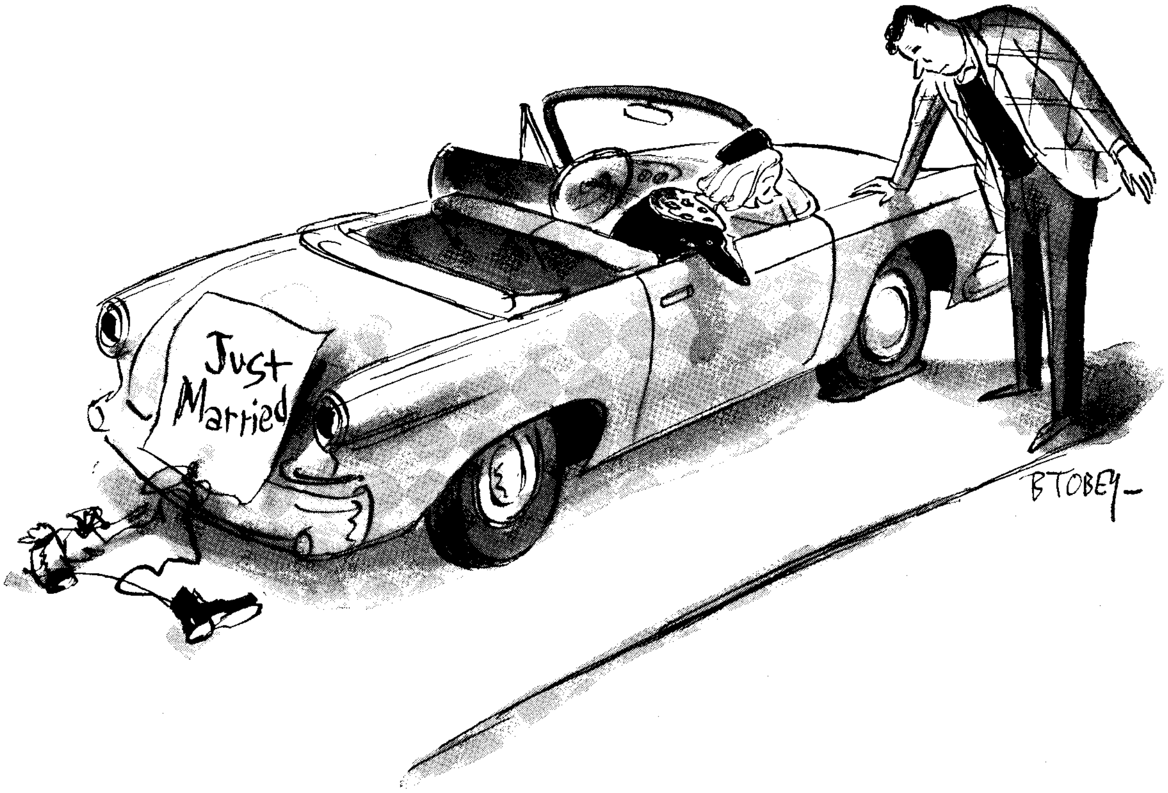
SIGN in the window of a boardwalk shop in Atlantic City: "The Latest in Early American Furniture."



"Darling! Our first flat."

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Numb

WE had an entertaining lunch last week with Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the ingenious fellow who, at breakneck speed and almost simultaneously, wrote (with Sidney Buchman and Ranald MacDougall) and directed (all by himself) "Cleopatra." A squarish, pleasant-looking man of fifty-four, with fiercely bright-blue eyes and fiercely held opinions, Mr. Mankiewicz described himself as in a state of shock on approaching the world première of the biggest, costliest, most talked-about picture ever made. "We're still working night and day on the sound," he said. "When the critics preview the picture on Tuesday, that'll be the first time anybody has seen it in final form. Unbelievable, the pace we've had to set. For two and a half years now, it's been nothing but rush. Madness! I wish I had six months to edit it in. No, I wish I had a year. For that matter, I wish I'd had a year to write it in and a year to build the sets in and a year to direct it in and *then* a year to edit it in. I even wish it was two separate movies, instead of a single four-hour-long one. I wish a million things, but what's the use? If you ask me how I feel, it's as if you were to ask me how I felt immediately after being run down by an enormous truck on Fifth Avenue. I can remember quite clearly how happy I was just before the truck hit me, but I can't make out how I feel at the moment. Numb. A mercy. There I was, in the winter of '61, sitting in the sun on Hume Cronyn's key in the Caribbean, writing a screenplay of Larry Durrell's 'Justine.' It was coming along fine. Larry himself was very pleased with it. So I made the mistake of coming back to New York for a day or so, and I found messages waiting for me everywhere from Spyros Skouras. I was to call him at once—a matter of life and death! So we had dinner at the Colony, and he asked me as a special favor to run over to London and look into the 'Cleopatra' tangle for a few weeks. And I did. And there was this unreadable script and these impossible little sets and everybody standing around waiting for the English fog and rain to turn suddenly into brilliant Egyptian sunshine. Of course I was hooked. I couldn't resist it. I started writing."

For a man of his years, Mr. Mankiewicz has had a phenomenally long and successful screenwriting and producing career. Having graduated from Columbia at nineteen and having decided not to follow in his father's professorial footsteps but, rather, in his older brother Herman's Hollywood ones, he headed west and, in 1929, obtained employment writing subtitles for silent versions of the newfangled "talkies," many theatres throughout the country not yet having installed the necessary sound equipment. From that technologically evanescent post he progressed to dialogue writer—"In those days," he said, "the dialogue writer's stuff was printed on the right-hand page of a script and the continuity writer's stuff was printed on the left-hand side"—and in 1930, at the age of twenty-one, won his first Academy Award nomination for the screenplay of "Skippy." Subsequently, he either wrote or directed, or wrote and directed, or produced such hits as "If I Had a Million," "Million Dollar Legs," "Three Comrades," "The Philadelphia Story," "A Letter to Three Wives," "All About Eve," and "Julius Caesar."

"Doing Shakespeare's 'Caesar' helped get me interested in Antony," he said. "In fact, I'd been thinking of writing a play about him, which was one more reason I was tempted by 'Cleopatra.' I have *ideas* about Antony. Most people seem to have a totally wrong notion of 'Cleopatra,' and I'm damned if I know where they got it from. They expect it to be one of those absurd deMille bathtub extravaganzas. Well, it isn't—it's about a man who wants to be a second Caesar and hasn't got the qualities to pull it off, and a woman great enough and ambitious enough to have caused a Caesar to fall in love with her. We do have a bathtub scene, I admit, but Cleopatra herself perpetrates it, as an ironic commentary on Roman expectations concerning the Egyptian way of life. Whatever else my movies are, they're *written*, they try to say something, and 'Cleopatra' is no exception. But I can't talk about it. Not yet. I'm still on my back in the middle of Fifth Avenue, groaning."

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OVERHEARD at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one ten-year-old girl to another: "This is supposed to be good for my nerves."

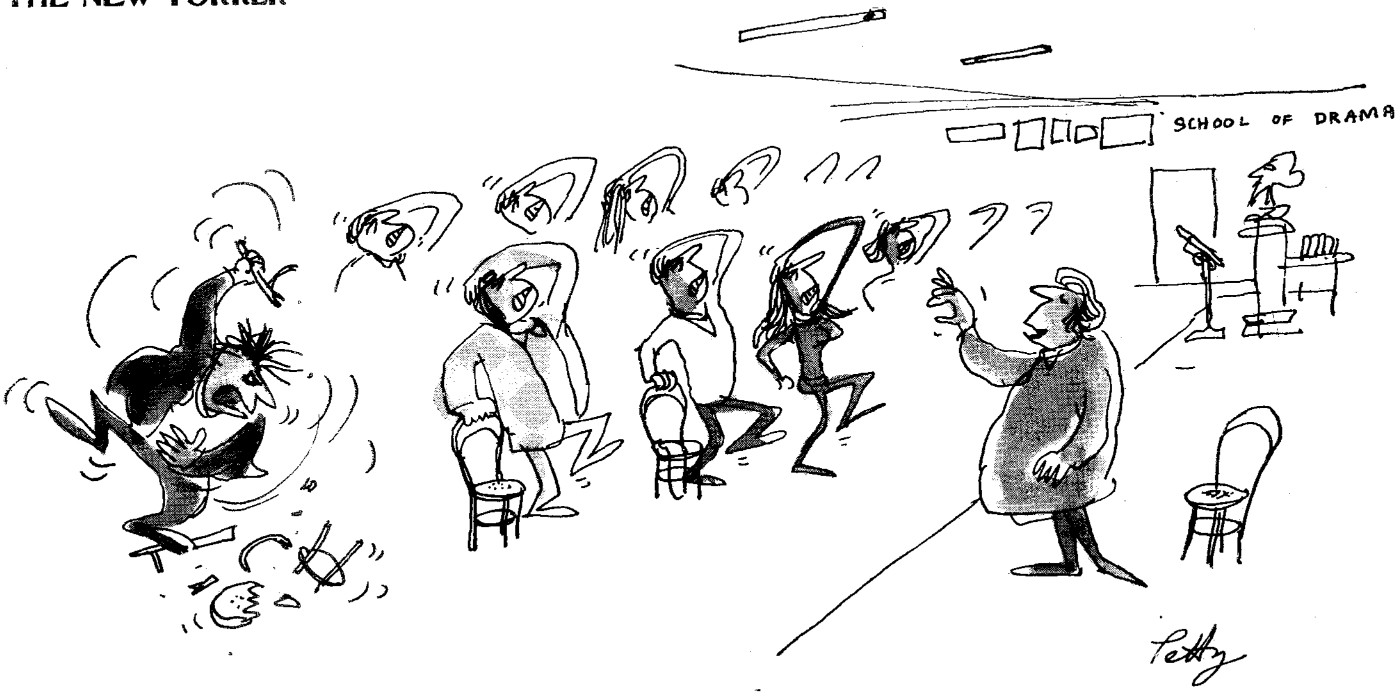
FIVE MINUTES BEFORE SLEEP

I HAVE slept in this room every summer of my life; through schools and camps and trips, I've never lost a year. And this is the last time; there's no place in it for a wife. Before me it was my brother's, and I don't know who before him—or, for that matter, who after me. My son, perhaps—our son. I suppose we'll have children, when I can get used to the idea. My feet hang over the mattress, and have for a number of years, nearly as many as those during which I was small enough to fit. The mattress itself hangs over the edge of the bed. My feet touch the wall, my hair brushes the outside wall of the closet, which isn't deep enough to hang a suit in. Whatever the individual requirement, the space for it in this room is insufficient. Because there isn't room to make the bed properly, my feet will be uncovered in the morning. This could be an advantage in the city—where, however, I have plenty of room—but in Maine it's damn cold in the morning. I could reach out and touch the furniture—most of it, the bureau and the old washstand—that is against the two farther walls of this room, the two walls that I can't touch with my feet or my head. When we come back, we'll have the front room, the guest room, with more space and a big bed. (Or will we come back, or where will we be?) I suppose Lucia is at home, sleeping in her room for the last time, too.

ADULT GAMES
Chon Day

My room is full. In the closet behind my head, an orange life jacket that was already too small for me by the time I learned to swim. Sneakers that were my brother's, saved for me when I should be big enough and never worn. The canvas bag with "Collier's" on it with which he delivered magazines one summer. My fishing rod in a cloth bag, taken apart and oiled; I made a dollar and a quarter selling fish that year. Shoes I wore when I was in high school and also after I finished high school. Another pair of sneakers saved for me—whose?—but too big. No one in the family with such big feet. But someone had fond hopes I might grow into them. Two heavy wool shirts, the one I can wear now and the one just like it that I grew out of. A sou'wester hat, regulation for camp, never necessary, never worn. Various plastic snorkels, fins, and rubber goggles. A key for the closet, so the clothes won't push it open, the one key in the house. With the closet door open, it's obvious this room is too small for anyone to live in, and the clothes, unchecked, swell out of their place into it. The door doesn't open fully because of the Victorian wooden washstand under the three casement windows on my left (the rightmost of which is missing a hook latch, now on the door into the hall, an innovation dating from when I first began to think of privacy). There's just room on the other side of the washstand for a wastepaper basket and my suitcase, and then comes, against the opposite wall, the bureau I can touch, and between it and the door into the hall, a bookcase that once held green china downstairs. I could list all the things that are in this room without turning on the light—the one thing that's hard to reach. In the washstand, all the notes I ever took in school and college (not so much saved as not thrown away), two partially filled stamp albums and a lot of loose stamps in a yellow box (in which came six pairs of white wool tennis socks). A parental attempt to encourage constructive effort. But after the first few days I grew bored, and couldn't see any more putting them in albums or showing or looking at same. In the bookcase, in "David Balfour"—part of an incomplete set of Stevenson—a dozen Japanese envelopes with airmail stamps, more prized than the stamps alone. Propped on the wastebasket, one violin (its interest also of brief duration) on which I achieved Handel's "Largo"—Handel's "*The* Largo"—too much ahead of teacher's schedule, but on which I practiced much less than the desired amount. Teacher therefore bored—even Handel's "Largo" (after "Frère Jacques") of insufficient complexity to merit highly refined attentions. Me bored too.

The bureau is white, with green handles purporting to be grape leaves and clusters; it replaces an unpainted but identical one now in another room. Top drawer contains, under the shirts from my suitcase, two rounds of unidentified live ammunition, several marksmanship medals and certificates, three or four spent lead slugs, one .22 (long) shell. Coins of different realms, donors unknown; a ten-franc and a ten-lira note brought home by me; a measure for drawing scale maps of projected German toy-train empires. Scattered in other drawers, three knitted T shirts over a dozen years old, with holes, which would now at best fail to reach my waist. Stylish on the Riviera. Shorts, of different ages, to match; bathing suits with holes worn by the local rocky beach. A pair of rose-red canvas pants and matching pullover, worn, according to the aunt who produced them, by every strapping Breton fisherman. Never worn by me—despite regular urgings—when I was big enough, although I longed to when I was too small. On the bu-



"Restrained anger, Calvin, restrained!"

• •

reau, two sailing trophies and two plaster castings of clay figures I made three years ago. Also, a bronze setter, looking down quizzically at a bronze pheasant in a clump of grass, which is bronze too—a dog of noble expression, but whose tail frequently falls off, owing to certain peculiarities of his anatomy. He has, now I think of it, been downstairs since I last had a summer vacation. The hollowness that underlies him made an ideal storage place for certain objects that it seemed at different times desirable to hide—successively, comic books, pocket novels, and contraceptives, all, I think, removed before the time of his going downstairs. Finally, a delicately balanced electric motor made of various lengths of nails, wire, and a thumbtack—long without batteries to run it, though a finger still will start it clicking and whirring. Oh, yes. Two model boats, fitted, duly launched, and often refitted, are in glass-brick drydocks among the books; a schooner model, harder to build and unfit for water, lies in its box—which carries a pretty picture of the legendary original under full sail—unfinished. And much that is of less importance.

The wind has just shifted, to north, and I can hear the bell buoy now—it must be after midnight. When we were becalmed trying to get around it, the sound of the bell nearly drove us wild. Amazing what a different sound it has over water. Flat, for one thing—no ring to it, no overtones. Harsh, just a clap and then gone and the next one to come. And four clappers going full time. Here, heard through the trees outside my windows, the bell is a chord on B flat. The ring lingers. The sound is distant and it is soft. Each time, it hangs in the air so long it seems it always will. Before it ends, the next ring comes—so it does. The sound doesn't fade after it has struck but stays in the trees. (Even the wind, which is pretty steady now, is fading and rising more.) I haven't heard a note end yet. Every summer I've heard this buoy . . . no, because they moved the buoy after the war, and that was when we began to hear it. Before that, there was the tool factory to hear. They worked three shifts a day then, and now they work one a day, once in a while. Every man in the place went deaf after a certain number of weeks—so children who thought they'd like to work there too, in a few years, were told. A big blackened steel shed with piles of rusting iron rods outside by the road—and, inside, white fires, and poundings and crashings and hissings, and even more fascination to it because they wouldn't allow you to take pictures. But over here the noise was just a sound of activity, clearly heard but possible to ignore, something like an old typewriter but not quite, unless the typist was very cranky. I used to go to sleep on the noise of the factory—now it's the bell buoy—and the coffee grinder woke me up. The tool factory sounded like the coffee grinder—they were as loud. Or the coffee grinder was louder. It only growled though, fiercely; and the factory was in a big fight . . .

I suppose you can hear the buoy in the guest room sometimes, though I never have. It gets a different wind, on the other side of the house. I like my room.

There's not very much in that guest room; probably that's why there's room for Lucia and me. When we come back, we'll be guests. We've had the room before when we came up for weekends together and when it was, strictly speaking, Lucia's room and I'd come in after everyone had gone to bed. Even then with both of us there, it was an empty room, with big spaces around the bed, and us in the middle of it, hardly making an impression on the emptiness of it—yet it would be a small room in any other house. The painting of the house being built, with the derricks and the stonemasons, I could feel was there across the room on the wall before us, just as I can feel everything in this room. But that was all. Tables, chairs, all the other things in the room—which is adequately furnished—went away with the light when the lamp was turned off. Only us and the picture and a few bedclothes there. But we liked that. . . . I'd like to hear an owl tonight, making that obviously imitation noise that no respectable animal should, like the moans my grandmother made when she told ghost stories. There are no woods on that side of the house.

—WILLIAM WERTENBAKER

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They bought a handsome place in Imperial Point, and one of Mrs. Gish's first social functions was a luncheon today ignoring birthday-girl Ann (Mrs. Warren) Craven.—*Fort Lauderdale (Fla.) News.*

One of those parties-with-a-purpose.

A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

"TRY to keep the poetry separate," said May. "The rest can be arranged later." She made her way around the boxes of books and china to the doorway, and called up the stairs. "Clem! When you're finished up there, you could help Nettie with the books." She had a powerful, almost insistent voice and she evidently assumed that her husband heard her, for she came back into the living room without waiting for his reply and knelt down on the rug beside Nettie. "I can make a start on the china."

"Is Shakespeare poetry?" asked Nettie, peering into a box.

"No, he belongs with the set of Elizabethan dramatists—the old leather ones. But let Clem lift the heavy books." May was uncoiling newspaper from around a jug. Her broad, tawny head was lowered over the china into a shaft of sunlight, and its brilliant color made her actions seem less businesslike than usual. "Dreadful to think this will all have to go back to town in the autumn. Still, I'm glad we came early this year, in spite of the cold. And perhaps Clem can take long weekends when the summer comes, and be less in town. It's hard on him to travel so far for just the two days. And you, too, Nettie, now that you're living in town. Don't forget—whenever you like, Clem can drive you up for the weekend."

"Thank you," the girl said. She had filled the lowest shelf of the bookcase and now sat back on her heels to survey it.

"Nettie, are you all right?"

Nettie blew some dust off "A Shropshire Lad" and looked at May over the end of the book. "Yes, of course."

"You seem a bit pale." May lowered her voice slightly. "Aren't you well? Would you like an aspirin?"

"I'm fine. Really." Nettie turned back to the shelves with a load of books. She had rolled up the sleeves of her heavy blue sweater, and her thin forearms were grubby from the books. An imprecise black pigtail dangled between her hunched shoulders.

May eyed her for a moment with determination rather than concern, but was distracted by steps on the stairs. "Here's Clem, anyway. He can fill the top shelves."

"What is it I'm supposed to do?" her husband asked—apparently as a formality, since he went straight to the books and began stacking them on upper shelves. "Why on earth Meredith? . . . And *Galsworthy*— Oh, for God's sake, darling." He turned round to May with a book in his hand.

"Dear, I'll be here for almost six months, you know. Mostly with just the children."

"No reason to lose your head completely." He placed the book alongside the others. "Who was that on the telephone?"

"Oh, the Bairds are back—that was Sarah. They opened their house last week. Sent you their love. I asked them for dinner tomorrow night."

"I thought you had to collect Matt from your mother's tomorrow." Their elder boy was spending a few days at his grandmother's, thirty miles away.

"I'll be back before dinner. And Marion can have everything ready—I've asked her to stay a little later tomorrow evening."

Clem grunted. Nettie had only completed the two lowest shelves, and he was already stooping to fill the middle of the bookcase. He was tall and light on his feet and looked less than his age, which was forty-two. He had an air of health and confidence as he handled the books, lifting them from the box, glancing at their titles, and ramming them quickly along the shelves. He, too, had rolled up his sleeves, and his arms as they moved back and forth contrasted with Nettie's fragile and ineffectual ones.

"Here's Byron," he said, handing Nettie a book. He looked down at her for the first time, and pulled on her plait of hair. "What's this floppy thing?"

Self-consciously, she put up her left hand, the book in her right. "I haven't had time to do it properly." They resumed their work.

I suppose, Nettie thought, as she made a space between two books and fitted Byron into it, that I am in love with Clem. Love is so much talked and written about, you might expect it to feel quite different; but no, it does correspond to the descriptions—it isn't commonplace. More like a concentration of all one's energies. There seems to be a lot of waiting in it, though. I am always waiting for Clem to come into a room, or for other people to go out: Clem, whom I've known all my life and who is married to my cousin May. (Her hands, patting the books into an even row, trembled.) I've been close to him a thousand times, and this is the first time it has made me tremble. Would I have discovered that I loved him, if he hadn't drawn my attention to it? And is that really only a week ago?

Now Clem, too, had to kneel, and her cheek came level with his shoulder. He smiled at her, a brief, open smile. Nettie reached up, still pushing the books into line, and the sweater rose above her skirt, showing a white, ribbed strip of her skin.

May rose, and took up a stack of plates. "There. I'll leave these in the kitchen and Marion can wash them later, with the lunch dishes." She moved across the room and out of the shaft of sunlight. Her back looked, once more, entirely businesslike. She had a slow, deliberate way of walking—as if she had once been startled into precipitate action and had regretted it. It was the walk of a woman who dealt with men in a straightforward way and must suffer the consequences. Her steps sounded down the uncarpeted corridor.

Clem got to his feet and rummaged in the last box. "What are these?" He held up a book he did not recognize.

"Those are mine. I thought I'd leave them for the summer. I'll take them up to my room." Nettie got up, wincing, and rubbed her knees.

He pulled the books out one at a time, flicking open the front covers. "Annette Bowers. . . . Annette Bowers. . . . A. Bowers. . . . Annette Bowers." He brought them to her, stacked between his palms, and put them into her grasp without releasing them. "Annette Bowers. I love you."

"No."

"*Yes*, I tell you," he said, shaking his head and widening his eyes in imitation of her. "Did you know that—somewhere in India, I think—there are people who shake their heads as a sign of assent, instead of nodding them?" Without lowering his voice, he went on, "What have you thought about all week?"

"Of you," she said gravely, with her hands about the books.

He leaned forward and kissed her brow. "Now, take your books upstairs, there's a good girl," he said.

She walked past him and out of the room.

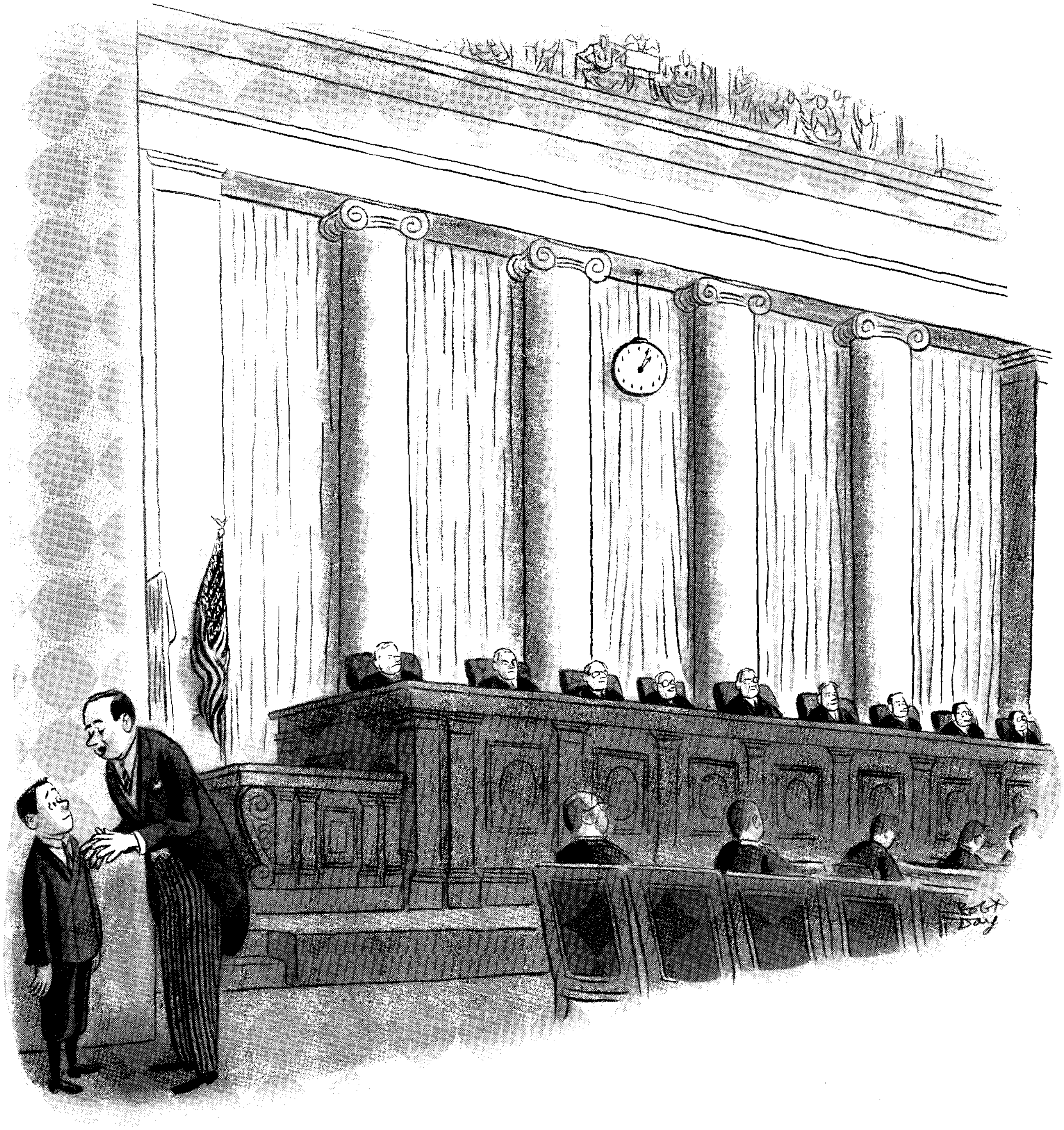
"Oh, Clem, help her," May said, coming from the kitchen and passing Nettie in the corridor.

"I can manage," said Nettie.

May came back into the living room and sat down in an easy chair. She crossed her legs and lit a cigarette. "Do you think Nettie's all right?" she asked Clem.

He was piling the abandoned wads of newspaper into an empty carton. "Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, sometimes she seems such a . . . waif. Perhaps we should do more for her, now she's living away from home."



"You're sure you've got it straight? Five ham and Swiss on rye with mustard, and four ham and Swiss on rye without mustard."

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He had fitted the empty boxes, ingeniously, one inside the other. "We have our own lives to lead," he said.

MAY left early in the morning. Having meticulously calculated time and distance on a piece of paper, she could tell the hour at which she would reach her mother's house, how long she must, in order not to seem hurried, linger over lunch there, and when she and Matt might reasonably be expected home. Seated neatly dressed at the wheel of the car, she gave an impression of carrying away with her all the order and assurance of the house.

Nettie, untidy in a dressing gown, received last instructions with a series of nods whose very frequency betrayed inattention. May has our day all planned, she thought, as well as her own. She has allowed for everything except what will happen. The engine started, and Nettie waved. When the car disappeared, she turned back to the house abruptly, dissociating herself from Clem.

"Can we play dominoes?" asked Kenny, the younger boy, who had been left in her charge.

"When I'm dressed," she said.

"Doesn't it seem a pity," Clem said, "to waste a day like this inside?"

"We could go for a walk along the beach," said Nettie, still addressing herself to Kenny.

"I'd rather play dominoes."

"All right, let's play dominoes first. We *could* go for a walk after lunch."

While they played dominoes, the day

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deteriorated. They sat down to lunch with a Sunday halfheartedness, Clem short-tempered from not having had his way and Kenny petulant from having had his. Marion, the maid, came and went between the kitchen and the dining room, as though they were, all three, fractious children who needed supervision. The cold meat that had seemed a good idea in the morning now simply contributed to the day's feeling of being left over.

After lunch, Nettie proposed again the walk that now nobody wanted, and out of sheer perverseness they walked on the deserted beach. Nettie wore a raincoat and Kenny a waterproof jacket with a broken zipper. A wind had come up, releasing little swirls from sand that had been tightly packed all winter. The sky hung over the low-lying land, huge as a sky in a Dutch painting. Clem could not light his cigarette, although he persisted in trying. Nettie struggled to fold the flapping triangle of her scarf over her hair. After she had accomplished this, Kenny put his hand in hers, but when Clem took her hand on the other side the child pulled away and ran ahead of them down the beach.

"Children know everything," Nettie said.

"Well, they have a kind of insight into fundamentals. I don't think one can call that knowledge." He would not let her withdraw her hand from his. "You look such an orphan in that raincoat."

"I always look a bit like that, apparently."

"That's what May said."

"What did she say?"

"That you looked a waif. That we should do more for you."

"What did you say?"

"I looked preoccupied and said we had our own lives to lead."

Freeing her fingers at last, she put both her hands in her pockets and they walked a little way in silence.

He looked at her, faintly amused. "What should I have said?"

"I don't know. Did you mean that when you said it? I mean, what did you feel?"

"You'd be happier if I had felt a liar and a hypocrite?"

"That, at least, would be a redeeming feature."

He shrugged. "I rather thought I'd redeemed myself by telling you about it." He was a little bored. "I see no object in hurting people unnecessarily."

"It would be all right if it were necessary?"

"You say all the wrong things," he observed. "You have no experience—you're thrown back on your intuitions, like Kenny. That's why you make these judgments on yourself and others."

She spread her hands, distending the pockets of her raincoat. "I'm afraid of this. Of not knowing what will happen next."

"Ah, well," he said, offhandedly, "you would have come to some things pretty soon in any case, if only out of curiosity. As for the other things, you simply attract them by worrying about them. What you fear most will happen to you—that is the law."

No one had spoken to her in this way before, and for a moment she actually imagined the words sternly inscribed in a statute book. Now Clem thrust his hands into his pockets, which had the effect of making Nettie, repudiated, distractedly bring out her own.

"Watch for shells!" Kenny roared from the horizon.

Neither of them replied. Presently Clem laughed and looked at her, and touched her shoulder with his. "You're a fool," he said, more kindly.

"But what have I done wrong?"

"You got born twenty years too late."

So immense and so complex did the gulf between them appear to her that it was a shock to have it simply stated as a matter of bad timing on her part. She had once been told that the earth, had it been slightly deflected on its axis, would have had no winter; and the possibility of a life shared with Clem appeared to her on the same scale of enormity and remote conjecture. Inexperienced, as he had pointed out, she had no means of knowing if his remarks were excessively unfeeling. She knew him in his daily life to be a reasonable man; from ignorance, she assumed that his conduct now would represent the same proportions of logic and compassion.

"Let's go back," he said. He cupped his hands and shouted to Kenny. Of Kenny's response, only the word "shells" could be distinguished. They retraced the pattern of their steps on the sand, the wind now at their backs.

"The Bairds are coming for dinner," Clem remarked.

"I met them once, last year."

"Vernon is rather a bore, but I like Sarah. She has the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen." He glanced round to be sure that Kenny was following.

Nettie, annoyed, said nothing. Her dim recollection of Mrs. Baird became tinged with antagonism—a plump, middle-aged woman bullied by her husband.

"I have never heard her say an unkind thing," Clem continued, "about anybody."

Nettie reflected that this, when said of a woman, made her sound totally uninteresting.

"You can entertain Vernon at dinner," Clem said.

"How?"

"Simply by listening to him, I should think. He likes shy young things. Although you're not exactly shy, are you? It's rather as though you were afraid we might all find out what you think of us." They climbed up a bank onto the road. "I wish we were alone," he said, as though their entire conversation had been irrelevant. He opened a gate and held it for her.

"There's Marion," Nettie said.

Marion had come out of the house and was standing in the drive. She put her hands to her mouth and shouted to them.

"She can't be collecting shells, too, can she?" Clem made a gesture of not hearing, and Marion shouted again. This time, as in the case of Kenny, one word only was distinct.

"The damned telephone," he said. "You bring Kenny. I'll go ahead."

Nettie waited by the gate for Kenny, who was walking—inexplicably—backward. Clem had disappeared into the house. Marion stood by the door, holding it almost closed against the wind. When Nettie came up the steps, Marion still grasped the doorknob—as if, Nettie thought, one could not enter the house without first being brought up to date on its contents.

"Matt has a temperature."

"Is that May on the phone?"

"Yes. They can't drive back today—Kenny, turn round at once or you'll fall over something—Matt has a temperature of a hundred and two."

NETTIE dressed for dinner with great care. Instead of bending hurriedly before the speckled mirror above her chest of drawers, she propped the mirror by the bed, in the strongest light, and sat in front of it. She combed her hair and wound it into a circle at the back of her head and fastened it there. She brushed the shoulders of her black dress, and clasped a string of pearls around her neck, and put on high-heeled shoes. When she was quite ready, she sat once more on the bed and took her hair down, and put it up again in the same way.

As she came downstairs, the hallway was cold from the passage of night air. The Bairds had arrived. Sarah Baird had let Clem take her coat and was standing at the foot of the stairs in a dark-blue dress; her eyes, shining from the brief drive, were very fine indeed. Vernon looked up as Nettie joined them. From the slight surprise in his face, Nettie thought that she had been right, after all, to do her hair a second time.

"Ah, here she is," Clem said.

Sarah turned and, although they scarcely knew each other, kissed Nettie. So did Vernon. "Are you warm enough in that dress?" Sarah asked her.

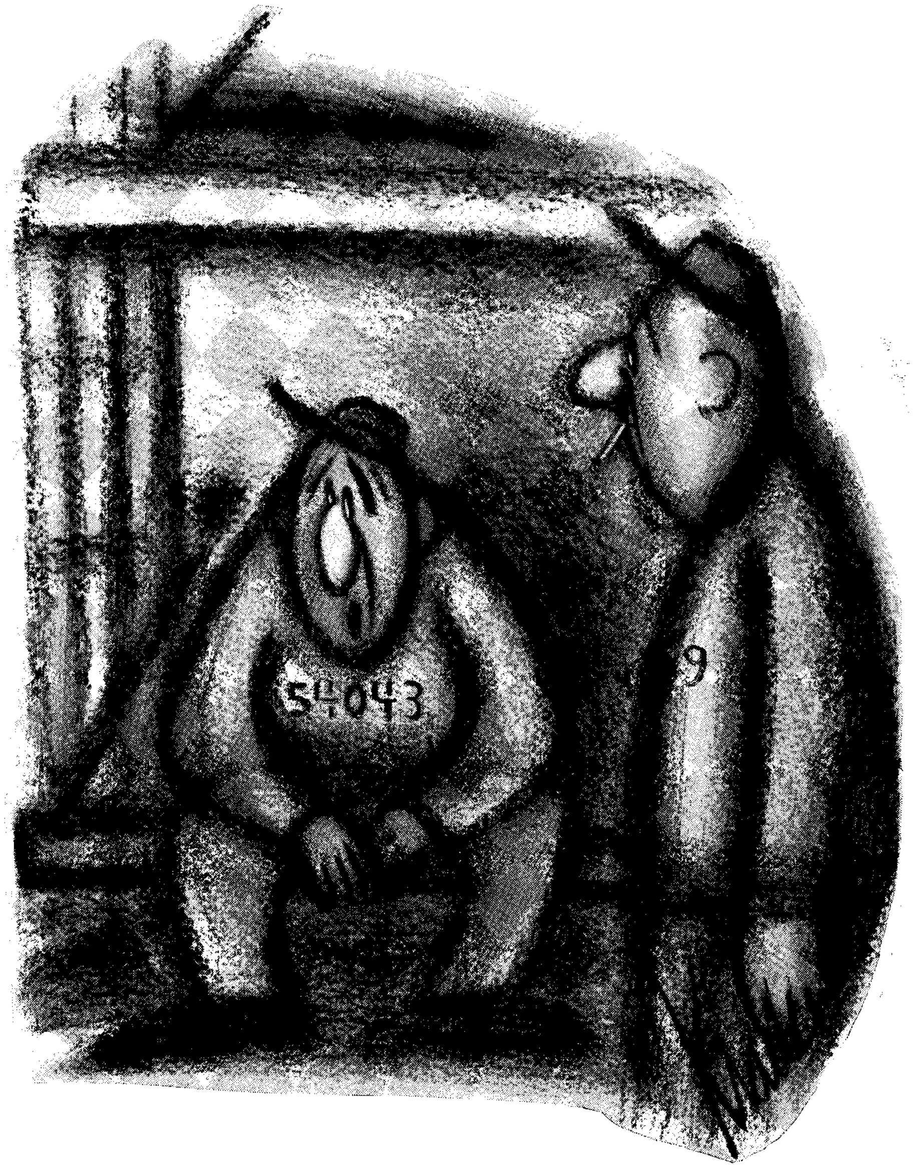
"It's wool," said Nettie, speaking for the first time.

Clem put away Vernon's hat and shut the closet door. "There's a fire in the living room," he said. He laid his hand lightly on Nettie's shoulder as they moved away.

Clem poured out drinks, and they sat down by the fire. Clem rattled the ice in his drink and talked about Matt's temperature. He had been trying to telephone May all evening; the telephone, on a party line, was being used.

"You must tell them it's an emergency," Sarah began indignantly.

Nettie, leaning back in a deep chair as the others bent forward to the fire, reflected that Matt's temperature was, socially, a godsend to them all. Sarah, it seemed, moved with complete ease among children's temperatures, virus infections, the possibility—not to be ruled out—of measles. Briefly, she took



"To escape, a fellow needs friends on the outside, and all my friends are on the inside."

charge of the conversation. "Try not to worry," she said, implying that one must by all means worry, though possibly not to distraction. The Bairds had four children, all of whose temperatures had, at one time or another, considerably outclassed Matt's.

She really is quite stupid, Nettie decided, believing—erroneously—that fine eyes could not atone for stupidity.

Looking away from Sarah, she was disconcerted to find Vernon watching her. If he were capable of interpreting her scrutiny of Sarah, she wondered, would he mind? Or was it just that he took an interest in other women? But his interest gave the impression of being so general that it almost amounted to fidelity. And immediately she asked herself, "Is Clem like that? Has he done this before? Will he do it again?" The last of these questions pained her so much that she left all of them unanswered. Of course with Clem it was not the same at all, utterly different, the comparison was meaningless. . . . But in what way different?

"I know what's different," Vernon said suddenly. "You've changed your hair since I last saw you."

"And since I last saw you," said Clem, turning a little to smile at her. She thought that his tenderness, after the day's indifference, was like a warning.

"Clem could try the telephone again," Vernon said, "before we sit down to dinner."

WHEN Vernon pushed Nettie's chair in to the table, he rested his hand, as Clem had, briefly on her shoulder. It troubled her to sit in May's place, and for that reason she took no responsibility for the meal, allowing the dishes to pass without offering to serve them, behaving as less than a guest. She was grateful to Vernon for requiring—as Clem had predicted—nothing more than a hearer. He seemed content that she should stare down onto the polished table beside her plate so long as her head was slightly inclined toward him. Once, she looked up, and Clem, who was talking to Sarah, lifted his eyes. Studying the table again and tracing the grain of the wood with her finger, she thought there had been no intimacy in his look, only a reflection of her own preoccupation, and a sort of recalcitrance. She felt that she could not breathe properly, and she disappointed Vernon by uttering a sharp sigh. The tabletop bore the damp mark of her lifted finger.

"Of course, I'm an incurable romantic," Vernon was saying. He made it sound like a disease.

"Of course," she said.

After dinner, they went back to the fire. The living room was furnished, as rooms in summer houses often are, with the mistakes and discards of a town apartment. Unabashed, these had assumed a certain style of their own. The rug was a deep-cocoa color, worn pale and thin near the door and by the sofa. The chairs, with one or two defections, tended toward dark green. There was a mosaic coffee table, made by a relative, and two ashtrays that had seemed a good idea one hot afternoon in Cuernavaca. The same rash expedition to Mexico was responsible for a black-and-brown painting in which a man and woman stared at each other with unmistakable resentment.

When the telephone rang, Clem put his coffee cup and saucer down on the uneven mosaic, where they rocked a little, and went into the hall. They heard him speaking loudly, as people do on a long-distance call even when the connection is good.

"He doesn't sound alarmed," said Nettie.

Sarah said, "One never knows. With these things."

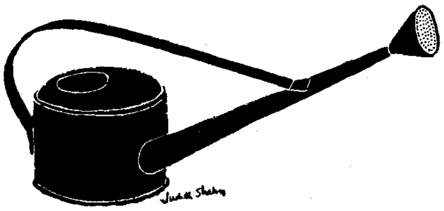
Clem's voice went on, with long pauses. Instinctively they watched the doorway, but it was Marion, not Clem, who first appeared there, startling in a coat and hat. She gave a polite but meaning glance at Nettie, who with a little gasp of recollection sprang up from her chair and left the room.

In the drawer of the hall table there was an envelope that May had marked "Marion," and this Nettie now passed on stealthily. "I hope it's right," she said, having no reason to doubt it.

Marion, infinitely more assured than Nettie, put the envelope in an immense black handbag. "I'll be over tomorrow," she said. "And I hope Matt's all right."

"Yes. Thank you. Good night," said Nettie. She closed the front door. Clem, sitting on the stairs with the telephone receiver in his hand, was still talking, but with a terminal inflection. As she passed him, he reached out and touched her dress. Matt must be better, she thought.

When she came back into the living room, Vernon was leaning forward as if he had been speaking earnestly. Sarah, Nettie noted, looked confused. Nettie did not sit down, but started to assemble the empty cups on a tray.



"Let me help," Sarah said, taking up the coffeepot.

"Don't bother, really. I'll just leave them in the kitchen." Nettie was halfway to the door.

"Matt is better," said Clem, appearing in the doorway. "It's a throat infection, apparently."

"I knew it," Sarah said.

"His temperature is down."

"I'm so glad." The coffeepot waggled slightly. "Perhaps I should have spoken to May. What is she planning to do?"

"She's going to call me in the morning. It depends how he is—she may stay there a day or two."

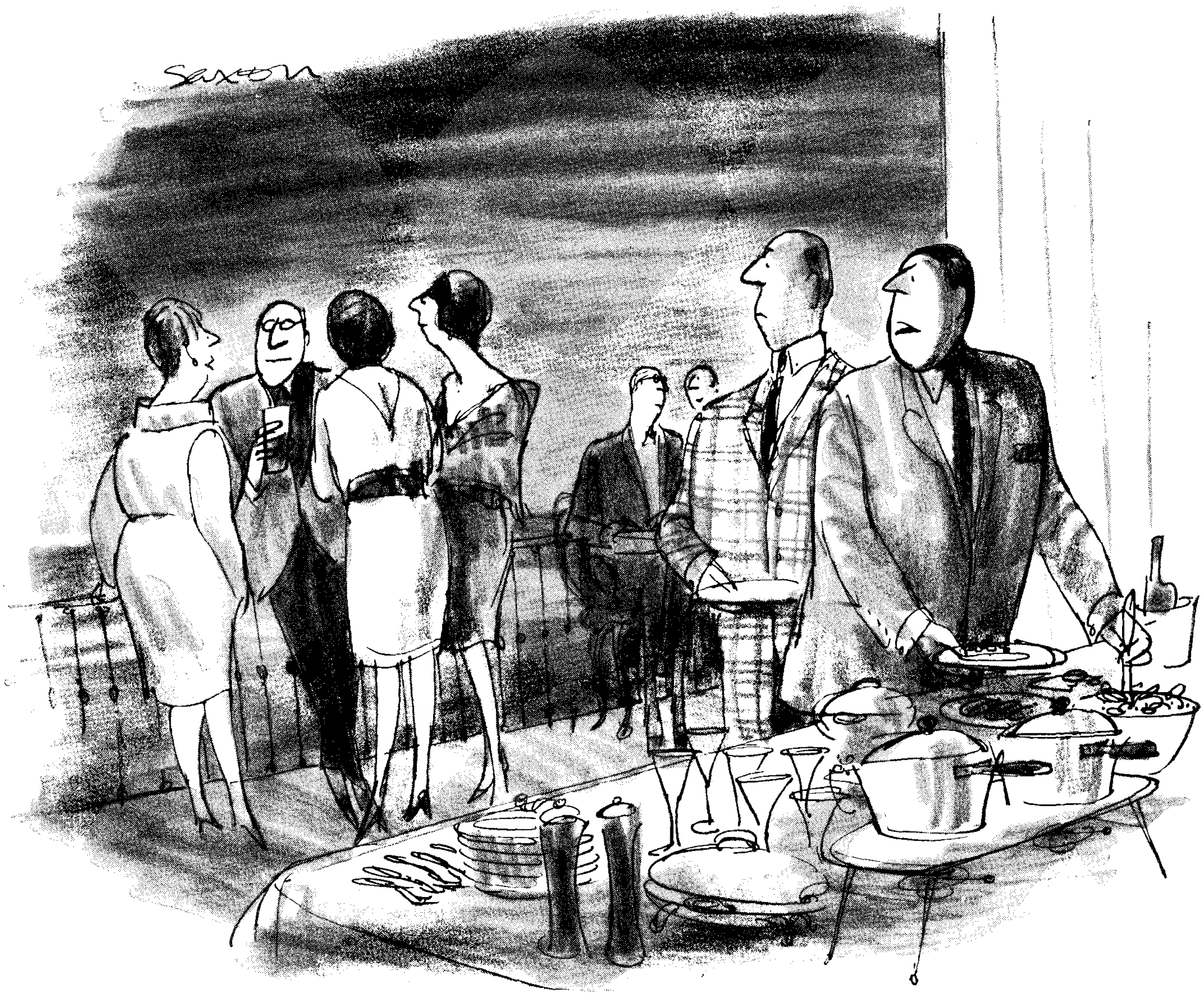
Nettie took a firmer grip on the tray and walked on down the corridor. "Be careful," she said over her shoulder to Sarah, who at once followed her with the coffeepot. "There's a step." She pushed open the kitchen door with her elbow. "Can you find the light? On the left. Thanks." The light fell, dazzling, on aluminum saucepans and a huge white refrigerator. "Just put it anywhere. I'm not going to wash them tonight."

Sarah kept the coffeepot in her hands, but came across the room. "Nettie," she began, with as much solemnity as haste would allow. "We would be so pleased if you would come home with us."

Nettie put the tray down carefully by the sink. Taking up the sugar bowl, she walked past Sarah and put it away in a cupboard. "Because of the ants," she remarked apologetically. She returned to the sink and started to pour away the dregs from the cups. "I don't understand," she said. Blankly, she felt this to be true. It was her own stillness she did not understand.

Sarah came and stood at the sink, so that it was impossible not to look at her. She had a flushed, uncomfortable expression and Nettie noticed that her eyes were not only pretty but even kind. "No, of course. But Vernon feels— People around here gossip so. Unprincipled, really. You shouldn't be exposed to that." Sarah grew impatient before Nettie's empty look. "And, of course, we'd love to have you." Her voice ran down.

It is really quite easy to have the advantage over people, Nettie thought—if you can be bothered. You just have to keep quiet and look at them. "I'll have to see what Clem thinks," she said at last. She finished stacking the rinsed dishes and dried her hands. She exchanged a hopeless little smile with



"He's really a very nice guy. It's just that he's terribly ashamed of being a best-selling author."

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Sarah. "You go ahead," she said. "I'll put the light out. Watch the step."

In the hall, she stopped to straighten a mirror. She felt that she had unlimited time at her disposal. She could hear voices raised in the living room, and for a moment stood still with a child's pleasurable horror in listening to a grown-up quarrel. She stared into the mirror, exasperated—as Sarah had been—by her own unresponsiveness; to see her feelings reflected in her face would have made them clearer to her. But here was, simply, a strained, alarmed expression made the more unfamiliar by the care with which it had that evening been powdered and embellished.

As she entered the room, she heard Clem's voice, cold and angry. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"But don't you think . . ." Sarah's voice wavered anxiously. It was her fate that evening not to be understood.

Clem broke in. "Good Lord, she's like a daughter in this house. What an extraordinary idea. Perfectly extraordinary. In fact," his voice rose on a short, humorless laugh, "if we didn't know each other so well, I would say it was—downright insulting."

"Oh dear," Sarah said. Vernon had not said a word.

Nettie came further into the room and glanced at Clem. She saw that he had managed to be genuinely angry—angry in some way with her, too. She felt chilly, and walked past him to the fire.

There was an arduous silence. The fire flared and crumbled, and flared again. Resting her arm on the mantelpiece, Nettie stayed with her back to the room, in an attitude of unintended pathos.

"Oh, hell," said Clem, concedingly. He laughed, more encouragingly, and reached into his pocket for cigarettes.

"Why are things so complicated?" Sarah asked generally. Nettie looked round at her with compassion.

"Let's all sit down and have a brandy," Vernon suggested.

"That's a rather better idea," Clem said. "Sarah—never mind. No harm done."

She gave a nervous, relieved little laugh. "Oh, Clem. I can't tell you how sorry— No, Vernon, of course we can't. It's so late. Clem, we must be going." Suddenly active, she discovered her handbag beneath a cushion on the sofa. "Here it is."

"Are you really leaving?" asked Clem. He took her arm. They went into the hall. Vernon followed them, but stood back at the door to let Nettie pass. They did not look at one another.

Clem was bringing coats, and Vernon's hat, from the closet. Sarah kissed Nettie again and drew on her gloves. "Be sure to let me know how Matt is." She let Clem kiss her cheek. "I do hope it isn't anything serious," she said. "Clem, dear, do forgive—"

"No harm done," he repeated. He

smiled with complete good will; he almost looked pleased.

Vernon took Nettie's hand briefly and released it. He followed Sarah into the garden, and Nettie stood where he had left her, behind the open door. Clem, holding the door handle, watched them go to their car. He called good night, and waved once or twice with his free hand. Sarah called out that the grass was wet. A car door, improperly closed, was banged several times before Vernon started the engine.

When the sound of the car receded, Clem closed the front door and switched off the outside lights. He linked across the lock a small gilt chain in which May had complete confidence. Now, thought Nettie, he will hesitate and smile. Instead, he turned at once with a grave, concerned face, and took her into his arms.

They stayed this way, in silence, until Nettie drew back and leaned against the door. Clem moved forward slightly, holding her with his left arm and supporting his right on the panel above her head. "Don't shake," he said at last, speaking against her hair. "It isn't complimentary." His left arm tightened. She felt him smile. "In fact, if we didn't know each other so well, I would say it was—downright insulting."

"WHAT a summer for roses," said May. "I've never seen anything like it." She laid her sewing on her knee, and took off her glasses, and sighed. As if to make her last remark irrefutable, she closed her eyes.

Clem, in a garden chair, glanced up from the Sunday paper. "Are you tired?" Without waiting for her reply, he folded the pages in his hand and dropped them on the grass beside him. "I don't know why we read this—nothing but advertisements, and it makes one's hands black."

"I am tired, yes," May pursued. "I was gardening all afternoon."

Anyone would think gardening was a penance, Nettie observed to herself. She was sitting on the lawn, a book open in her lap. She thought that May contrived with her exhaustion to dispirit them all. The warm afternoon, the garden, the tray of empty glasses on the grass, succeeded in conveying foreboding and dissatisfaction; even the roses seemed to threaten violence, brimming over their plots of earth or arrested, scarlet, on the white wall of the house. Love, she thought, lowering her head over her book, is supposed to be enriching; instead I am poisoned (she exaggerated to hurt herself) with antagonism. Here she caught herself up—I am being an Incurable Romantic, she thought, and smiled. And yet, when I can be with him, just see him, I am happy. And I care more for him than for myself—I suppose that is enriching. I would literally die for him—only, no one wants that; they would rather you went on living and behaved reasonably. It has all happened too quickly. I keep thinking there will be a pause, I will find the place again, get back to being as I was, but that never comes. And yet the surprising part, too, is that it doesn't make more difference. I would have thought such things made one worldly; instead, one becomes more vulnerable than ever.

Lifting her eyes from the unturned page, she could see at her right Clem's legs and the side of his chair. His clothes, the wicker chair, the very newspaper he had flung down seemed involved in his personality. *He* is not vulnerable, she reflected. One can even see that from the way he sits, or moves, or reads the paper. He does not need my good opinion, as I need his. If he loves me, it is as a kind of indulgence to both of us. I cannot trust him completely—but, after all, one would not trust *anyone* completely; it would hardly be fair to them. It is the discrepancy that hurts—that I should be so aware of him, order my life, think, speak, clothe myself for him.

"Nettie, that color doesn't suit you," May remarked lazily. "If you'll forgive my saying so."

"Oh, really?" said Nettie, in an unforgiving voice.

"You should wear more blue, with your eyes. Don't you think, Clem?"

Clem looked down at the back of Nettie's head. "What color are her eyes?" he asked.

Only Nettie laughed.

"What a tiring day," May said with a certain determination. "Let's hope there won't be a storm before you get back to town."

Clem looked at his watch. "We should leave soon, if we want to arrive before dark."

"And be sure to give Nettie dinner somewhere, or she won't eat anything."

She speaks, Nettie thought, as though I were not here.

"I generally do," Clem said. "We have dinner and then I take her home."

We have dinner, Nettie repeated to herself, and then he takes me home. Every Sunday evening of this spring and summer. Occasionally they went to Nettie's small, cluttered apartment, but more often to Clem's large and empty one. Saturday's unopened mail and newspapers lay on a little table outside the front door of the apartment, and, inside, the hallway echoed as it would not have done in winter, and smelled of floor polish. Most of the windows were closed and all the blinds were drawn. There were so many doors that two people must feel slightly unsafe until they had entered one room, closed one door behind them.

"That's all right then," May said. She yawned, but resumed her sewing. "Nettie," she began again, "why don't you bring a friend next weekend? Someone your own age. Some nice young man."

"Thank you, no," replied Nettie, turning a page at last.

"You must know some."

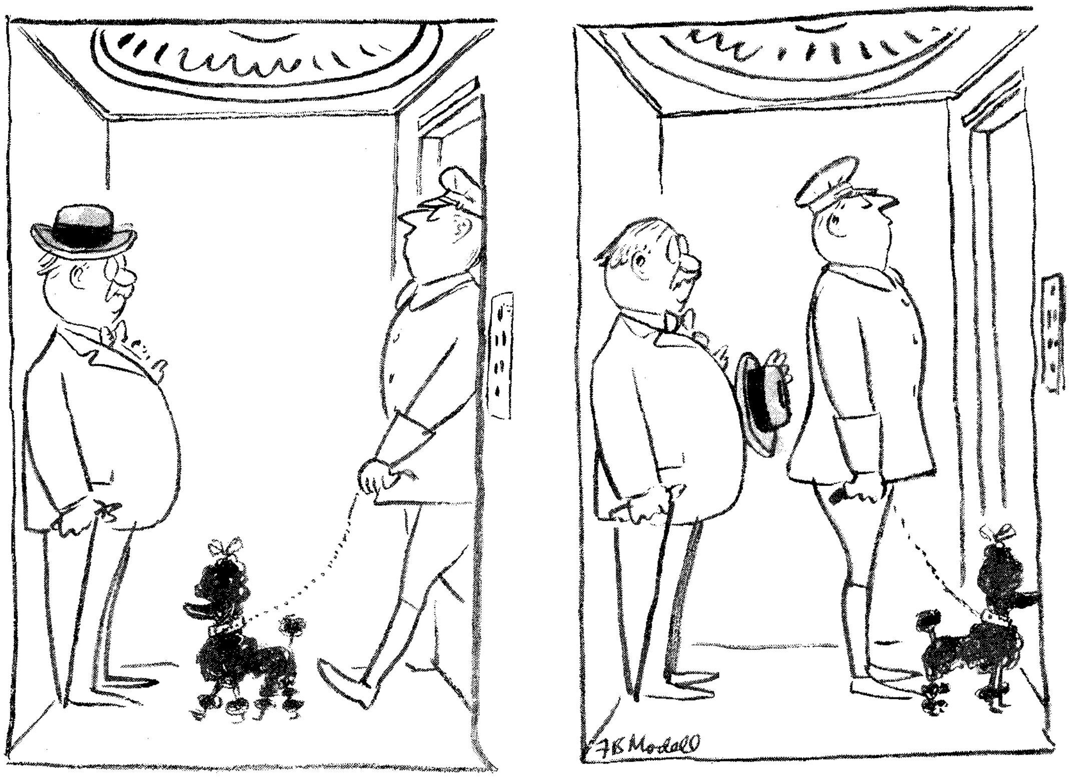
"Well, they are stupid."

"If you are so critical," May observed comfortably, "no one will ever love you."

"And if you're so tired," said Clem, conveying disbelief, "why do you go on sewing?"

"Darling, it has to be done, and I'd rather get on with it. I don't darn your socks for amusement, after all."

I would love to darn his socks, Nettie thought. She could not tell whether this marriage was worse than other people's, although it would have gratified her to think it was. Why do men ever marry, she wondered. I can understand that women must have something of the



sort—it is our nature, she thought vaguely—but why men? (She had forgotten about the socks.) Because nothing better has been worked out? But they don't even expect anything better; the limitations are flagrantly justified, like restrictions in a war, in the interests of national security. She told herself reprovingly, It is an *institution*—but this produced a mental picture of a large brick building not unlike a nineteenth-century prison. If he and I had been married, she wondered, would it have had to deteriorate into this? May and Sarah discussed their husbands as though they were precocious children—"Clem is very handy in the house," as one might say "He hardly ever cries" or "He sleeps right through the night." Let me go on believing, she asked, looking at his canvas shoe, that love isn't merely getting along with someone. She thought that once she accepted such a compromised version of love she would never reach back again to this. (She had excessive confidence in the instructive power of experience.)

Clem's foot moved. Nettie looked up. "Here's Matt," she said.

Matt came from beyond the roses, swinging a small black box camera by its strap. He was eleven, lanky and dark, with an earnest face that reflected his mother's resolute honesty and her lack of irony. The three on the lawn watched him approach. Unnerved by their attention, he started to speak while still at a distance. "I'm going to take a picture."

"Oh, God," said Clem.

"The camera was your idea," May remarked.

"*You* wanted to give him a guitar."

"I don't want to be in it," Nettie said, closing her book.

"Don't be silly," said May.

"Who'd want a picture of her?" Matt snorted foolishly. Nettie, injured, looked away.

May sighed. "Nettie, what's wrong now? He's only teasing. You should be able to ignore that, at your age."

Nettie saw no reason to expect that what had been intolerable to her in childhood should be acceptable now.

"Daddy, *smile*."

"I don't feel like smiling."

"It doesn't matter. You've *got* to smile."

"Put the tray out of sight," May said.

Immobilized, they stared into the sunshine. The camera clicked. Matt came up to them, twisting the knob to the next number. "It probably won't come out—there was too much light. And Daddy moved. And Nettie looked as if she was going to cry."

"MY love," Clem said, keeping his eyes on the road and slowing to let another car pass. "You mustn't."

Nettie wiped her eyes with a shredding Kleenex. She moved along the seat away from Clem until she was propped in the corner.

"Make sure that door is closed" was all he said.

If I could only think of something else, she told herself—something that wouldn't make me cry. She attempted one or two seemingly arid subjects, but they led her back to tears. It was like trying not to be sick. Unable to stay at such a distance from him, she changed her position slightly, taking her weight off the car door. "It was so awful today," she said.

"Didn't seem any worse than usual."

"Well—I suppose it's worse for me than for you." She hoped he would contest this.

"Yes, I suppose it is," he agreed.

"I don't think I can come for weekends any more." Until she spoke, she had not considered this possibility.

"Nettie," he said, irritated into using her name, "that's something you must decide for yourself." After a moment, he added with ill-timed practicality, "What would I tell May?"

"You could always tell her," said Nettie, "that I've fallen in love. With someone my own age." Almost immediately, however, she threw away this advantage and laid her hand on his knee. "Oh, Clem, what will happen?"

"Darling, I don't *know*."

"But it can't go on and on like this." His silence seemed to ask "Why not?," and to answer it she made a little explanatory gesture with her free hand. "Without any meaning," she said. "Anything to hope for."

"But it has been like that from the beginning," he pointed out, genuinely puzzled. His eyes were still on the road. "You knew that. I never promised you anything."

She was ashamed of him for this remark. She had not intended to charge him with obligations. It also occurred to her that an obligation was not the less incurred for being unacknowledged. She took her hand from his knee (he shifted his leg slightly, as though liberated from an uncomfortable pressure), and moved back against the door.

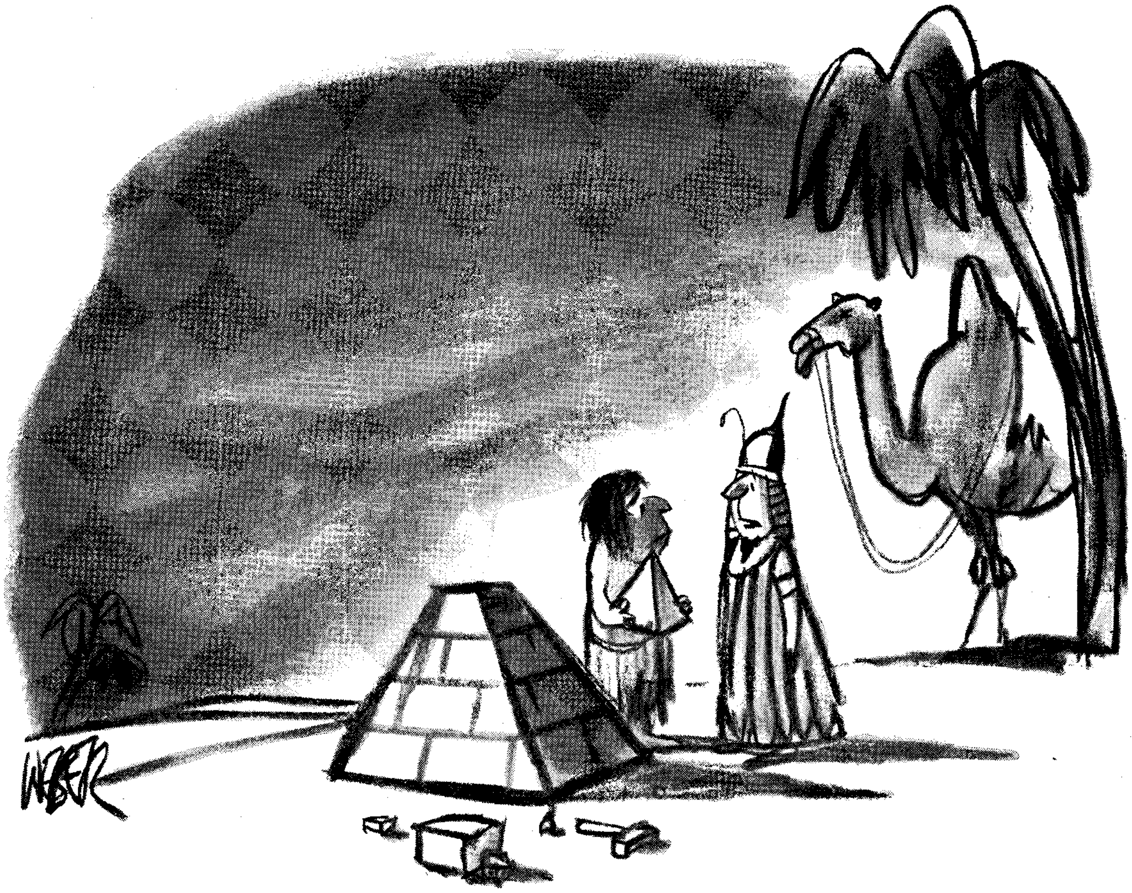
He glanced at her. "You aren't pleased?"

"Why should I be pleased? You're not trying to please me."

"I don't like to see you so upset."

"Why shouldn't I be upset? You want it every way. When shall I be upset if not now?"

"But, Nettie, what can I say? I *am*



"Actually, what I had in mind was something a little larger."

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married, I *do* have two children. May is forty-three—she can't be asked to begin her life over again."

"I *know*, I *know*." The Kleenex had shed some flecks of white on her eyelashes. "I don't expect— I know we can't be married." (Though we might as well be, with this deplorable conversation, she thought.) "It isn't that."

"What in God's name is it, then?"

"I just want you to understand."

"Well, of course I understand," he said crossly. "How could I help it?"

She had not thought of understanding as an involuntary acquisition. "I meant—to be kind."

"Damn it, I *am* kind," he responded, raising his voice. After a moment he said, less harshly, "Aren't I?"

"Not really, no." Sensing a passing relaxation of his annoyance, she struggled for words, as if speaking on a long-distance call with only moments to reach him. Giving this up, she turned her face toward the window and wiped her eyes again, this time with the back of her hand. I do cry rather a lot, she conceded.

The Sunday-evening traffic was heavy, and the road not wide, and they moved along slowly. From a car that had drawn level with them, a little girl was watching Nettie curiously. Clem drove for a while in silence. Eventually, he turned his head once more and said, "Look, pull yourself together. We can talk about it at dinner."

Nettie clasped her hands in her lap. "I want to go straight home," she told him, as she might have said, "I am going to die." "To my place."

Clem watched the traffic again, frowning. He allowed it to move past him, to the great disappointment of the child in the neighboring car, who was swept ahead and disappeared, still gazing at them, around a bend in the road. At the next intersection, he put his arm out to signal and turned the car off the main road.

"What are you doing?" Nettie asked, as aloof as curiosity would allow.

He did not reply. They passed, still slowly, through a shopping center and a housing development. Presently they came into a suburban street lined with trees and with large, unfenced gardens. Clem drew the car in to the curb, and switched off the engine. Two boys were riding bicycles down the sidewalk, and a man washing his car turned to look at them in the fading light. Nettie stared into her lap.

Clem put his arm along the back of the seat without touching her. "Now what's all this about?" he asked her.

She smiled faintly. "You sound like a policeman."

"But, darling, what ever is it? I only said the weekend seemed no worse than usual, and you tell me you never want to see me again."

What cowards men are, she thought. "It can't be *that* incomprehensible," she said.

His fingers touched the back of her neck. She inclined her head further, away from his hand. The tears returned to her eyes. An Irish terrier ran up to the car from a nearby garden and began to bark at them. The man washing his car called sharply, "Casey!"

"Don't cry." But this time it seemed that he said it for her sake and not his own.

"No," she said, apologetically, the tears now falling for his sympathy. "I'm sorry. I suppose it's the strain."

"Well, of course," he replied, quite gently. "Of course."

"You don't know how isolated one feels. You have so many—attachments."

"You make me sound like a vacuum cleaner." He smiled. With his other hand he lifted a strand of damp hair back from her cheek.

She went on. "Perhaps it is all ordinary—what one should expect. I have only this to go on, so I don't know. It seems terrible. Because you are—have lived longer," she emended gracefully, "you have a clearer idea of what will happen. I can't see anything but a disaster . . . if this were carried to its logical conclusion." Her voice trembled.

His hand moved patiently along the exposed slope of her neck. "Life," he remarked, "is not strong on logical conclusions. Perhaps fortunately. But I do forget about your age. Because you are the youngest of us, you are the most important. And May would agree with that." (Her position seems to have been completely reversed, Nettie noted.) "You have no experience to guide you. As you say, I know so much more."

She smiled again. " 'I said an elder soldier, not a better.' "

He turned her toward him and drew her head against his shoulder. She did not resist or relax, and he sat with his arm around her. "Are you really going to leave me?"

She sighed. "Does it look like it?"

"On the contrary. I don't know what's going on in here." He touched her head.

"Casey! Come here!" shouted the man with the hose.

"Shall we move on before this dog loses all its illusions?" he asked her.

"But we haven't decided anything."

"We can talk about it at dinner." He released her. She sat up straight and put her hands to her hair. "You look all right," he told her, starting the engine. At the sudden sound, the dog barked again. Clem swung the car round in the middle of the street, and they returned the way they had come.

Now he is driving too fast, Nettie observed. She took a mirror out of her purse. She did not look back at the square receding gardens and white houses. We disturbed their Sunday evening, she thought, and upset their dog. When she lifted her head, they had already reached the main road. "My eyes are all red," she said.

"If you want to wash your face, we could go home first."

"We may never get there if you drive like this."

"Are you frightened?"

"No, but I suppose I don't want you to get killed," she said.

He smiled and slowed down. But when she next looked at him, his face was very serious—very sad, she realized with a little shock, Clem's sadness seeming far more incongruous, far less bearable, than her own. "What are you thinking?" she asked him.

"I was thinking," he replied, "if I died, how bad it would be for you. No one would understand that you were the person most to be comforted."

THE telephone bell, which had been ringing in her sleep, woke her at last. When she lifted the receiver, it continued to vibrate indignantly in her grasp, like a baby that has been left crying in the dark. She opened her eyes. The room was scarcely light, the first sun thinly outlining the drawn blinds. She tried to think who she was—she could have been any one of a dozen people.

"Hullo," she murmured, pressing the receiver insecurely against her ear and lingering over the word.

"Nettie," said Clem.

"What's wrong?" she asked at once.

Disconcerted by this abrupt understanding, he hesitated. "I'm going up to the house," he said.

"But this is Wednesday."

"I'm not going to the office. I'm going up to the house. May telephoned me late last night."

Nettie raised herself on her elbow. Her hand, holding the telephone, shook from the awkward position. "She knows, do you mean?"

"From something she said, I think so." For a moment, neither of them spoke.

"It's serious, isn't it?" said Nettie, trying to compel her own responses. They were silent again, and then she said unhelpfully, "My dear."

"I'll call you from the country," he said. "After I've talked to May."

"What will you say to her?" Her words sounded in her own ears flat and forced. I have not realized it yet, she told herself remotely, as one who after an accident watches his own blood flow and feels no pain.

"I will have to see how it is," he said.

"Do you want me to come?"

"I think not."

"Call me as soon as you can."

"Yes. Of course."

"Remember . . ." she began.

"What?"

"About my love."

"Yes."

"No one will ever love you so much."

"No, I know," he said with slight impatience, as if this were irrelevant. After a moment he added, "Yes. It has been worth it." His tone was historic, she thought, like a farewell.

She put the telephone down and lay back on the pillow. The lengthening, reddish light was already the light of a very hot day, but she shivered and drew the sheet up to her shoulders, and

SAILORS

When the last star breathes like a rose
On the stem of the mast,
A woman appears on deck.

In her shy look the sailors
Inhale the perfume of swamp roots
And certain dark streets of Marseille.

She stands still in a shadow
While the bow cleaves the dawn
And waves slap the laboring hull.

Voices of children rising from the sea,
Air bells and flowers . . .
Or maybe she is thinking of a house,

One of those little streets in Paris
Where lovers twitter like canaries
And yellow sunlight stripes the wall.

Or maybe it's a forest
Where birds and dreams go drifting through the leaves.
On Sundays you can hear hosannas.

All this, and more, the sailors
Think of while she stands,
One hand lightly resting on the rail.

In the morning light, a line
Stretches and the star fades.
Farewell, my old pine forest!

I might have lived there for a thousand years.
She turns and descends,
Carrying their lives with her. The bell strikes,

And the muscular sailors
Face the day heat, with blades of anger
Threshing the salt green sea.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

• •

could not get warm. I suppose I will realize it quite soon now, she thought with detachment. He said, "It has been worth it." What has it been worth? What is to happen to me? What am I to suffer? Calamity has a generalizing effect, and as yet she could foresee her suffering only in a monumental way and not in its inexorable, annihilating detail. She considered her resources, ranging her ideas, her secrets carefully against the unapprehended future. But ideas don't supplant feelings, she thought; rather, they prepare us for, sustain us in our feelings. If I understand why I am to be hurt, then does that really mean that it will hurt me less? I know that I risked—invited—this, wounded May. I have disturbed the balance. There is balance in life, but not fairness. The seasons, the universe give an impression of concord, but it is order, not harmony; consistency, not sympathy. We suffer because our demands are unreasonable or disorderly. But if reason is inescapable, so is humanity. We are human beings, not rational ones.

She thought of Clem with a slight surprise, her predicament now seeming a thing itself, scarcely connected with him. If she instinctively wished for deliverance, it was for deliverance of an unfamiliar and pragmatic nature—much as a sailor on a sinking ship might hope to see the Coast Guard rather than his wife and children. Clem cannot help me, she thought; we are not contending with the same elements. He was amusing himself with me, really. He did not want to be inconvenienced in this way; the inconvenience will be the greatest of his burdens. (She felt this almost with gratitude, relieved of the additional weight of Clem's grief.) They will make it up. They will be very solemn with each other, and May will use words like "relationship," and they will make it up. For a while they will hold each other's hands in public, and Clem will come home from the office on time. Once she has established her advantage, May will behave admirably toward me—she will be able to watch herself behaving admirably, like a person in a play. She will expect me to behave admirably back at her, but I have loved him too much for that. Or am at too great a disadvantage. Perhaps they will send me off somewhere, for a trip. (She even considered this possibility with a certain interest, wondering where she might go and what clothes she would need.) And Clem will manage to persuade himself that that is the best possible thing, that nothing could be better for me at this moment than to go ten thousand miles and be alone. He may miss me after a while, in the one particular way, but as long as he doesn't have to see me he will be all right. She dwelt for a moment, still painlessly—almost, in fact, with a smile—on Clem's resilience. Her eyes travelled listlessly around the room. I have nothing of his, she thought, nothing he gave me—not even a photograph, and he will look different now that he has stopped loving me. I couldn't prove, if I had to, that he ever existed for me—it's like that awful story about the walled-up hotel room in Paris. I shan't be able to say his name to anyone, not even to say that I miss him. It is just as he once said, no one will be able to sympathize with what I've lost—but that sounds like a funeral: "Profound sympathy in your recent loss . . ." In any case, even if they knew about it, people wouldn't sympathize. With a thing like this, they don't sympathize unless you die. And that would be exceptional.

The sun was up now, although the room was still half dark because of the lowered blinds. It will be hot for him on the road, she thought. If he left immediately, he will be well on the way by now. He should arrive before lunch. It is an hour since he called me, and still I feel nothing; perhaps, after all, it need not be so terrible. These things happen all the time, and people survive them; they are exaggerated in retrospect, and in literature. She closed her eyes. I have not even wept, and I always cry so easily. Perhaps I can sleep, and when I wake it will seem more distant than ever. But why am I so cold, she wondered again. Why can't I get warm? She moved her arm, which had been rigidly clasped across her body, and felt it tremble. Beneath her, the bed was like stone. —SHIRLEY HAZZARD

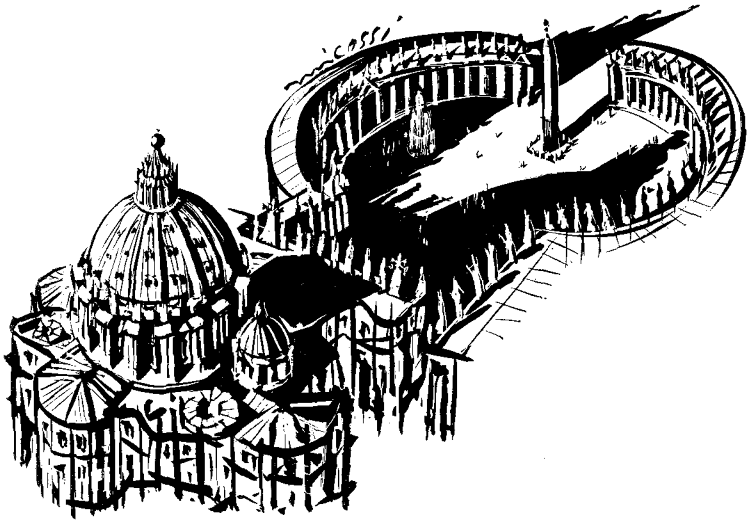
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"You look very distinguished with a pipe."

LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

JUNE 5

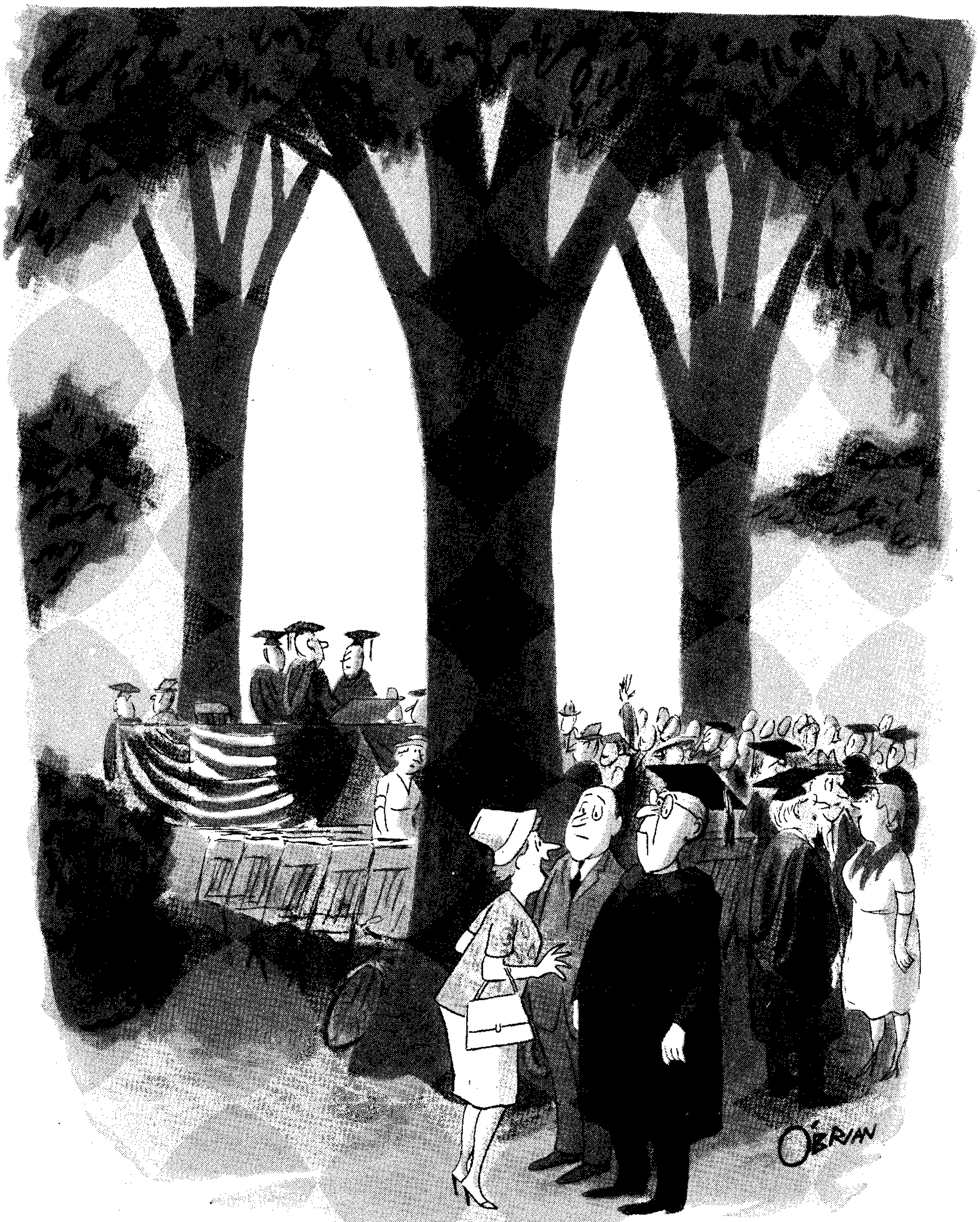
POPE JOHN is dead. The Vacancy of the Holy See, as the interregnum is called, started at 7:49 P.M., Rome time, on June 3rd, and for the whole world it is a very big vacancy indeed. Not all good men have the ability to inspire love in their fellowmen, but Pope John had this gift in abundance. Many people besides his own Church's children thought of him as a father. Few successors of St. Peter have labored as hard as he to achieve the injunction of Christ "May they all be one" ("*Ut unum sint*"), and none has succeeded so completely in convincing the world of his sincerity. History will determine whether he will be known as Pope John the Great, but his largeness of spirit, his wisdom, his magnanimity, and his accomplishments have already changed our times. He did indeed open the windows of the Catholic Church and let in fresh air. He was eighty-one, but he was a man of today in every sense; indeed, the word "*aggiornamento*," or bringing up to date, with which his reign will always be associated, itself contains an Italian form of the word "today." Perhaps it was his human qualities that most endeared him to people. In a single remark on his deathbed, he demonstrated his familiar characteristics of humor, kindness, serenity, and vitality when he said to his physician, Dr. Antonio Gasbarrini, "Don't look so worried. My bags are packed, and I'm ready to go." During his last hours, the inmates of the Regina Coeli prison here in Rome wired him, "Holy Father, we are close to you with immense love," and this reminded everyone that he had made a Christmas visit to them early in his reign (something no other pope in living memory had done), telling them, "You couldn't come to see me, so I came to see you." He also said to them, "I can't get you out of jail, but I will pray to get you out of Purgatory." As he lay dying, he asked forgiveness of all whom he might have hurt or offended since his youth, and he assured all men everywhere that he loved them as brothers and wished all to love him. In the early Church, such a man would have been proclaimed a saint by the faithful immediately after his death.



Perhaps his three most considerable claims on history's attention are his convocation of the first Ecumenical Council to be held in a hundred years and his authorship of two great encyclicals—"Mater et Magistra," which brought up to date the social teaching of Leo XIII's "Rerum Novarum," and "Pacem in Terris," the first encyclical ever addressed not only to the Catholic clergy and laity but to "all men of good will." In some respects, Pope John seemed as old-fashioned as his most conservative religious advisers. He preferred the older fashion in papal dress, choosing as his head covering the *camauro*, or fur-trimmed cap, which is associated with Renaissance rather than modern popes (the papal medals and coins struck during his reign show him in profile wearing this cap), and the spiritual homilies he delivered during public audiences at St. Peter's were exactly what he might have said if he had been a small-town pastor in his native diocese of Bergamo. He also said his prayers as if he were on familiar terms with the angels and saints. These old-fashioned qualities disarmed and confused his critics in the Vatican entourage, who could not understand how a man of such spiritual simplicity could be so daring, and even revolutionary, in his approach to age-old Catholic usages. They missed the point that, as he saw it, the mission of the papacy was twofold. "Our sacred obligation is not only to take care of this precious treasure [the deposit of faith] as if we had only to worry about the past," he said in a public statement last December. "We must also devote ourselves, with joy and without fear, to the work of giving this ancient and eternal doctrine a relevancy corresponding to the conditions of our era." This statement is a paradigm of his greatness. Conservative prelates, who fear change and resist it with denunciations and condemnations, subscribe to the first half only; liberal prelates, who perhaps see progress in change alone, tend to harp exclusively on the latter half. Pope John believed in both parts, and acted on both. He was faithful to the past but devoted to the present, and he was wise enough to know that nothing from the past can really be preserved unless it is made meaningful here and now.

"With joy and without fear"—a typical Johannine phrase—also describes the way he lived. It is now known that his illness dated back at least as far as a mild stomach hemorrhage in 1954, shortly after he was made cardinal by Pius XII and entrusted with the patriarchate of Venice. At that time, he said he was glad finally to settle down, after his travels in so many foreign lands, and fulfill his lifelong ambition of serving as a pastor of souls. The Venetians loved their new pastor, who did not settle down but began a series of visits to every part of his large diocese. Instead of condemning the annual Venice Film Festival, as his predecessors had done, he gave it his blessing and acted as host to its committees and participants—no doubt thereby improving the general tone of behavior. He even arranged for St. Mark's Cathedral to be the setting for the première of Igor Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum ad Honorem Sancti Marci Nominis." On the day in 1958 when he left for Rome as a member of the conclave summoned to elect a successor to Pius XII, he was correcting proofs of diocesan regulations and hoped to return quickly to his beloved Venice to finish the job. When, on the fourth day of the conclave, the balloting began to move in his direction, he started to write out a speech of acceptance, choosing a papal name unused for centuries. "Nearly all [the pontiffs named John] had a brief pontificate," he said to the cardinals, indicating that he knew full well why some of the electors might have chosen him. In the excerpts from his diary published posthumously in *L'Osservatore Romano*, he confessed, in his simple and direct manner, "In the first days of my pontifical service, I did not fully realize what it meant to be Bishop of Rome and therefore the pastor of the universal Church. Then, one week after another, full light spread, and I felt at home, as if I had not done anything else all my life." The pontificate of John XXIII has indeed been all too brief—four and a half years, the shortest since that of Pius VIII, in 1829-30—but no pontificate in our century has had vaster implications for the present and the future. By summoning his Council, Pope John reminded all the bishops of the world that they, and not only the College of Cardinals, are the successors of St. Peter, in collegial union with their pope. He also showed them that if the Church is to remain the oldest continuous institution of Western civilization, its eternal doctrines must be made intelligible, and lived, in terms not of yesterday but of today.

ON September 5, 1962, Pope John signed a "Motu Proprio," or personal statute, entitled "Summi Pontificis Electio," which is in effect now, during the Vacancy of the See. Its twenty articles clarify the rules governing the conclave, opening on June 19th, that will elect his successor. The preamble to this interesting document speaks of certain "facts and customs recently introduced"—apparently a reference to the rather shocking circumstances surrounding the death of Pius XII, when photographs were published of the dead pontiff in bed, with medical instruments still attached to his body. (The Italian medical association later censured the doctor who made and released the pictures.) Pope John's rulings allowed no photographs or voice recordings to be made in his apartments during his illness or after his death, except for an official photograph, for historical documentary purposes, showing him robed in full pontifical vestments. The rules also charge the Camerlengo, or Chamberlain—the ranking official during the interregnum—with sealing and guarding the deceased pope's private apartments and all their contents until the new pontiff's election. Acting in this capacity, as he did at the 1958 conclave that elected Pope John, is Benedetto Cardinal Aloisi Masella, who will be eighty-four at the end of this month. The cardinals cannot overrule anything done by the late pope. As Pius XI put it, "Only the Pope may undo what a pope may do." Accommodations for the conclave—it may go as high as eighty-two cardinals—will be at a premium, but Article IV states, "We desire that during the conclave no part of the private apartments of the sovereign pontiff be occupied." In Article V, he says, "We wish it clearly understood that during the Vacancy of the Holy See the members of the papal household will be responsible to the authority of the Cardinal Camerlengo." The remaining Articles, VI through XX, contain emendations or clarifications of the 1945 Apostolic Constitution of Pius XII, "Vacantis Apostolicae Sedis," which set forth all the regulations governing conclaves. The regulations recognize the validity of three methods of electing a pope—"inspiration," "compromise," and "scrutiny," or balloting. Election by inspiration would occur if, on the first day of



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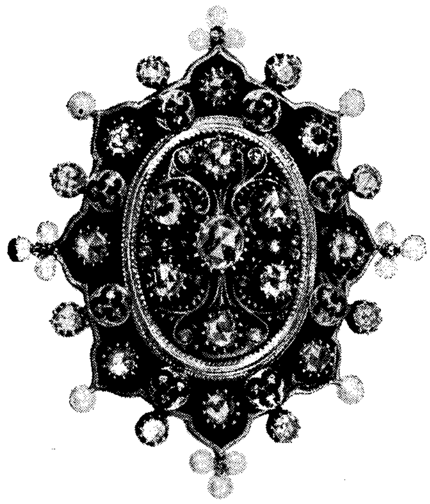
the conclave, the cardinals unanimously proclaimed one name, without proceeding to a vote. Compromise would occur if the cardinals, under extraordinary circumstances, entrusted their choice to no fewer than three and no more than seven of their number, selected unanimously, with the conclave agreeing in advance to accept the verdict of the select group. The third method of election, by ballot, is the one usually followed; John XXIII, Pius XII, and all their predecessors in the past two centuries were elected by secret ballot. In Article XV, Pope John stipulates, "We rule that henceforth Article 68 [of Pius XII's Constitution] shall be interpreted thus: The third method, or form, of election of the pope, which is the usual method, is the one called 'by scrutiny.'. . . We fully confirm the law, already promulgated, that has always been religiously observed for several centuries, by virtue of which at least two-thirds of the votes are required in order that the election of the pope be valid. But if the number of cardinals present is not divisible by three, one extra vote will be required for the valid election of a pope. It is fully evident that if the pope elected is at the conclave he must also be counted in the number of cardinals." It is impossible to know in advance, of course, how many cardinals will be present. They will have sixteen days to get to the conclave, which is sealed in by masonry from its very start. (In the era when steamships were the usual mode of travel and only ten days were allowed, it was twice the fate of the late William Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, to arrive at a conclave after the election was over—in 1914, when Benedict XV was elected, and in 1922, when Pius XI became pope. Naturally, the Boston faithful dubbed their cardinal "Gangplank Billy.")

Though the balloting—held twice each morning and twice each afternoon—takes place in the Sistine Chapel, the entire conclave occupies hundreds of rooms and is staffed with a small army of retainers. The revised rule allows each cardinal one personal aide, or conclavist, but the Camerlengo may grant permission for a second, if the cardinal strongly requests one. (Cardinals who are infirm or ill may also be allowed a third.) A conclavist—who, of course, has no vote—may be either a layman or an ecclesiastic (though not a prelate), but he cannot be a relative of the cardinal he is attending, and if he is a member of a religious order he cannot be of the same order as the cardinal. Article VII, which deals with the balloting,



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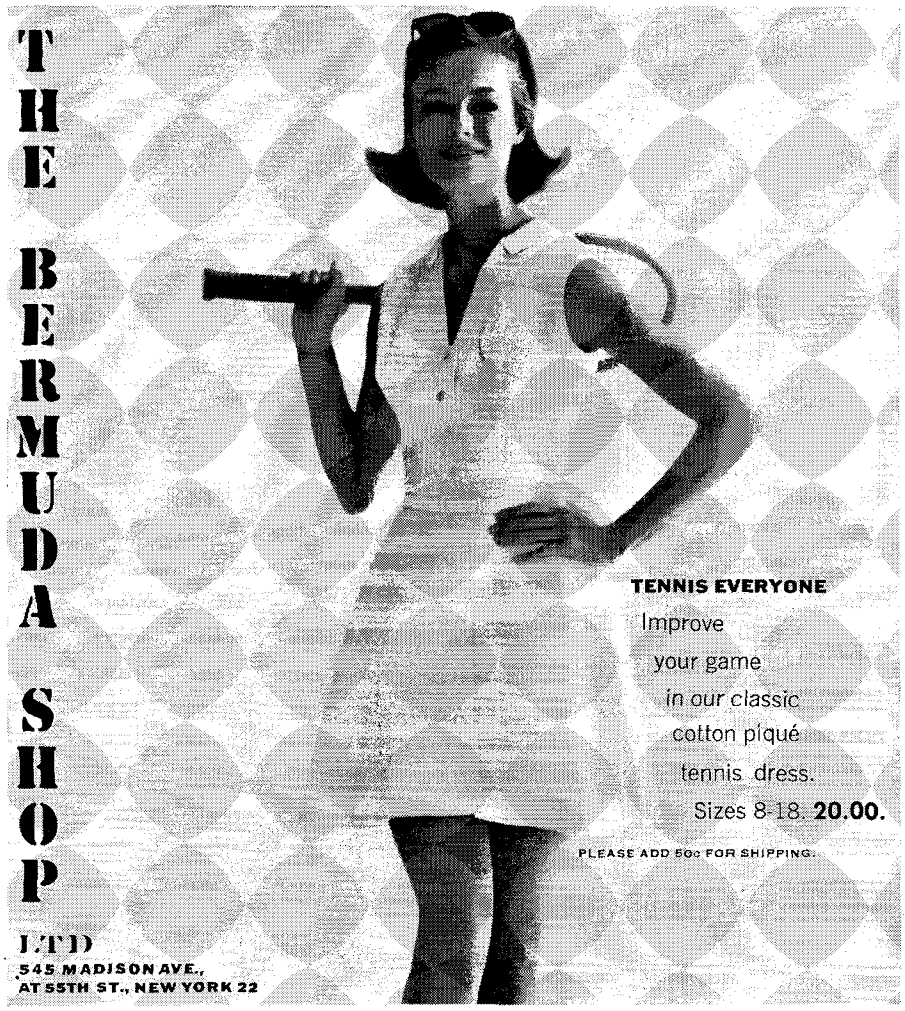

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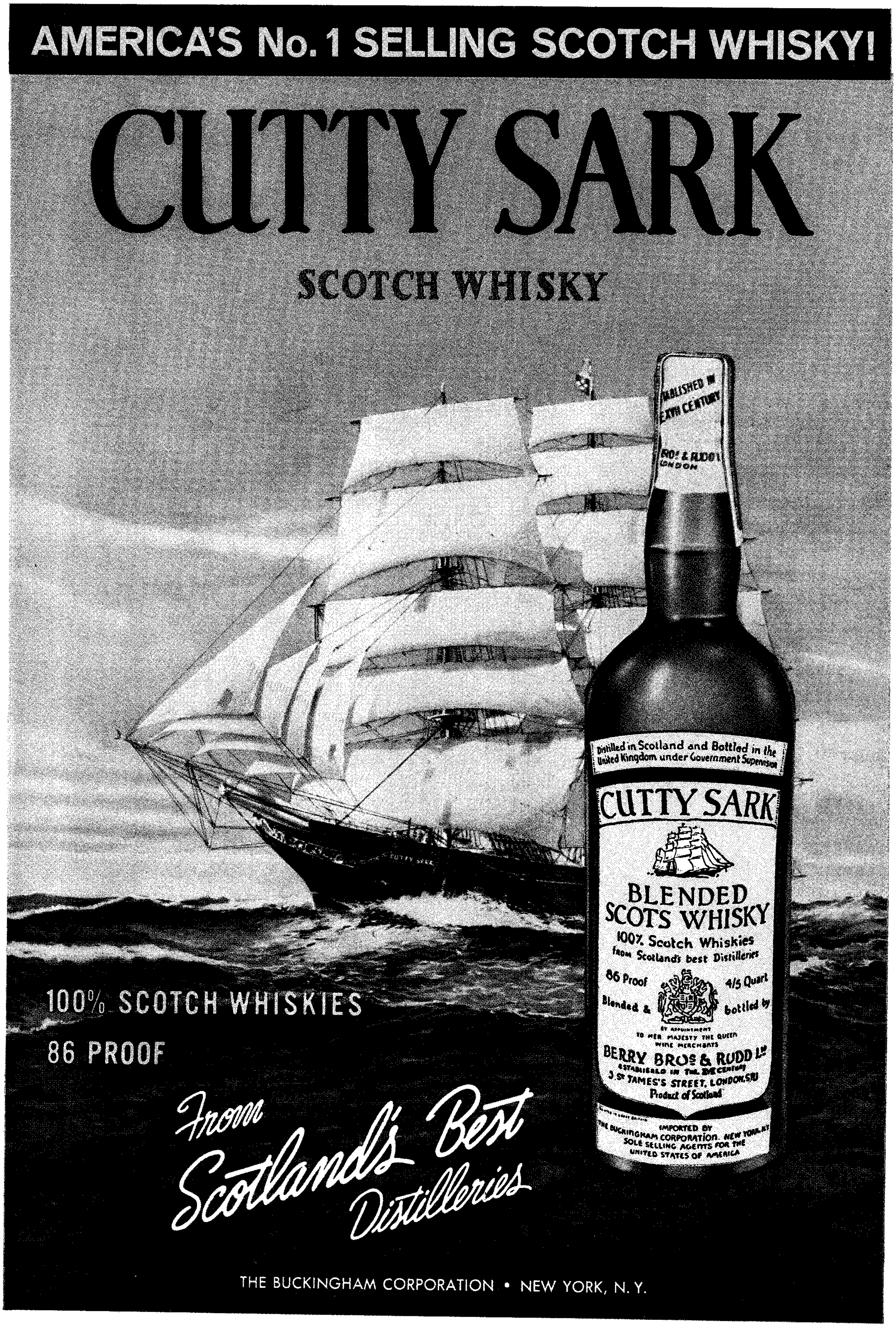

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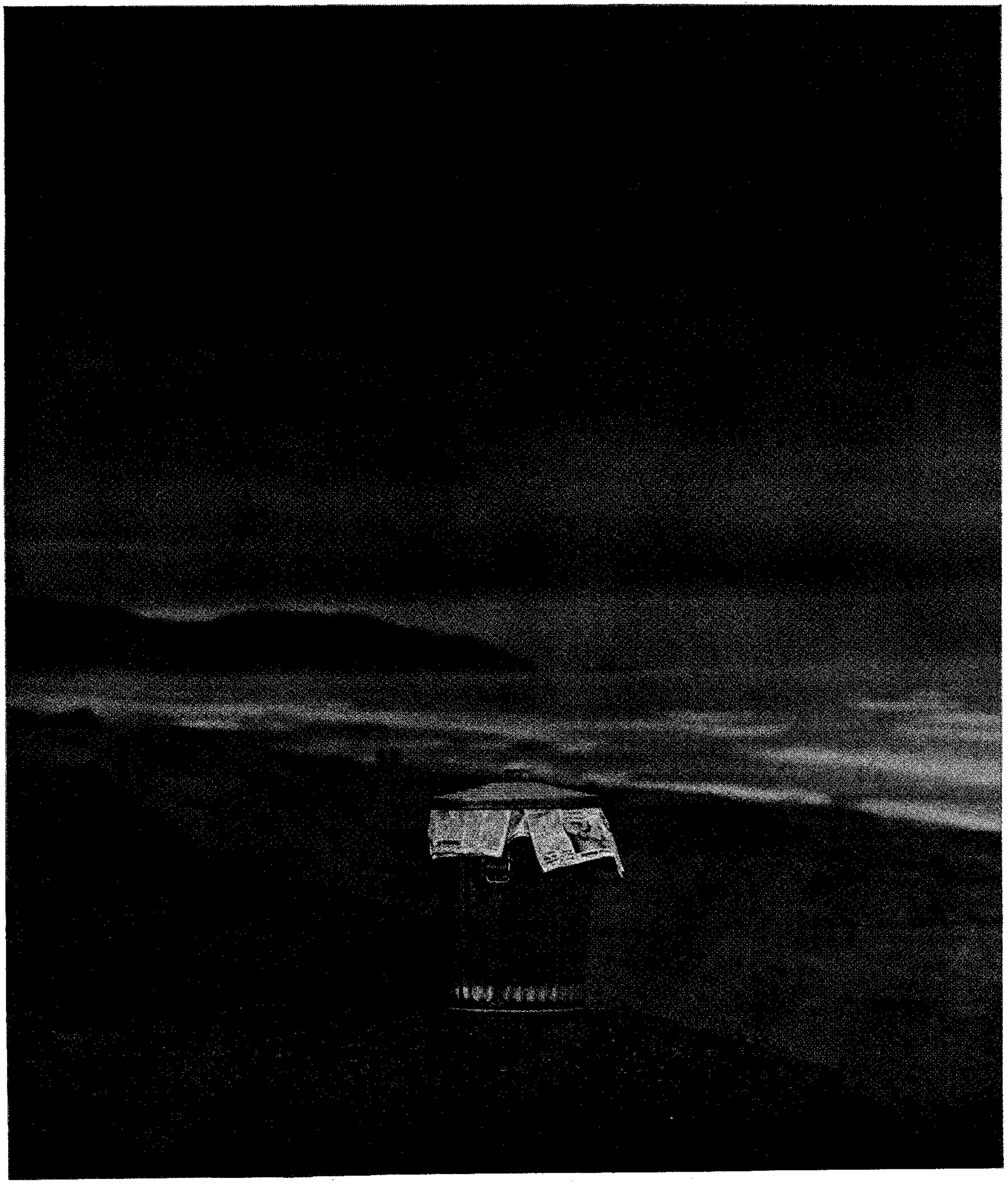

ROY FLAMM

"Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets."

. . . *Napoleon I*

San Francisco Chronicle

states that "each and every cardinal not prevented from doing so by his state of health must report for the balloting when the bell has rung for the third time." One could conclude from this that at the conclave of 1958, Pope John-to-be noticed a certain slowness of response on the part of some cardinals to the daily summonses, and resolved to point it out in the new rules. The ballots themselves, as everyone knows, are burned after each scrutiny. Since the stove set up in the Sistine Chapel has a long tin chimney, visible to the crowds keeping vigil in St. Peter's Square, and since straw is added to the blaze to create a black smoke after an unsuccessful scrutiny, Romans outside can read the negative results of these ballots. When the election of a pope is finally achieved, the ballots are burned without straw. The resulting spiral of white smoke always releases a roar from the crowd and sets the news-service wires humming. (In 1903, before the name of the new pope was announced, a retainer at the conclave violated its secrecy by appearing at a window with a large pair of scissors, snipping wildly in the air. Everyone knew what he meant: Giuseppe Sarto, whose last name is the Italian for "tailor," had been elected pope. He was canonized St. Pius X in 1954.) Pope John, in order to insure the secrecy of the balloting even further, ordered that each cardinal must give the Camerlengo all papers or notes in which he has recorded the results of each balloting; these are to be put in sealed envelopes and kept in the archives of the new pope, without whose permission they cannot be unsealed and read. Thus, every step of the ceremonial is surrounded with the strictest protocol.

If the question were to be asked whether the conclave is the best way to elect a pope, the answer would seem to be yes, if only because it made Angelo Roncalli Pope John XXIII. Each cardinal theoretically votes for the man whom he believes, with God as his judge, to be best suited to assume the awesome spiritual powers and responsibilities of Christ's vicar on earth. It is known that while the cardinals participate in no general discussion of candidates or of ecclesiastical policy in the formal meetings held each morning and afternoon in the Sistine Chapel, they do hold informal discussions in their own rooms on the qualities of individual candidates. It is also true that the cardinals who are "*papabile*," or likely to be elected, are well known to the other cardinals as a result of their frequent meetings in Rome and elsewhere. This is especially true of the

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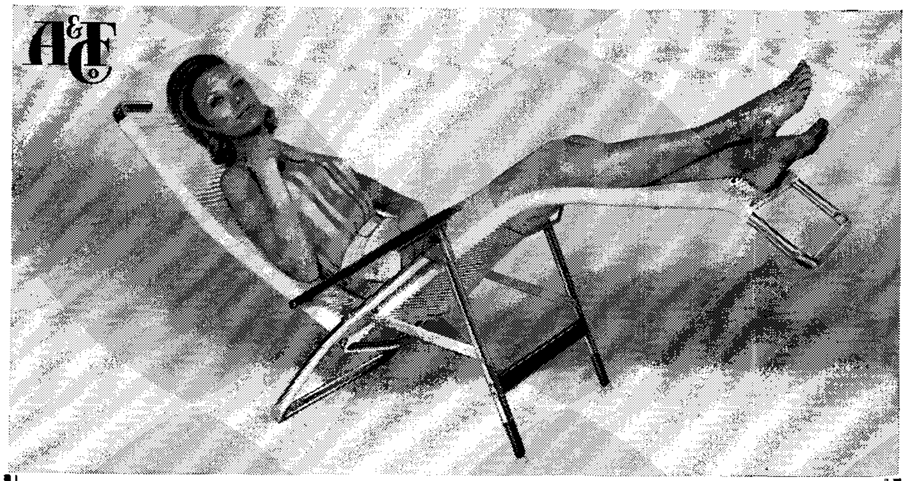

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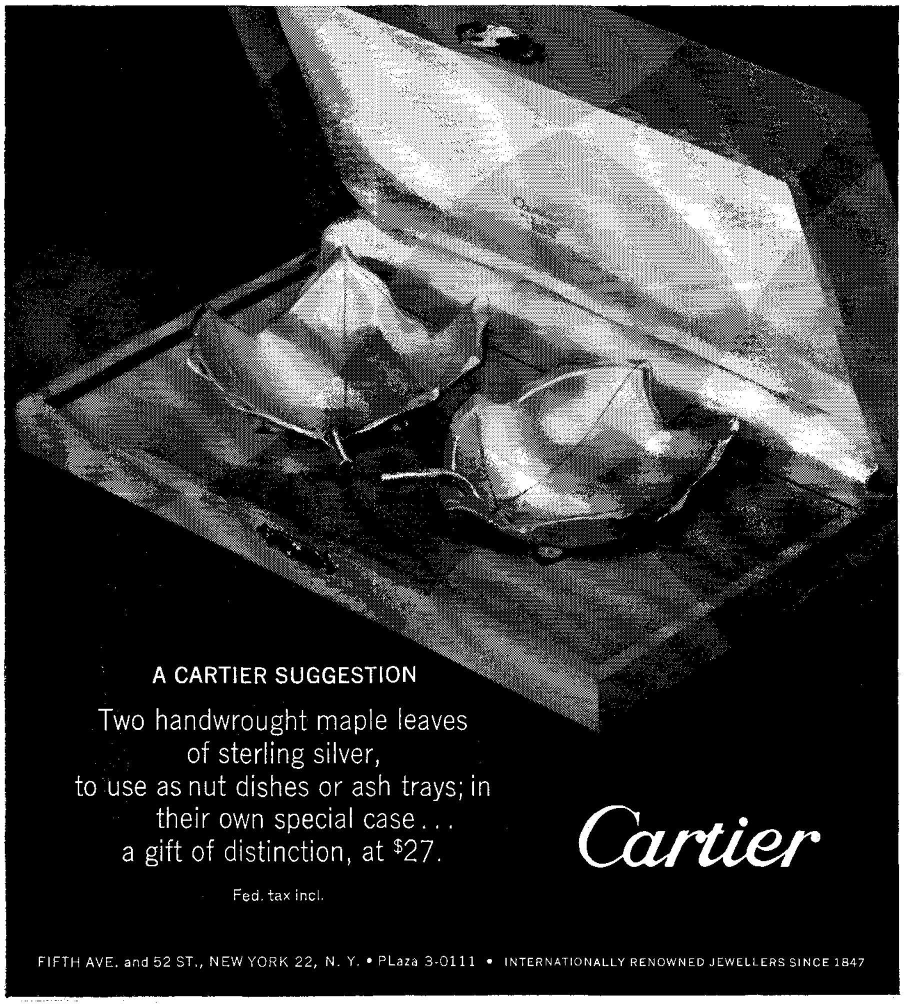

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present conclave, if only because of the eight recent weeks of association that the cardinals experienced at the first session of the Ecumenical Council. While all types of electioneering, including caucuses, are strictly forbidden the cardinals, this does not prevent the rest of the world—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—from indulging in the great indoor sport of picking the pope. Since the first public announcement of Pope John's illness, during the Council last year, two questions have been repeatedly asked: Will the new pope be a conservative-minded prelate or not? Will he continue the Council? Pope John's passionate concern for the Council was evident again and again during his last hours. It did not seem to enter his mind that his successor could do anything except continue the movement of renewal and reunion that he had started. His delicacy of conscience would not have allowed him to speak out as he did if he had thought he would compromise the coming election or curtail for his successor the "holy liberty" that he so completely insured for all the Council fathers. At the same time, John XXIII was enough of a historian to know that movements for greater freedom, reform, or amelioration have suddenly been aborted in the past. Even worse than an outright refusal to continue the Council would be a more devious strategy that an opponent of the Council's work might adopt; that is, convoking the second session but limiting its freedom of action in a way that would bring it to a formal and inconclusive close. Because Pope John has taught the world how to distinguish true spirituality from false, such a cynical course of action could have far-reaching, and possibly disastrous, consequences.

Meanwhile, all kinds of speculations engage the watching world. Is it possible that the conclave, after all that the Council has accomplished, will elect an

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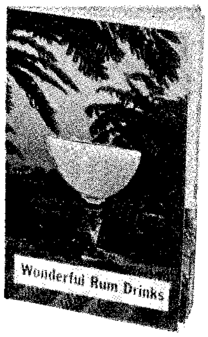

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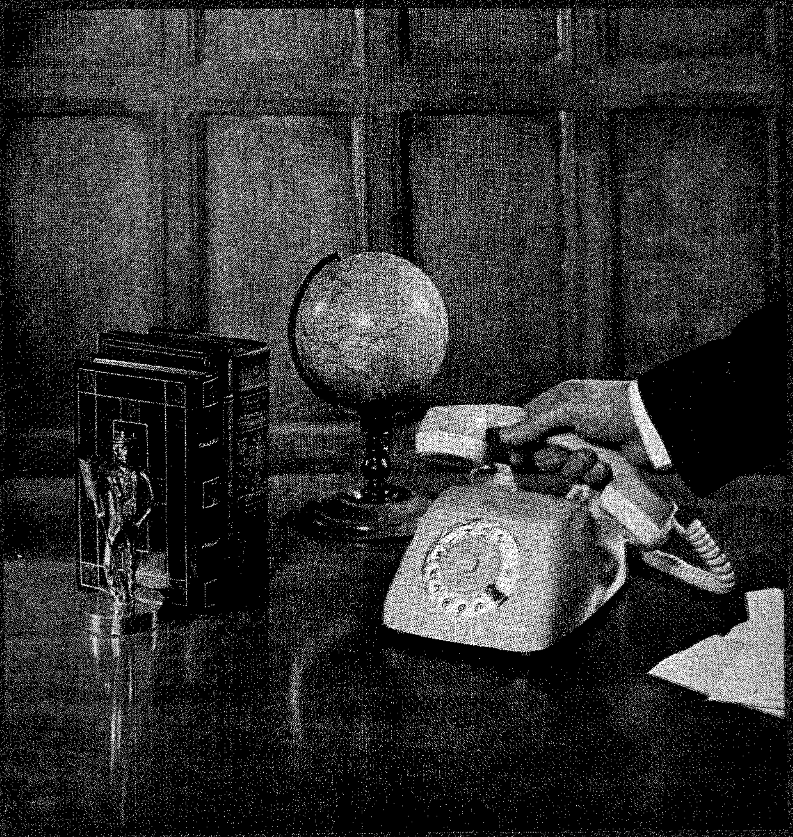

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MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION archconservative as pope? Did Pope John send the comparatively youthful Léon-Joseph Cardinal Suenens, Archbishop of Malines-Brussels, who is fifty-eight, to the United Nations with the text of his encyclical "Pacem in Terris" in order to introduce his personal candidate for the papacy on the world stage? Can twenty-eight Italian cardinals prevent the election of a new pope from among the fifty-four non-Italian cardinals, and will they want to? Will Gregory Cardinal Agagianian, sixty-seven, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, who was considered *papabile* at the last conclave, be elected this time? If, as seems likely, the new pope is an Italian, what about sixty-five-year-old Giovanni Cardinal Montini, Archbishop of Milan, who was similarly talked of as *papabile* in 1958, even before he was a cardinal? What chance has Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, fifty-seven, conservative Archbishop of Genoa, or Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, seventy-one, progressive Archbishop of Bologna? Is Giovanni Cardinal Urbani, sixty-three, Patriarch of Venice, Pope John's heir apparent? What of Carlo Cardinal Confalonieri, sixty-nine, Secretary of the Consistorial Congregation, governing bishops and dioceses, who lives a life of apostolic poverty in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore? Will the little-known Giuseppe Cardinal Ferretto, who is sixty-four, and who was created a cardinal-bishop in 1961 after being promoted to archbishop from a post in the Roman Curia by Pope John in 1958, become better known? The answers to all these questions are, of course, yes and no. Best of all, perhaps, would be the choice of another relatively unknown Angelo Roncalli, whose election would be received politely and tepidly until, with the grace of God, his real stature began to emerge.

All such considerations are now far beyond John XXIII. Pope John, who loved to tell stories, told one on himself that James Joyce might have called an "epiphany." Shortly after his election as pope, he awoke from a dream in which he thought he was still in Paris as papal nuncio for Pius XII. He had been awakened by a worrisome problem to which, no matter how hard he racked his brains, he could find no answer, so he said to himself, "Ah, well, I will talk to the Pope about it tomorrow." Suddenly he sat up in bed and said, "But I *am* the Pope!" Then he lay back and thought, "Since that's the case, tomorrow I'll talk about it to God," and went to sleep. May his soul rest in peace.

—XAVIER RYNNE

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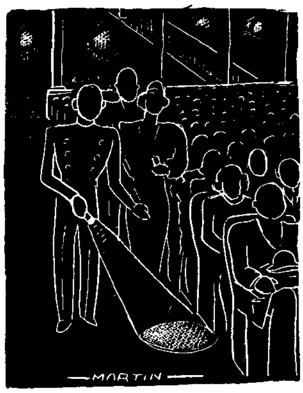
THE CURRENT CINEMA

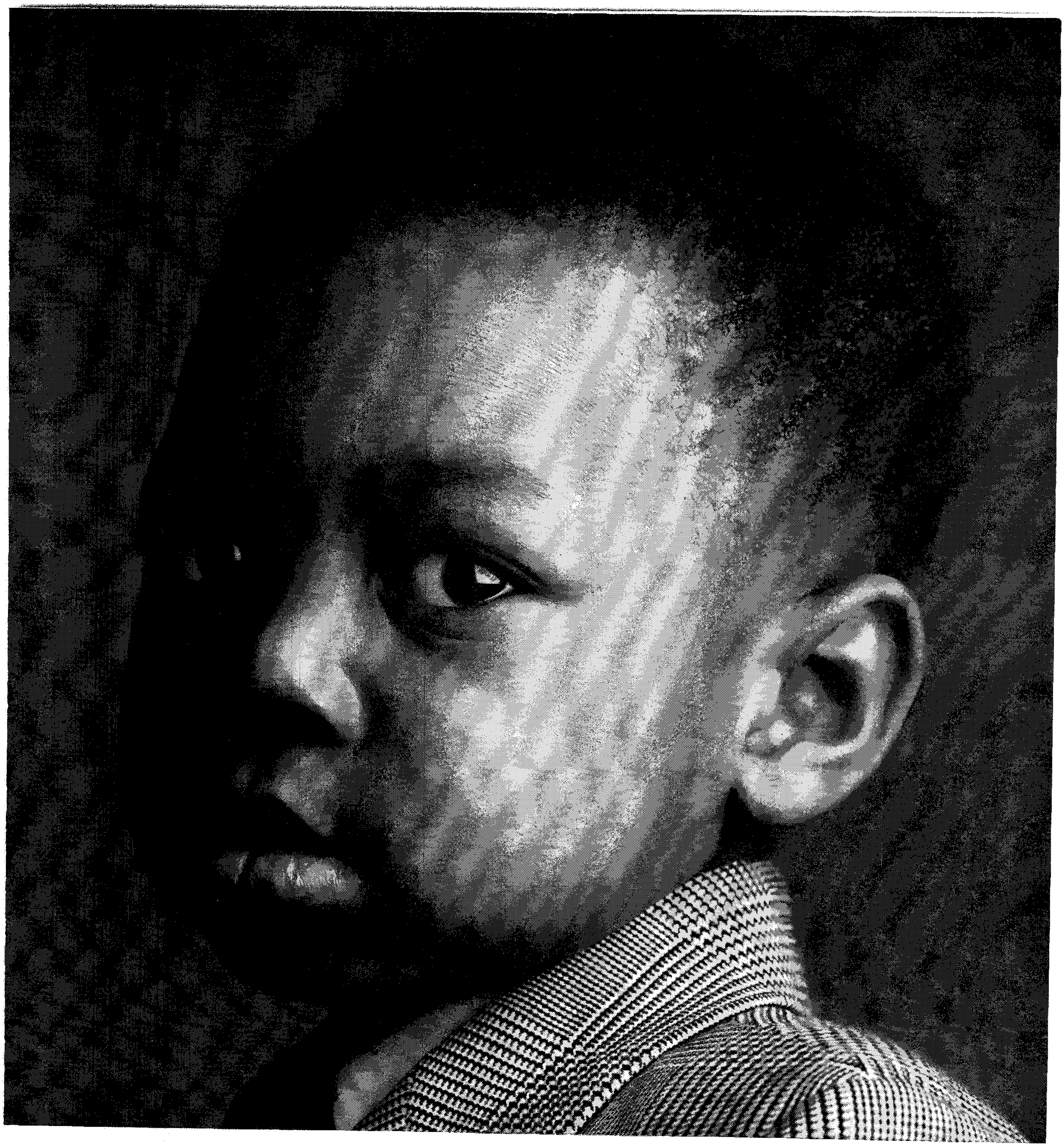
Wrong Turns

PROSTITUTION is the oldest profession, and writing about it is the second-oldest. Men of letters having worried this subject tirelessly for two or three thousand years, it has begun to lose something of its morning freshness; as a source of comedy I find it about as hilarious as muscular dystrophy. Nobody should be surprised to hear, then, that I consider the first twenty minutes or so of "Irma la Douce," a comedy about prostitution, a disaster. It is not so much for adults only as for adults only if they are habitual latecomers; punctual adults and children will be far better off awash in the wholesome horrors of "Werewolf in a Girls' Dormitory." For where the musical comedy from which "Irma la Douce" is taken mitigated its sordidness by a constant, playful heightening of one's sense of disbelief and by a charming score, the picture, having idiotically abandoned the musical-comedy form, brings to bear on the poor little ugly plot all of the camera's famous and often fatal knack for making the unreal seem real. Billy Wilder, the producer and director of the picture and, with I. A. L. Diamond, the co-author of its screenplay, even uses the credits that open it as a means of hitting us over the head with the one literally rotten jest on which the whole course of action turns—that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other, with standards to be maintained (pride of craft requires that one's grasping, sadistic pimp be kept in the highest possible low style) and taboos not to be violated (love and sex must have nothing to do with each other). Grossly and at length, Mr. Wilder sets the stage for his hundred variations on this Old Stone Age theme. Here, he seems to be saying, is the veritable Paris, in Technicolor and Panavision; here are Les Halles, a vegetarian's nightmare of bloody carcasses; and here is an actual streetful of blowzy, dishevelled, aggressive *poules*. Isn't it enchanting? Don't you want to laugh out loud, right in all those painted faces?

If, despite its deplorable start, anything attractive and amusing happens in the picture, it is because Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine take over the proceedings and almost succeed in purging them of squalor. Their American faces and American voices betray Mr. Wilder's worst intentions; a couple of vivid and gifted comics, in a vehicle totally unsuited to them, manage to justify themselves and it by failing to embody their assigned characters. This is indeed a backhanded compliment, but, under the circumstances, I'm grateful for the chance to pay it, and I hope they will be grateful to receive it. As for Mr. Wilder and Mr. Diamond, I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that their script is a model of vulgarity. Let me quote a characteristic specimen of dialogue. Miss MacLaine, showing Mr. Lemmon her attic apartment, explains that it once belonged to an artist, who cut off his ear. "Oh," says Mr. Lemmon, "was his name van Gogh?" "No," says Miss MacLaine. "Schwartz." At that level of wit, the wonder is that Miss MacLaine and Mr. Lemmon consented to remain on the set.



"COME BLOW YOUR HORN" is also an adaptation of a stage work. The screenplay is by Norman Lear, from a play by Neil Simon; the director is Bud Yorkin; and the producers are Mr. Lear and Mr. Yorkin. What we're offered is a much overblown farce in which every conventional reversal of fortune is telegraphed well in advance, and in which those members of the cast who can and do act—Lee J. Cobb, Molly Picon, Barbara Rush, and, from time to time, Frank Sinatra—are at the mercy of those who can't and don't—Jill St. John, Tony Bill, and Phyllis McGuire. Lee J. Cobb is Mr. Baker, an irascible Jewish manufacturer of wax fruit; Molly Picon is his lovable Jewish wife (we are to take her as lovable because she speaks broken English); and Frank Sinatra and Tony Bill are their sons, Alan and Buddy, who speak ordinary bad English and are not at all lovable. The family resides in Yonkers, though Alan, through sexual prowess, has got what I will call a lien on a fantastically large and hideous New York apartment. When the last door has been flung open and slammed shut and the last ringing telephone has been an-



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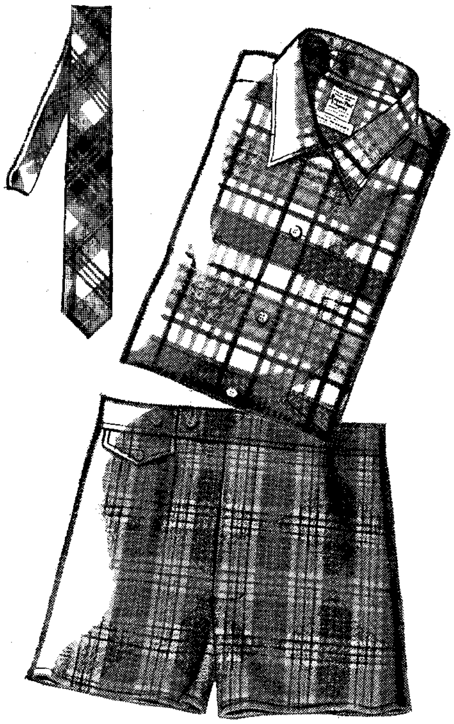

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swered, Alan chooses marriage over mere greedy amorous activity, Buddy settles down with relish to mere greedy amorous activity, and Mom and Dad go back to eating in the kitchen in Yonkers. This is a happy ending?

"THE TEMPTRESS AND THE MONK" is a rum little Japanese film—just how rum I may be able to convey by printing a list of the chief characters; to wit:

The temptress.
The monk.
The imbecile.
The grandfather.
The criminal.

None of these people has a good time, and most of them wind up dead, and I fear that my feeling about them was "Good riddance to bad Nipponese Gothic rubbish." Maybe someday I'll be lucky enough to run across some good Nipponese Gothic rubbish.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Scottsdale (Ariz.) Daily Progress*]

SILVER SPRINGS, Nev. (UPI)—Old Charlie Cibley peered out from the porch of his shack in the dusty Nevada sageland and reached for his shotgun.

Bouncing over the desert toward his home, a half-mile off the road, was a car containing two frightened women from nearby Silver Springs. Right behind them was a pickup truck with two men in it.

The women halted in front of his shack and ran up to him, pleading for help. They said the men had been following them and forced their car off the road.

As Cibley, about 70, watched, the pickup truck broke down a few hundred yards short of his shack. The men got out and approached on foot toward the little group on the porch—Cibley, his shotgun on his arm, and the two women, Mrs. Donna Holland and Mrs. Jean Jackson, both about 30.

Cibley shouted at them to stop, but they kept coming. He fired a shot over their heads, but they didn't even pause.

•

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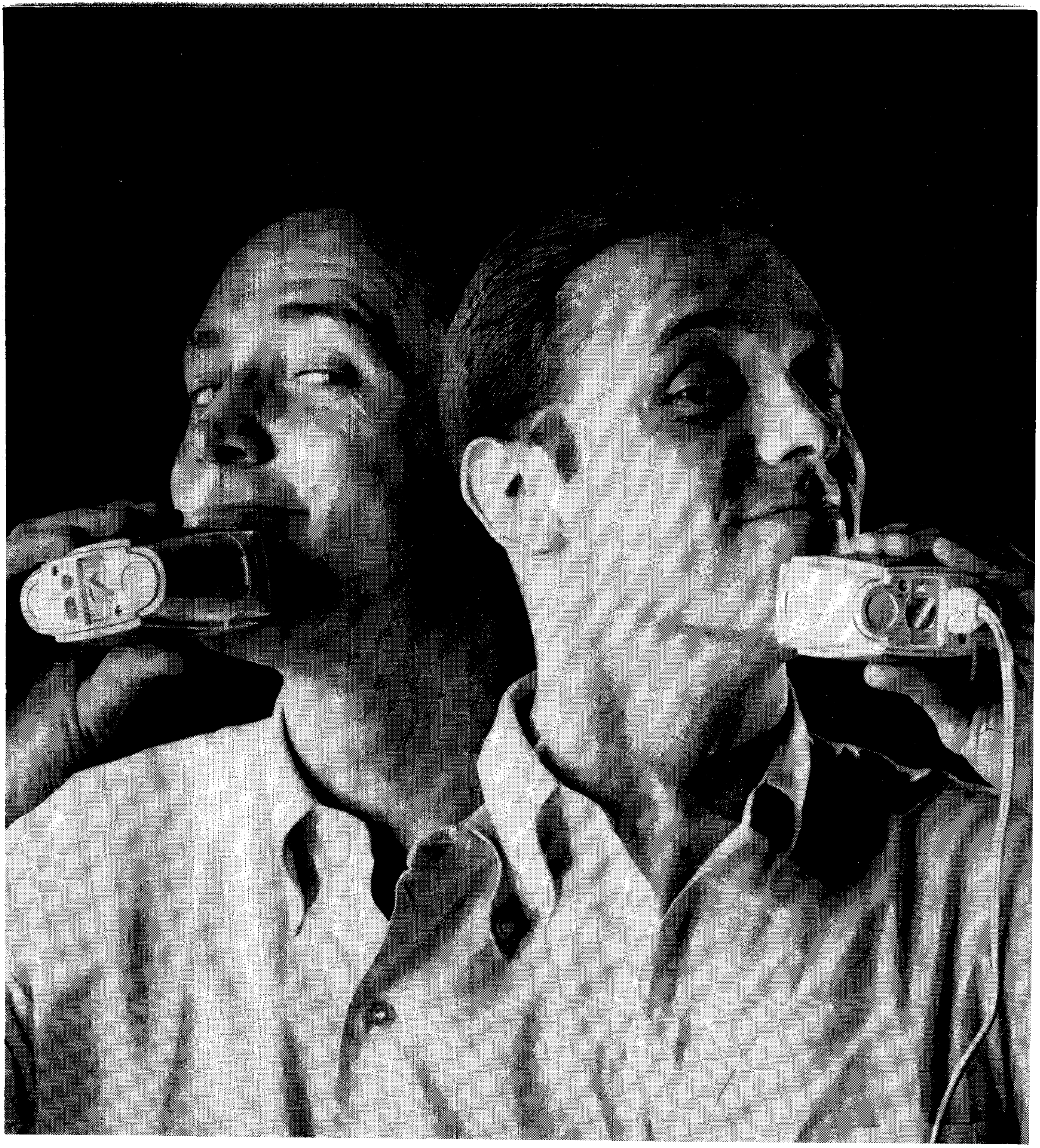
—*Shelbyville (Ky.) Shelby News.*

Well, our course is clear: wait for fall.



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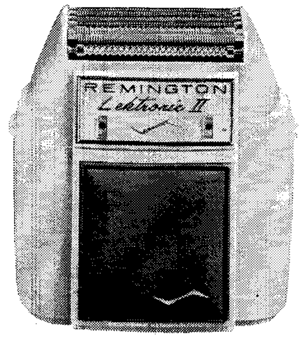

They roll skin down; pop whiskers up. Gently nudge them into the path of the man-size shaving head. The REMINGTON LEKTRONIC II is the only cord/cordless shaver in the world with adjustable roller combs. No wonder more men use a REMINGTON SHAVER than any other make.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

LOST AND FOUND: THE WALKER CUP

WITH the single exception of the yacht races for the America's Cup, the most one-sided of the traditional international sports competitions have been the Walker Cup matches—the meetings, every two years, between the best American and the best British amateur golfers. From the inauguration of the series, in 1922, up to the match three weeks ago, the United States had won seventeen of the eighteen matches, and most of the time by huge margins. One would logically assume that an event with such a dull history would long ago have been abandoned as a bad idea or, if it was continued, would have come to be approached rather apathetically by both the chronic winners and the chronic losers. Not at all. Winning a place on a Walker Cup team is just as much the goal of every American amateur today as it ever was, and I think one might go as far as to say that many of our rising young amateur stars in recent years would have turned professional even more quickly than they did if it had not been for an overriding desire to represent their country in at least one Walker Cup match. And in Britain—perhaps not so surprisingly, considering the embarrassing string of defeats their teams have suffered—the match is given even more importance than it is here. The British have simply refused to regard their pursuit of the cup as a lost cause, and, in the final analysis, it has been their stubborn and tireless efforts to win it back that have given the series its remarkable vitality.

In retrospect, two of the earlier Walker Cup matches stand out as especially meaningful—the ones played in 1923 and 1938. The 1923 match, the second in the series, was held at St. Andrews, in Scotland (the matches have always been held alternately in the United States and in Britain), and it was generally expected that the British, playing on their own terrain, would win it as conclusively as the Americans had won the inaugural match, at the National Golf Links of America, on Long Island. (The first three matches were held in successive years, and then the biennial pattern was adopted.) Sure enough, on the first day at St. Andrews the British took three of the four thirty-six-hole two-ball foursomes (in two-ball foursomes, two partners play alternate shots and drive from alternate tees), and so entered the second, and final, day needing only four of the eight thirty-six-hole singles for victory. At noon on that second day, the British stood well in command of the situation, and then, suddenly, the Americans launched one of the most amazing team rallies on record. George Rotan, of Dallas, who had been 6 down to Willis Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, after fourteen holes, roared back to win eleven of the next twelve, and at length defeated Mackenzie, 6 and 4. Max Marston, of Philadelphia, 1 down at lunchtime to W. L. Hope, of Edinburgh, came on strong in the afternoon to win, 5 and 4. Francis Ouimet, of Boston, 2 down to Roger Wethered, of London, with only three holes to play, won two of them with birdies—the thirty-sixth with an eighteen-foot putt around a partial stymie—to halve the hole. (In Walker Cup play, a victory in a singles or a foursome is worth one point, but half points are not awarded when a contest is tied.) Fred Wright, of Albemarle, North Carolina, 2 down to Ernest Holderness, of Christchurch, Hampshire, with three holes to play, swept all three. And, to top off this incredible sequence, in what had then become the decisive singles, Dr. O. F. Willing, of Portland, Oregon, all square with Willie Murray, of Taynuilt, Scotland, after thirty-three holes, won both the thirty-fourth and the thirty-fifth, to make the final score United States 6, Great Britain 5. That 1923 match seemed to set a pattern for the Walker Cup meetings. In any event, down through the years our golfers have almost invariably reacted well to the considerable strain that an international competition imposes, and frequently they have played well over their heads when the occasion demanded. The British, on the other hand, have seldom been able to produce their best golf at the critical moments—the vital drive finds the rough, the vital approach is bunkered, the vital putt stops short of the hole. There has been, in particular, a tremendous difference in the two teams' standards of putting; indeed, it became fashionable at one time for British golfers to describe a short putt struck so timorously that it failed to reach the hole as "a perfect Walker Cupper."

The significant thing about the 1938 match—which, by the way, was the last one played until after the war, in 1947—was that the British won it. The venue was St. Andrews once again, but in 1938 there was little or no talk about the advantage of playing on one's home soil and other such niceties, for by that time the British had absorbed nine consecutive defeats, including an ignominious 9–0 whitewash in 1936, at Pine Valley, in New Jersey. Up against a strong American side, which included such fine players as Charley Yates, Johnny Fischer, Johnny Goodman, and Bud Ward, the British team of 1938 gained a 2–1 lead in the foursomes and, for once holing the putts that counted, hung on in the singles to win five of them and take the match, 7–4. I happened to attend that match, and I do not recall ever seeing a happier golf crowd than the thousands who came streaming off the links late in the afternoon, when the British victory had been assured. Inside the clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Sam McKinlay, a former Walker Cupper from Scotland, seized the hand of Bernard Darwin, the great English golf writer, who had played in the 1922 match, and, in an outburst that summed up the wholesale mood of jubilation, exclaimed, "Well, we have

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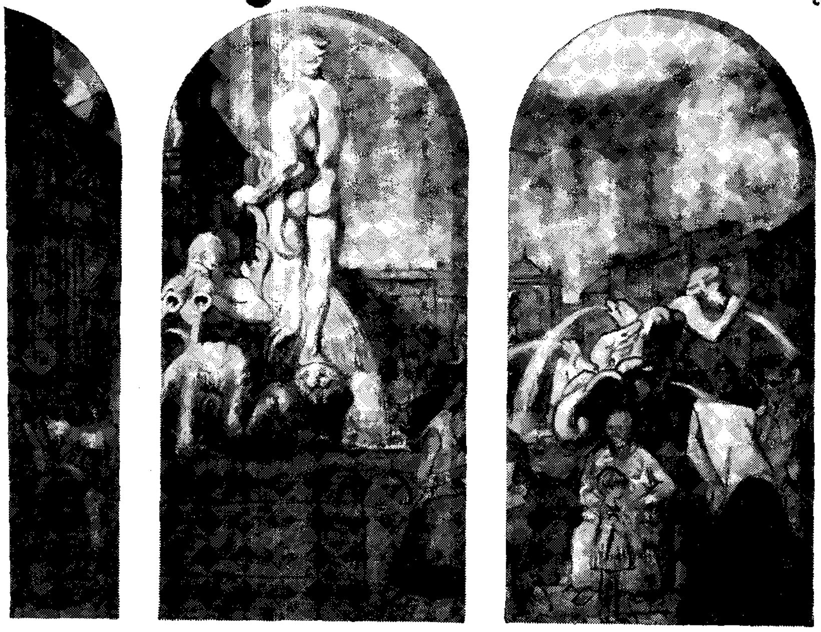

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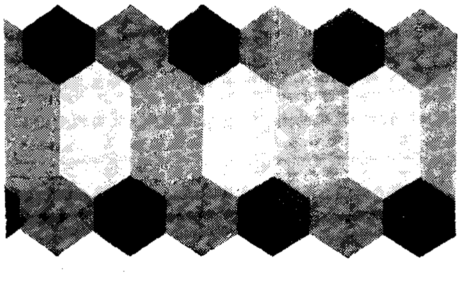

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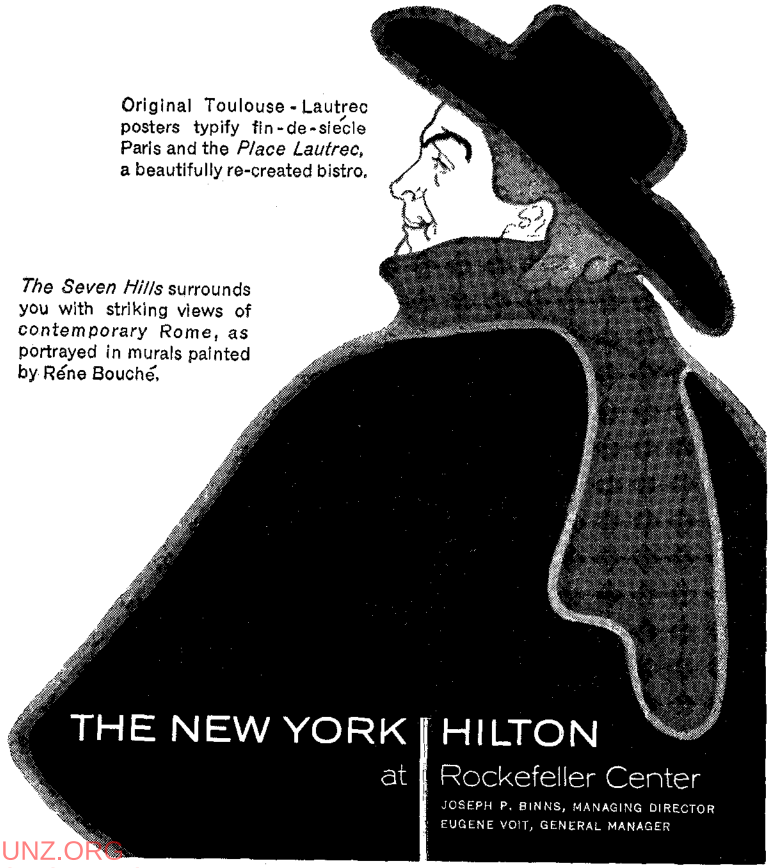

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lived to see the day!" At the presentation ceremony, held on the steps of the Royal and Ancient's clubhouse, there was an unforgettable epilogue. After the cup had been handed over to the British, and speeches had been duly made and answered, the crowd began calling for Charley Yates, the young Atlantan who had won the British Amateur championship that spring at Troon, and who had particularly endeared himself to the Scottish galleries at St. Andrews by his splendid golf and his thick Southern drawl. Yates at length stepped forward, but instead of speaking, he chose to lead the throng, stretched down the first fairway, in a rousing community chorus of "A Wee Deoch-and-Doris." I mention this incident because it epitomizes the wonderfully convivial atmosphere that prevails at Walker Cup matches, and that, in my experience, is quite unmatched at any other sports event. Victorian though it may sound, the players in the Cup matches compete with just the right blend of fervor and restraint. They are extremely intent on winning, but there is an unfeigned, spontaneous camaraderie between opponents, and at all times the match itself is paramount in everyone's mind. The Walker Cup, in short, is a singular phenomenon in the stormy world of international sports, for it has created hundreds of staunch transoceanic friendships that have lasted a lifetime.

THE nineteenth Walker Cup match, played at Turnberry, in Scotland, on May 24th and 25th, was one of the most genuinely dramatic matches in the long series. In a way, because of the personalities involved in the British challenge, the story of the match really begins eight years earlier, in May of 1955. The British at that time had just lost the fifth postwar match by the unencouraging score of 10–2 to a rather run-of-the-mill American team, and it was decided to clean house and see if some new organizing talent might not be able to improve Britain's golf fortunes. The job fell to two exceptionally pleasant and energetic Englishmen—Gerald Micklem, Oxford '33, who was appointed captain of the Walker Cup team, and Raymond Oppenheimer, another Oxford man, who was appointed chairman of the International Selection Committee. Micklem and Oppenheimer are the kind of people one meets up with far more frequently in English drawing-room drama than in real life. Micklem, the son of a merchant banker, has, since the last war, in which he served as a major in the

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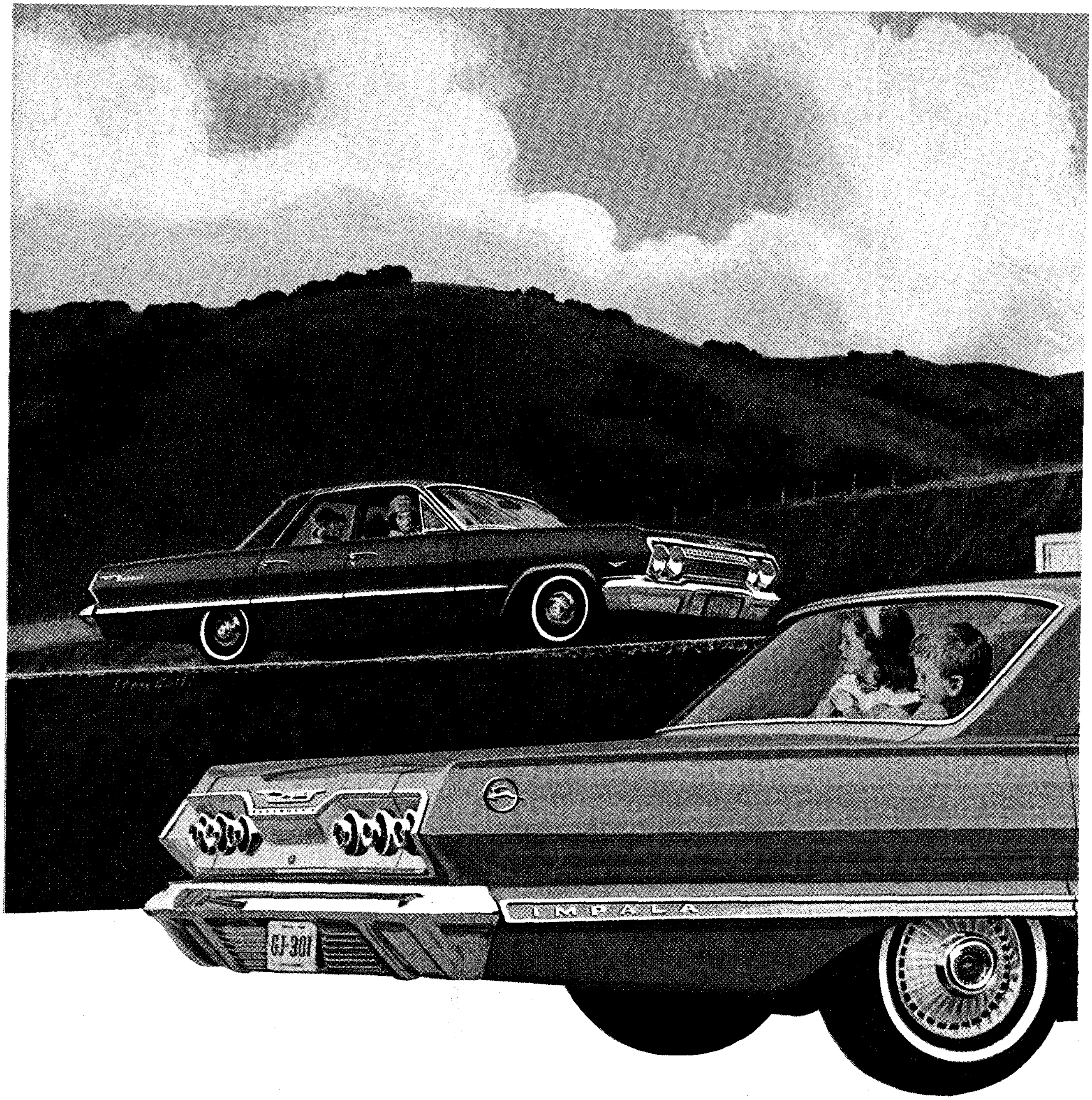

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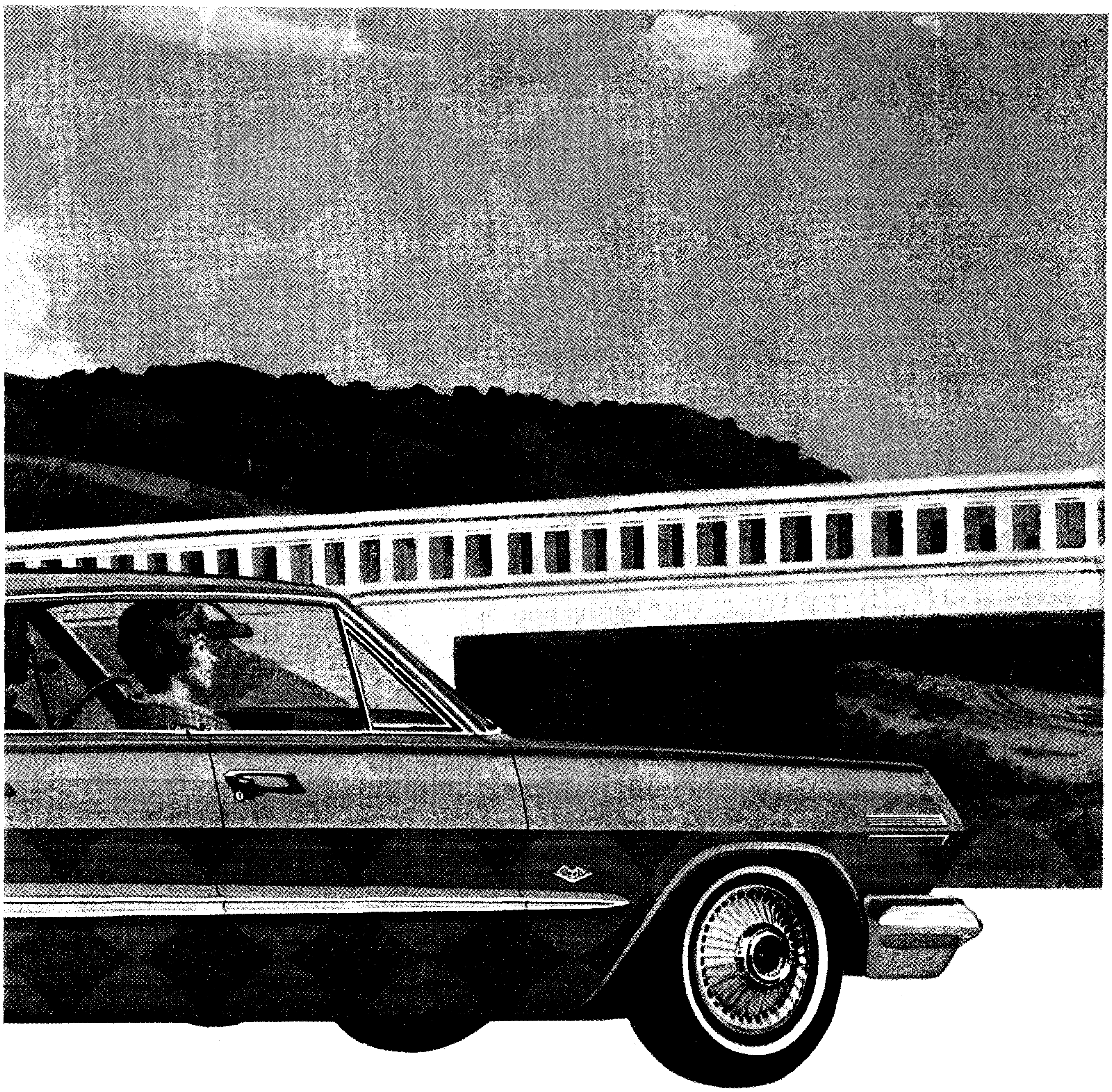

Left, above: Bel Air 4-Door Sedan. Directly above: Impala Sport Sedan.

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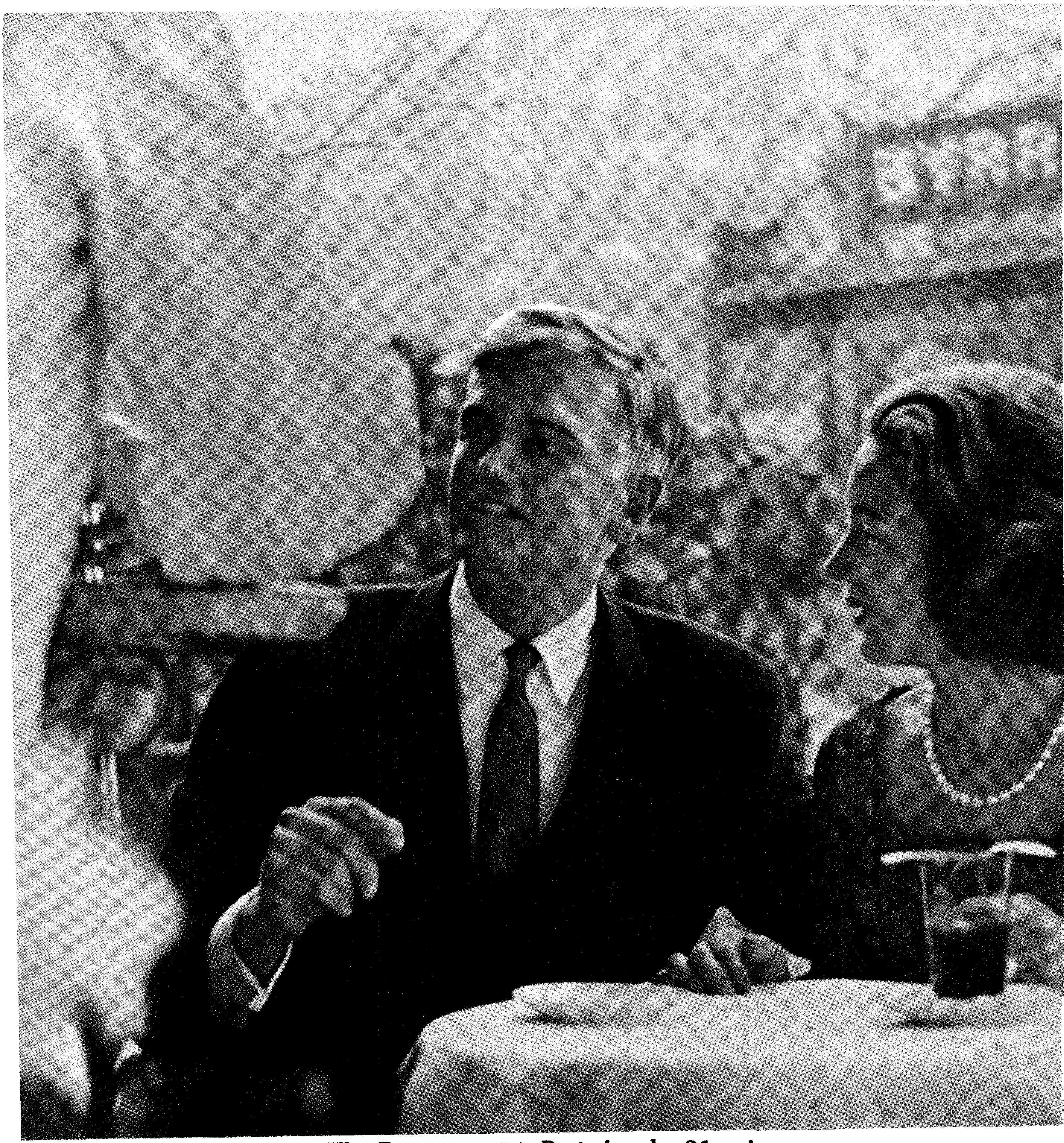

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Grenadier Guards, lived in a bright country house called Titlarks Hill House, near Sunningdale, in Berkshire. Now and then, he goes up to London to look after his business interests, but by and large his life has always been bound up with golf. A first-rate player, he twice won the English Amateur Championship, and he was picked for four Walker Cup teams. Putters and wedges are stacked in every corner of Titlarks Hill House, and visitors who step out into the garden, which covers four acres or so, are surprised not to find at least a putting green tucked away in it somewhere. They can see why when they discover that the gate at the far end of the garden opens directly onto the sixteenth fairway of the Sunningdale Golf Club's New Course. Oppenheimer, who was a fighter-control officer in the Royal Air Force during the war, is also quite well to do, being a member of the family that owns the De Beers diamond mines, in South Africa. A bachelor, like Micklem, he lives in a medium-sized Georgian manor house called White Waltham Place, near Reading, in Berkshire. Oppenheimer is a fast hand with the London *Times* crossword puzzle, is considered one of the world's foremost experts on bull terriers, and has a very solid background in golf, which includes captaining the Oxford team in 1928 and the Walker Cup team in 1951.

When Micklem and Oppenheimer set out to revitalize British amateur golf, they travelled tirelessly all over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland until they had a good line on every likely prospect. They arranged to have professionals work with some players, saw to it that those who needed experience got a chance to compete in more tournaments, kept up a correspondence with dozens of young golfers who wore the old-school tie and with dozens who didn't, and generally gave a new sense of direction and purpose to what had been a fairly chaotic enterprise. Their work brought results almost immediately. Although the British team was defeated, 8–3, in the 1957 match, at Minikahda, in Minneapolis, it made a much better showing than any of its predecessors ever had in the United States. The final score gave no indication of how close the match had been, for early in the afternoon of the second day's play, before Billy Joe Patton ignited an American rally, the British had been out in front. On the basis of that cheering performance and the further fortification of a surprising victory by their amateurs in an informal match with the British

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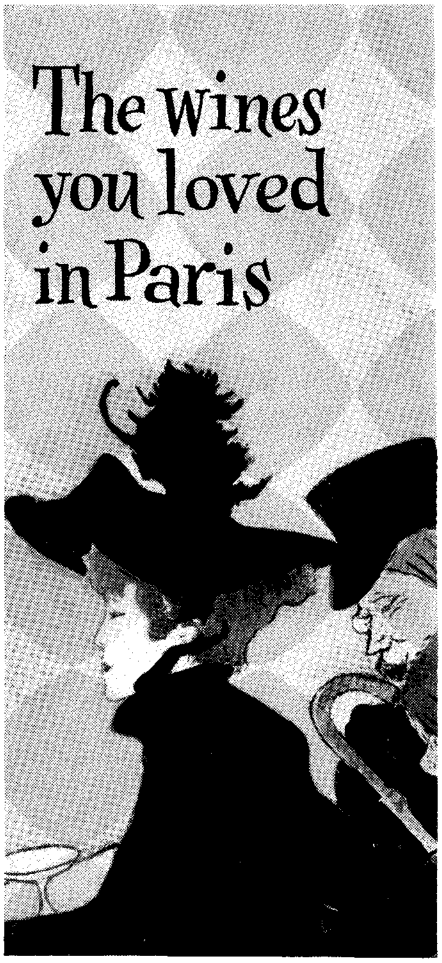

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professionals the following summer, Micklem, Oppenheimer, and their cohorts approached the 1959 Walker Cup match, at Muirfield, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, confident that they had *an excellent chance of stopping the* Americans, for the first time since 1938. Muirfield, however, proved to be a disaster for them. It was the same old story of British ineptitude at the critical moments. In the foursomes, for example, the first British pair lost, 1 down, by losing the thirty-sixth hole, and the second and fourth pairs lost two comparably close duels when they faltered on the thirty-fifth. With the Americans leading, 4–0, after the foursomes, that Walker Cup match was as good as over, and what small chance remained for the British to pull off a miracle in the singles was shattered by an astonishing collapse all down the line at the end of the morning round. The first British player lost the seventeenth and eighteenth holes; the second man lost the sixteenth and seventeenth; the third, the eighteenth; the fourth, the seventeenth and eighteenth; the fifth, the seventeenth and eighteenth; the sixth, the seventeenth; the seventh, the seventeenth and eighteenth; and the eighth, the eighteenth. If St. Andrews in 1938 produced the most joyous golf crowd I can remember, Muirfield in 1959 undoubtedly produced the saddest. I can still see Raymond Oppenheimer standing solemnly beside the scoreboard at noontime, shaking his head in puzzlement at why things had gone so wrong, and I can still hear Gerald Micklem, at the presentation ceremony, congratulating the winners and then adding, "We intend to go on learning and trying, and we will be after you again."

After Muirfield, Micklem moved up to the post of chairman of the Selection Committee, Oppenheimer was persuaded to stay on and assist him, and a new Walker Cup captain was named—Charles Lawrie, Oxford '42, a charming Scotsman who raises Hereford and Angus cattle on the island of Anglesey, off the coast of Wales. Those three prepared a new British team as well as it could be prepared for the 1961 match, at the Seattle Golf Club—the Americans won in a romp—but from the outset its sights were set on the 1963 match at Turnberry. Some ten months before it was scheduled, things began to look up for the British. Their veterans were regaining their form and enthusiasm, and, more important, a whole new batch of big, strong, ambitious young players started to hit the ball impressively and to score. In April, after four rigorous

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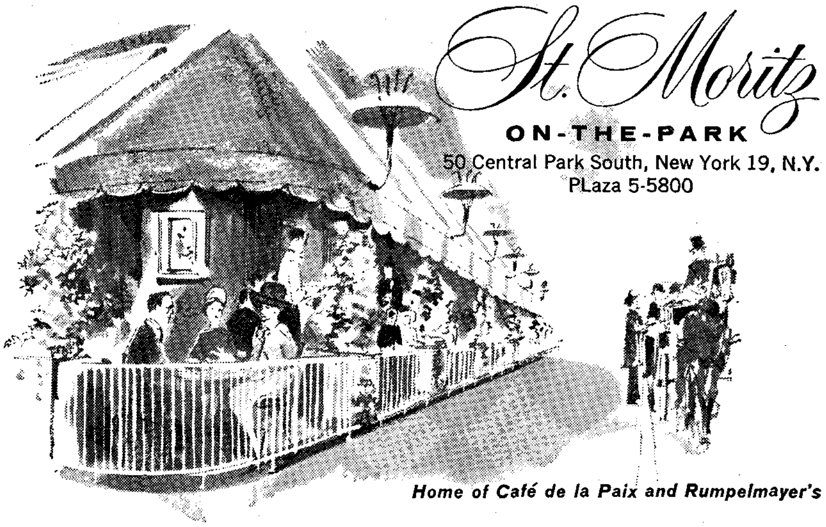
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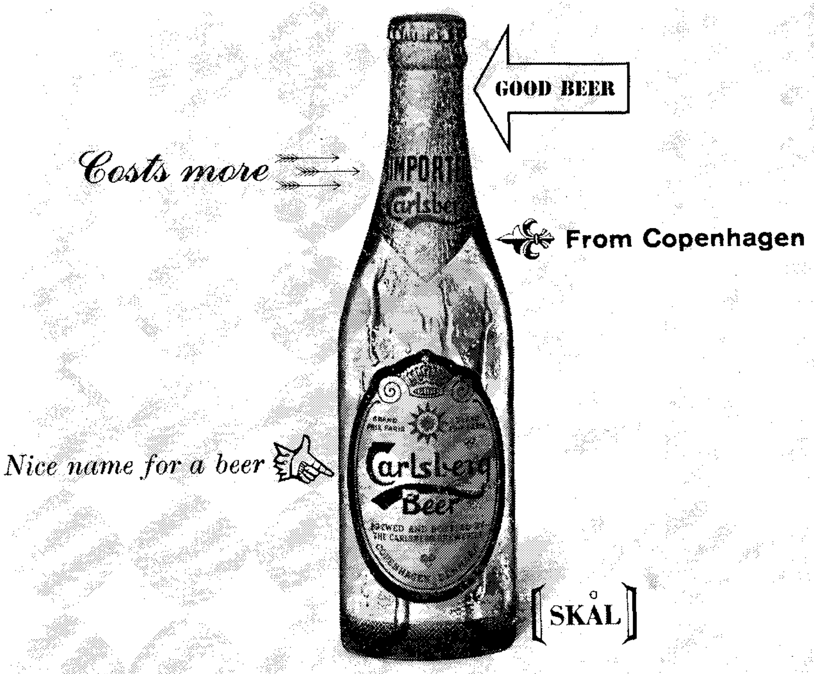

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days of trials for the candidates at Turnberry, the ten-man team was selected. It was made up of three Englishmen (Michael Bonallack, Michael Lunt, and Martin Christmas), one Ulsterman (David Madeley), two Irishmen (Joe Carr and David Sheahan), and four Scots (Ronnie Shade, Sandy Saddler, Stuart Murray, and Charley Green). In Britain, there are as many golf critics as there are golfers, but for once they all seemed to agree that the best possible team had been selected. This unusual vote of confidence had a visible effect on the players. When they tuned up their games at Turnberry the week before the match, they were far more relaxed than any British team had been in years. They looked like a team who honestly believed they could win.

In order to have ample time to adjust to foreign conditions and learn the course, the American team, whose captain was Richard S. Tufts, perhaps the sagest of the United States Golf Association's elder statesmen, arrived at Turnberry—it is fifty miles south of Glasgow, or about twenty-five miles farther down the west coast than Troon and Prestwick—a full week before the match. In Britain, any golfer who wishes to can play the large American ball, which is 1.68 inches in diameter, compared to 1.62 inches for the British ball, but since the two balls weigh the same, 1.62 ounces, the British ball is appreciably "heavier," boring far better through the brisk, moisture-laden winds that sweep across British links and constitute, in effect, the principal hazard for accurate shotmaking. Accordingly, American golfers when in Rome almost always do as the Romans do, and play the smaller British ball. It takes some getting used to, however. For one thing, it comes off the club face much faster than the American ball, and therefore must be met squarely. For another, it doesn't sit up as well in the fairway as the big ball, so iron shots require very precise striking. The British ball is also a little harder to putt with and to handle in bunkers. Four members of the American team (Charley Coe, Billy Joe Patton, Deane Beman, and Dick Davies) had competed in Britain before, but for the six others (Labron Harris, Jr., Downing Gray, Bob Gardner, Dr. Ed Updegraff, Charley Smith, and Dick Sikes) playing the British ball was a new experience. They took to it well, largely because they took to Turnberry well. Though it amounts to sacrilege to place any Scottish course ahead of St. Andrews or Muirfield, the Ailsa course,

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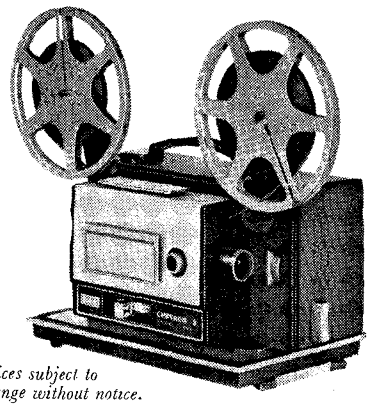

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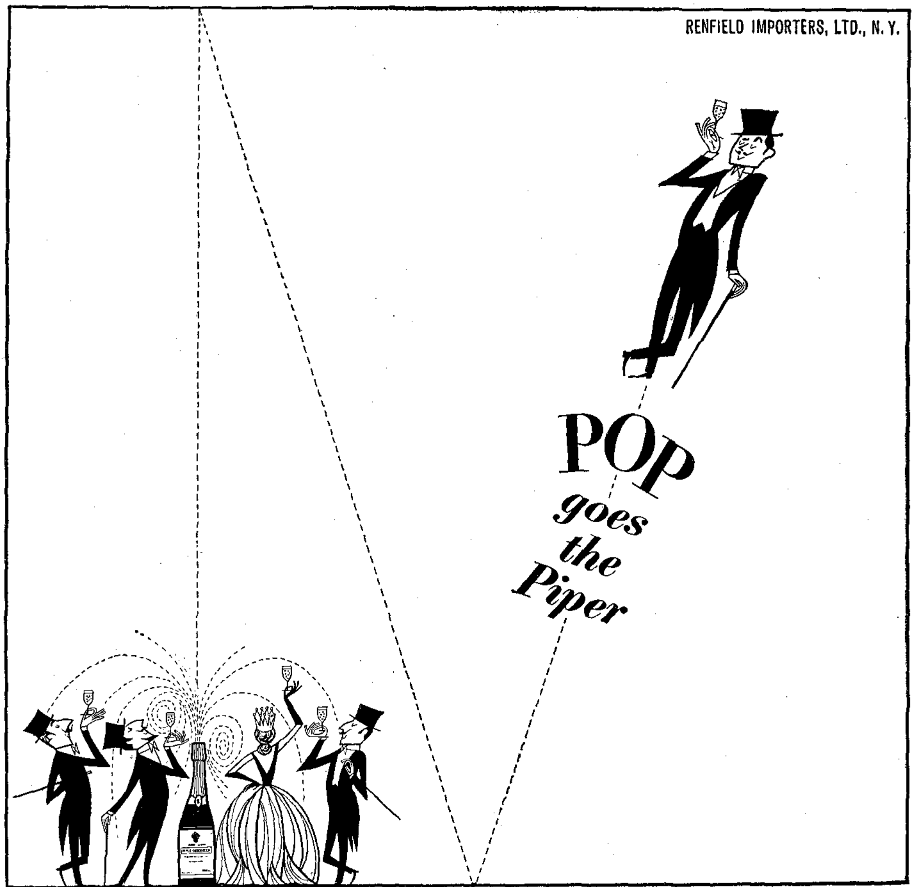

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as the championship eighteen at Turnberry is called, may be equally testing and equally fascinating. It is certainly one of the most scenic layouts in the world. A long course, measuring 7,025 yards, with a par of 71, it is set among the dunes that dominate a wonderful strip of rolling golf land along the east bank of the Firth of Clyde. To the west, across the firth, rise the rocky hills of Arran Island, and to the south the famous Ailsa Craig, an immense granite pile shaped like a plum pudding, juts out of the sea. (An old Scottish saw has it, "If ye can see Ailsa Craig, it's gaun to rain. If ye canna see it, it's already raining.") A good number of holes on the Ailsa course are set in the valleys between the dunes and are comparatively sheltered from the wind, but seven holes march along the exposed headland at the edge of the water. On several of these firthside holes, the championship tee is situated on a small, isolated crag, and it takes first-class driving to carry the ball across a sizable inlet or a shelf of dunes to the sanctuary of the distant fairway. The Ailsa, you might say, is a sort of Scottish version of Pebble Beach and Cypress Point, those scenic wonders on the shore of Monterey Bay, in California. One other word about it. During the war, along with its companion course, the far more ordinary Arran, it was converted into an airfield for the R.A.F. Coastal Command, and was mourned as lost forever by British golfers. In 1949, however, Mackenzie Ross, a gifted Scottish golf architect, attempted the seemingly impossible task of ripping up the concrete runways and restoring the old contours of the greens and fairways. He succeeded so magnificently that when you walk over the two courses today, you can see no sign of their ever having been disturbed.

The evening before the match, at about the time when the rival captains were holding their final chats with the members of their teams, Micklem and Oppenheimer were standing together in front of the hotel that overlooks the Ailsa, and gazing thoughtfully at the course. They had decided that their eight-year partnership in quest of the Walker Cup would be dissolved after the match, and younger hands would take over their work. I am sure that even the Americans who saw them conferring then wished them victory in one corner of their hearts, for over the years our men have got to know them well and to admire them. Eight years is a long time to work toward a goal. Furthermore, sixteen years

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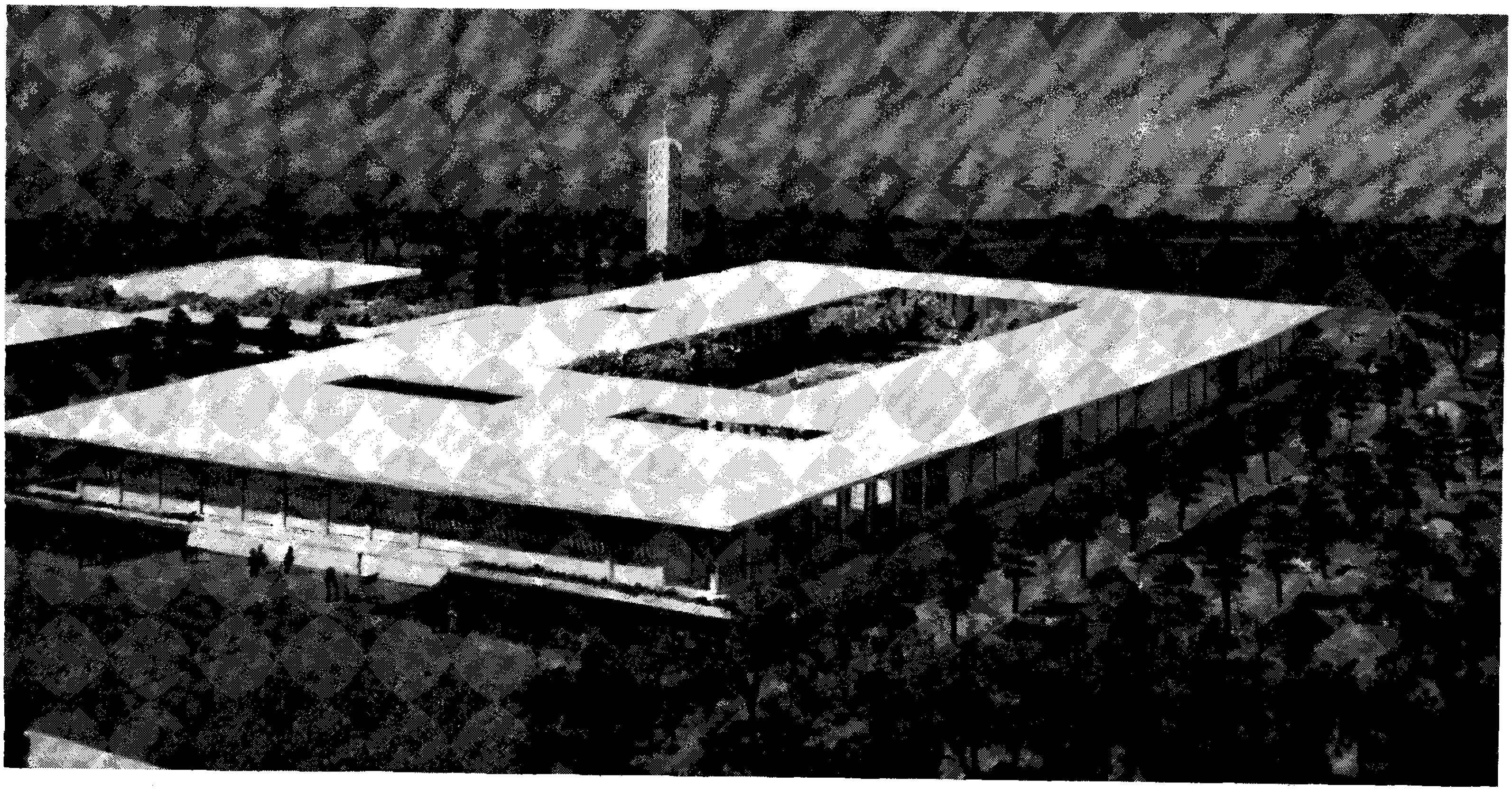

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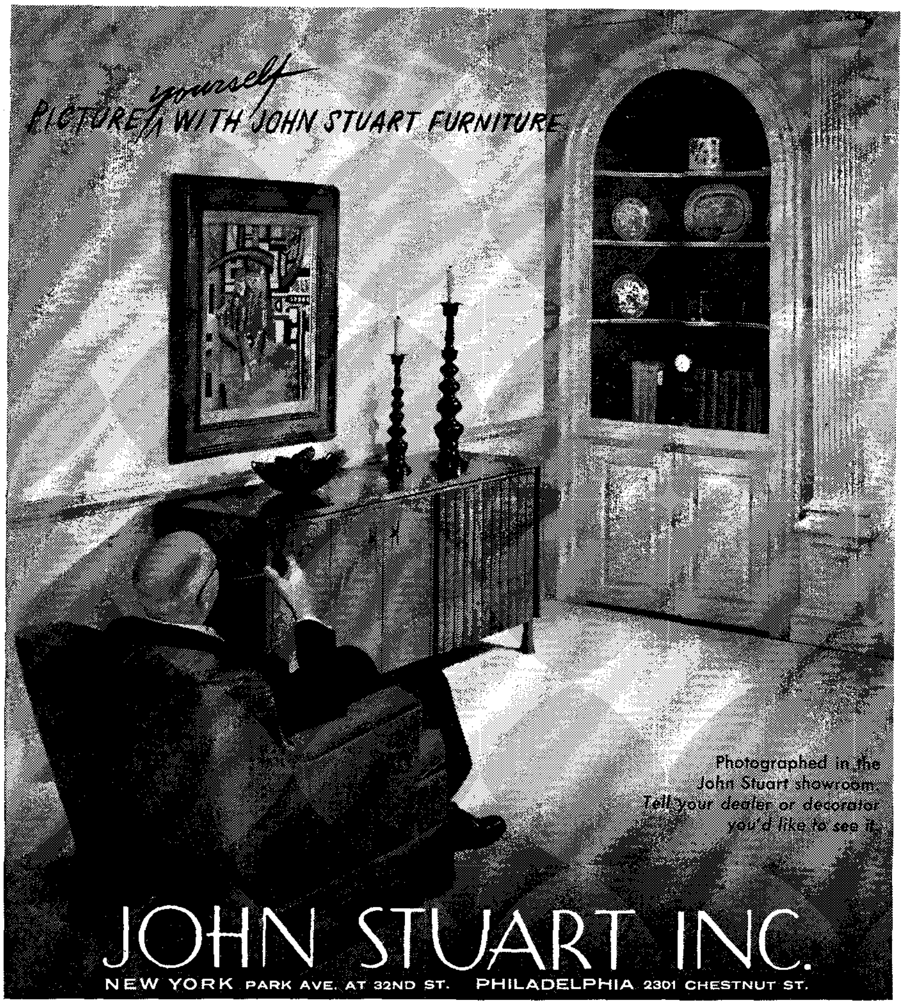
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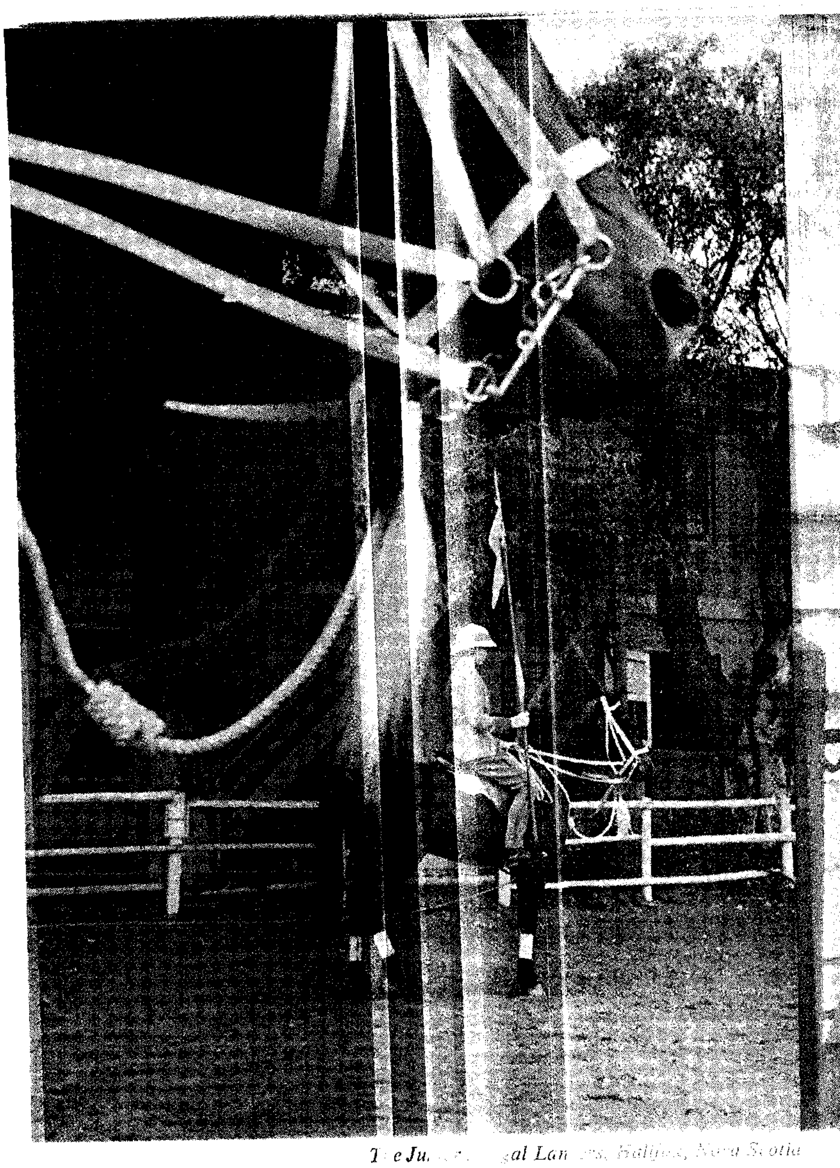
is a long time to wait for victory, and the British had been patiently waiting since they lost the cup in 1947.

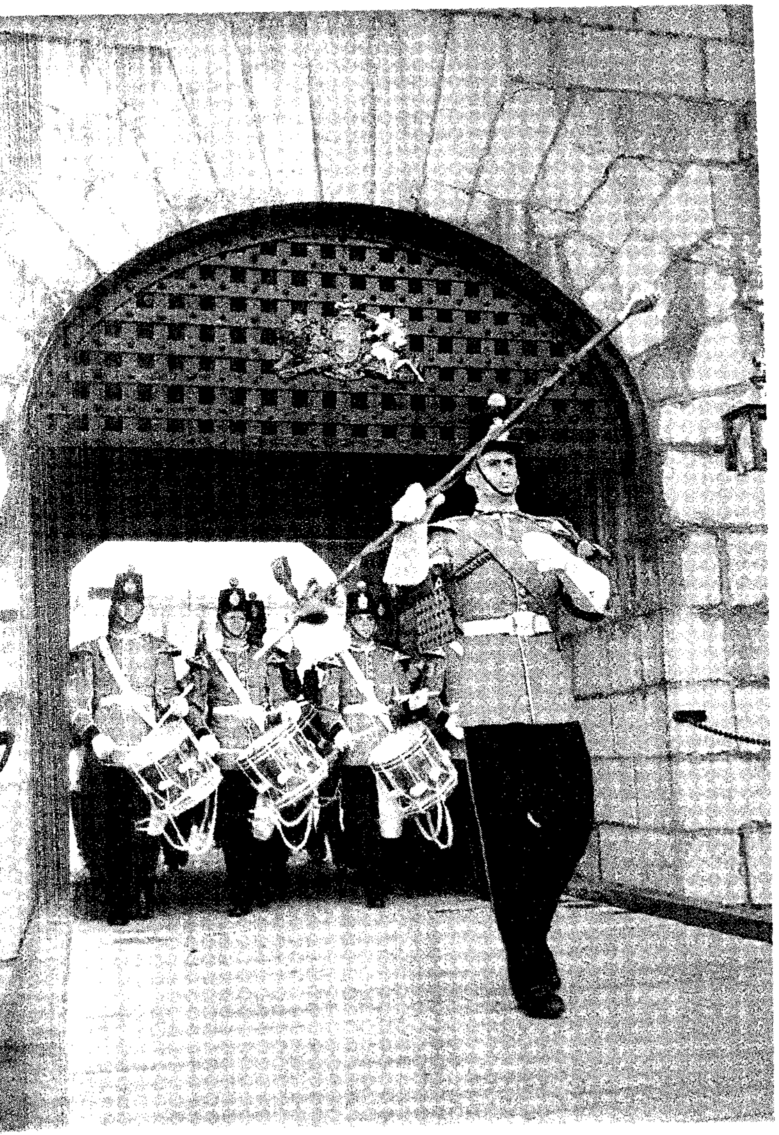
FOR the 1963 match, the procedure of the Walker Cup competition was modified, for the first time. Instead of the customary four thirty-six-hole foursomes on the Friday, followed by eight thirty-six-hole singles on the Saturday, this year's match was to consist of four eighteen-hole foursomes on Friday morning and eight eighteen-hole singles that afternoon, with the pattern repeated on Saturday. In all, twenty-four points, and not the familiar twelve, were at stake. Behind this change lay a general feeling that thirty-six-hole contests are frequently dull and draggy, and that the shorter route of a single round would result in closer games and in more continuous interest.

On Friday, when the match got under way, a chilling wind was whipping out of the north, and a light rain started to fall early in the morning and kept up most of the day. (You could not see Ailsa Craig.) Under these conditions, the standard of the golf in the morning was good but, with two exceptions, several yards short of being impressive. In the first foursome, the British pair of Murray and Bonallack played steadily and putted well in defeating Patton and Sikes, 4 and 3. (This, incidentally, was the first British victory in a foursome since the 1957 match.) In the third foursome, the American pair Beman and Coe wrapped things up early by winning four of the first six holes and halving the two others. This early rush included two brilliant birdie 2s. On the 165-yard fourth, Beman put a fine 4-iron shot eighteen feet from the pin on the dunetop green, and Coe rolled the putt in. On the next short hole, the sixth—235 yards into the wind—Coe holed a semi-blind wedge pitch over a deep bunker after Beman's drive had

Judith Shahn



The Junior Bengal Lancers, Halifax, Nova Scotia



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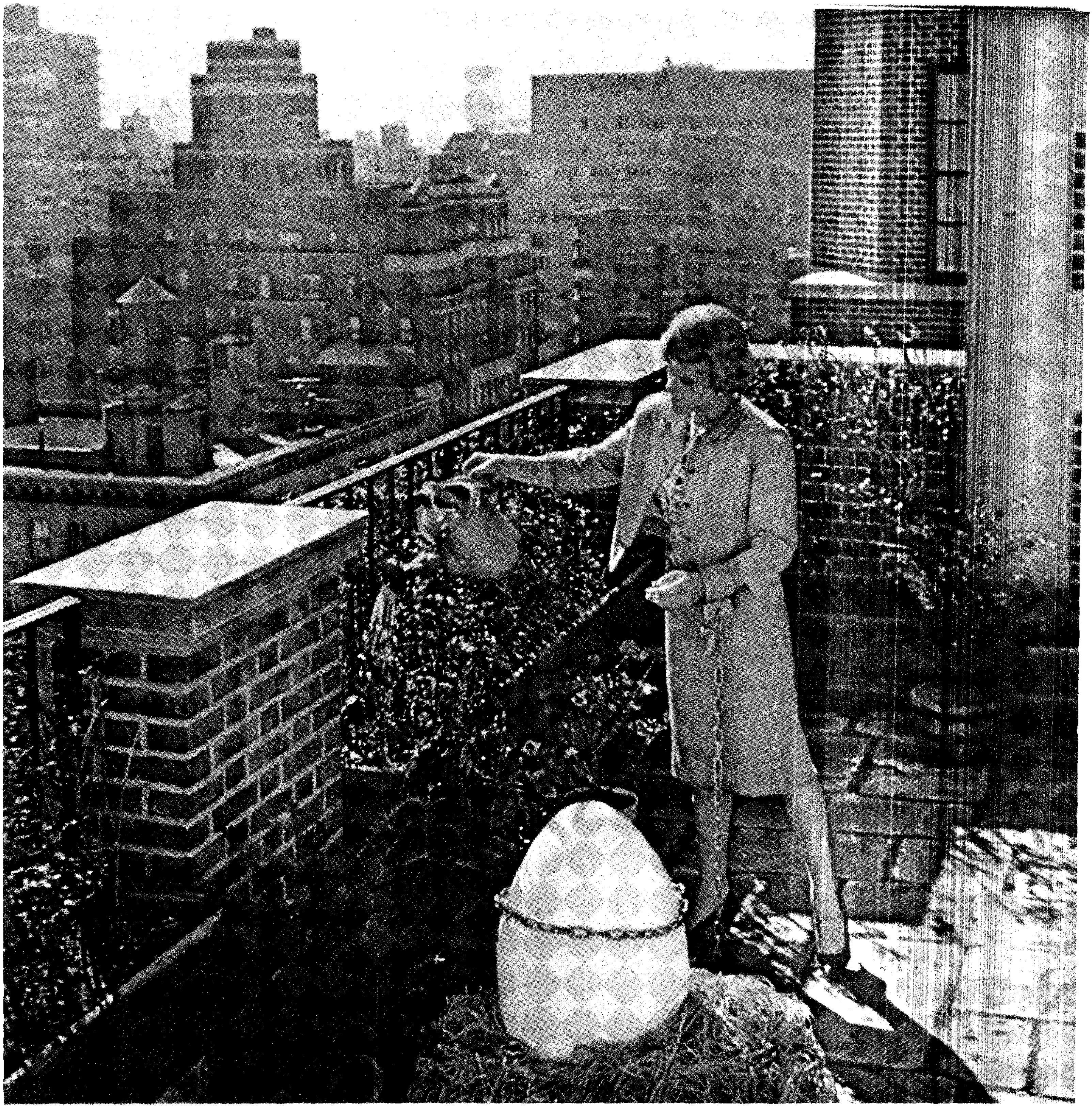

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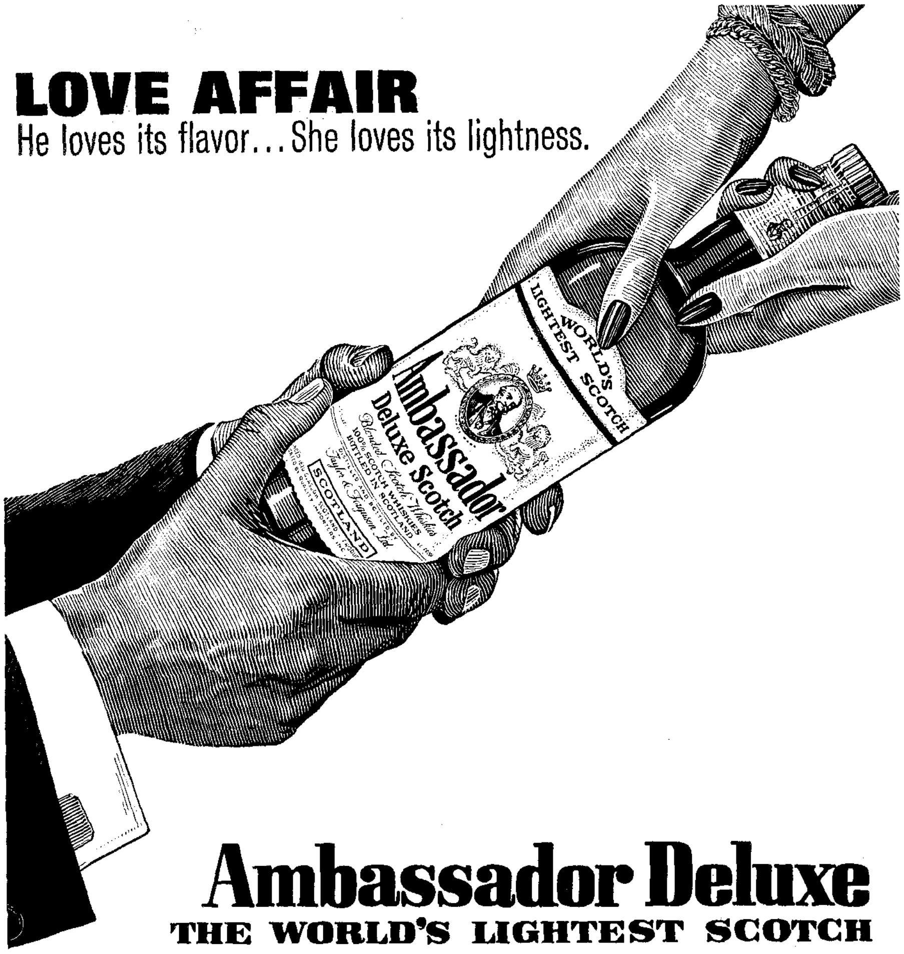
finished short of and below the plateau green. In the second foursome, Gray and Harris, perhaps our best young players, defeated Carr and Green, 2 up. The last foursome, Gardner and Updegraff vs. Madeley and Shade, was halved. The score at the end of the morning rounds: United States 2, Great Britain 1.

The British play in the foursomes had shown, in spots, several of its old Walker Cup characteristics: slowness off the mark, defensive putting, loose tee shots, and wobbly finishing. In the afternoon, the British again started poorly—they were soon down in five of the first six singles—and then, gradually but emphatically, they began to come on. One after another, their men fought their way back into the game with aggressive golf, and, to the mounting delight of the bundled-up spectators clustered hopefully around the windswept course, kept on coming. There were, as there are always bound to be, a number of opinions about the key to the British surge. Some experienced observers felt that it was the great start of 3–3–4, 3–4–3 that Shade, an American-style swinger from Edinburgh, had made in the seventh singles, and the buoying effect that the news of this had had on his teammates. Other observers felt that the prime catalyst had been Joe Carr. In the third singles, Carr, a veteran Irish star who has almost never been able to cut loose in Walker Cup play with the remarkable bursts of scoring he is capable of, settled down after a shaky start and was suddenly in full cry. Up against Sikes, he birdied three long par 4s in a row—the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth—by ripping three tremendous 5-iron shots right to the flag, and added a fourth consecutive birdie on the short eleventh. He went on to win 7 and 5, going away. While these dashes by Shade and Carr no doubt provided a definite touch of inspiration for the rest of the British side, I could not help feeling that this wasn't the fundamental explanation of the stirring collective counterattack. Success or failure in top-level competitive golf is at least seventy per cent psychological, and it struck me that, for the first time in years, the British players' confidence in their ability to stand up to the Americans was so genuine and deep-seated that they did not lose heart after falling a hole or two behind but, instead, calmly went about the business of hitting good firm shots until the holes came back. Moreover, once they had moved out in front, they were not afraid of winning. For the first time since 1938,



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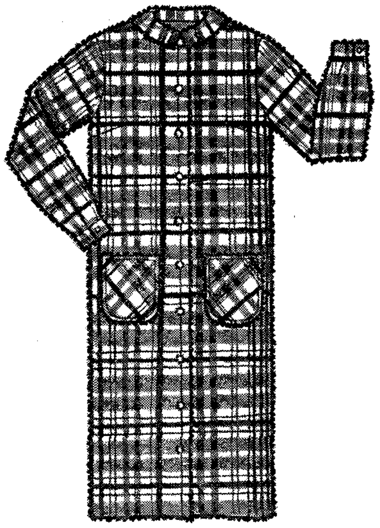

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in fact, it was they, and not the Americans, who gained ground down the stretch. In the first singles, for example, Murray, an intent, long-jawed Elderslie man with a sound and rhythmic swing, allowed Beman, who is as tough a fighter as there is, to win only one hole after the sixth—and that with a birdie. Significantly, of the four singles that went to the last hole, the British won two and halved two. They emerged from the singles at length with five victories to one for the Americans (scored by Patton), so at the halfway point they had a commanding 6–3 lead. A British team had finally played its best game on the right day, and was in an excellent position to win the Walker Cup. That evening, though there was no premature celebrating, there was justified joy and great expectations in the home camp.

On Saturday morning, the American team struck back hard in the foursomes. The two-ball foursome is a type of golf that the British play quite a bit and we not at all, except in international matches, but, curiously, it is the American golfer who plays it like a native. Walker Cup statistics supply a most incisive comment: Over the first eighteen matches, our golfers carried off fifty-one foursomes, against a mere fifteen for the British. Be that as it may, at a team meeting on Friday night, Tufts, the American captain, had asked his team to bring in three victories in the four foursomes—the minimum the Americans needed to get back in the match. The team brought in all four: Patton and Sikes, pitted against Murray and Bonallack, who had beaten them the morning before, won 1 up; Harris and Gray fought back on the second nine to defeat Lunt and Sheahan, 3 and 2; the stable American graybeards—Gardner, who is forty-two years old, and Updegraff, who is forty-one—won from Saddler and Green, 3 and 1; and Beman and Coe won from Shade and Madeley, 3 and 2. And all this was accomplished despite the fact that the wind had swung around to the south, making the Ailsa an entirely different course from what it had been on Friday. There was one moment about halfway through the morning when the first, second, and fourth foursomes stood all square, but in each case it was the American pair who eventually moved out in front. They stayed in front partly through their own stouthearted chipping and putting, and partly through the failure of their opponents to take advantage of the openings presented them. The most disastrous British

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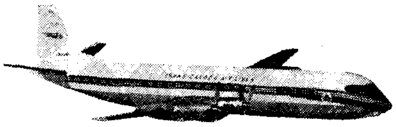

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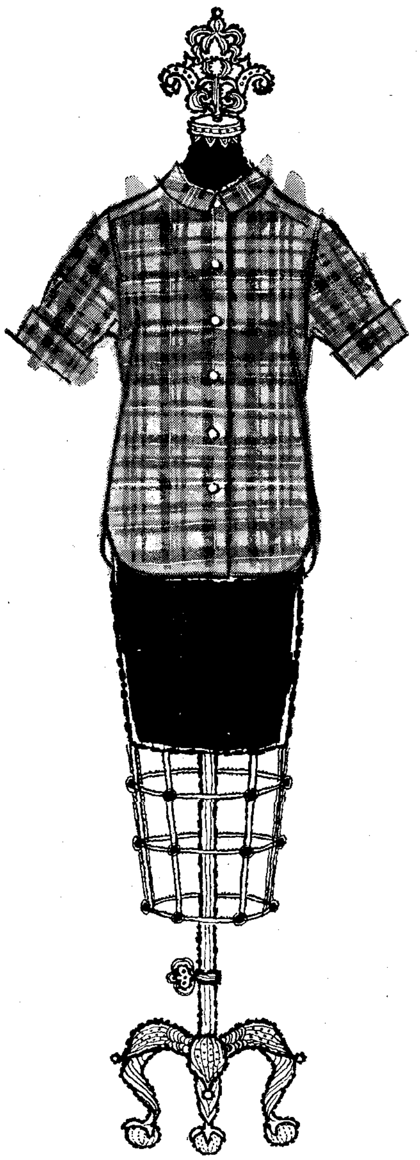

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lapse took place in the first foursome, on the sixteenth hole. When the wind is blowing hard against the players, as it was that morning, the sixteenth, which is 415 yards long, becomes a very dangerous and demanding par 4. Forty yards in front of the green, the terrain plunges abruptly down to a twisting burn (or brook), and then it rises at an even steeper angle to the green, which is perched some twenty feet above the hazard. With the singles all square at this point, Murray, driving for the British pair, laced a long one down the middle of the fairway. Sikes followed with a hook drive that found the bunker on the left edge of the fairway and gave Patton no choice but to play the recovery safely short of the burn. Now it was the turn of Bonallack, playing the second stroke for the British. Since a 4 would almost surely win the hole, the one important consideration for him was not to be short with his approach but to get over the burn with yards to spare. Bonallack selected a 5-iron. He hit the shot crisply enough, but the wind quickly killed its flight. The ball fluttered down against the sharp bank in front of the green and trickled into the burn. It is all too easy to point out the reason for any mistake in golf once it has been made, yet the hard fact of the matter is that Bonallack had under-clubbed himself by perhaps two clubs. This fatal error in judgment enabled Patton and Sikes, with a bogey 5, to win a crucial hole they had looked certain to lose, and, as things turned out, it cost Britain that foursome.

The American sweep of Saturday's foursomes put them ahead 7–6 and sent them into the afternoon needing to win only four of the eight singles in order to take the match. This much was clear at noontime. The afternoon play had not progressed very far, however, when it became evident that the morning's sweep had done much more than that. It had crushed the British confidence. In the singles, when their one chance of retrieving the match depended on spirited, tough golf all down the line, the British players, with only a few exceptions, could summon no spark at all. As one watched them muffing their opportunities by chipping tentatively and then missing one seven-foot putt after another, it seemed like nothing so much as old times. The outstanding stroke of the day by a British golfer was a full-blooded 3-wood lashed into the wind and across the burn on the sixteenth by Saddler, a doughty little Scottish baker, who went on to halve his singles with Beman, as he had done with Coe the

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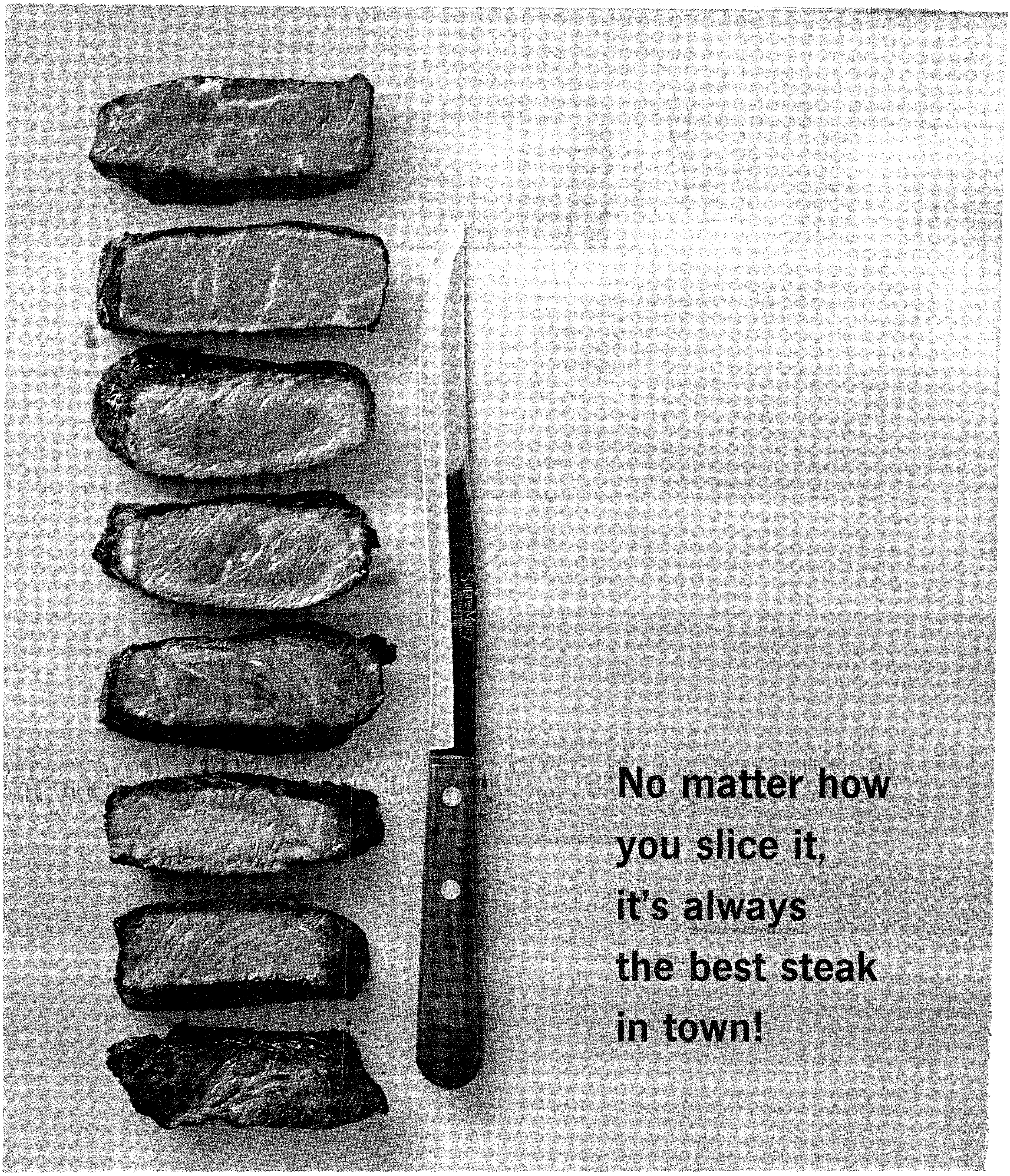

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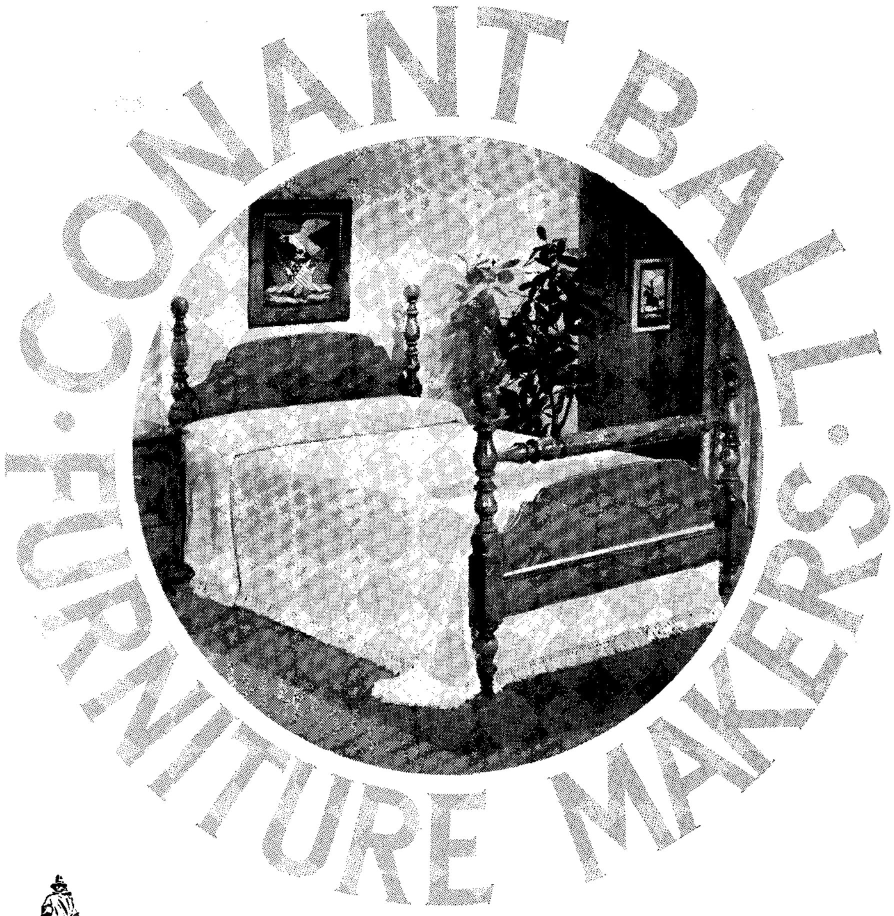
afternoon before, but there was also a certain sour note of nostalgia about this shot. It came, as so many of the finest British shots in Walker Cup play have come, just after the outcome of the match had been decided. The final score of the nineteenth match, after five victories and one halve for the Americans in Saturday's singles: United States 12, Great Britain 8.

While one almost inevitably views each edition of this series in terms of the British challenge—its promise and its execution—it would be a serious fault not to underline the superb fashion in which the American players came through at Turnberry when they were backed against the wall. This was far from the strongest team we have sent to Britain, but no team has ever played with greater determination or done a more courageous job under pressure. It was an authentic team victory. If two men deserve a special accolade, one is Patton, that incredibly lively veteran, who bore the burden of playing at the top of the order and contributed three big points, and the other is Tufts, an exceptional captain.

MIDWAY through Saturday afternoon's play, as you would expect, a sorrowful silence settled over the British galleries, who had been trudging around the Ailsa course since early morning with precious little to cheer about, but by the time the presentation ceremony was under way, they had, along with Micklem, Oppenheimer, Lawrie, and the British team, philosophically absorbed some of the sting of their disappointment. Not all of it, though. That will take some time, for this was by far the cruelest defeat the British have suffered in their efforts to regain the cup. As one old Glaswegian friend said to me, "If we could not win this time, with a lead like that, how can we ever hope to win?" I don't think that the prospect for the British is quite as gloomy as that, and this isn't the time for elaborate post-mortems anyway, but I do feel compelled to say that I am now, more than ever, convinced that a large measure of the Americans' superiority lies in the fact that our golfers grow up playing the big American ball. It encourages a sounder putting stroke than the resilient small ball—a stroke that is perhaps easier to maintain under tournament pressure. The size of the ball and the way it sits up on the fairway have led us to develop a more advanced technique in playing both pitches and full shots with the irons—what is usually referred to as "hitting the back



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of the ball." Furthermore, the "lighter" American ball induces better hand action, for it must be hit decisively if it is to go anywhere at all. The livelier, "longer" British ball lulls a man into accepting second-rate shots as first-rate ones, for even when it is not properly hit, it travels a good distance. The difference in the balls and in the techniques they promote is, of course, not the only reason for our continued success in the Walker Cup—indeed, there are many others, the primary one being the vast disparity in the whole sports climate of the two countries—but adopting the larger ball would undoubtedly help to hasten the moment when the long British wait comes to an end and the air is once again filled with long-stored-up cries of "Well, we have lived to see the day!" —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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Secretary McNAMARA. Not to my knowledge.

Senator THURMOND. Are the Soviet battery-type submarines, submarines which have a range capability which could permit their operation for extensive periods off our coasts?

Secretary McNAMARA. Not without the probability of detection. [Deleted.]

Senator THURMOND. Well, I did not ask that exactly, excuse me. What I asked was whether they had the range capabilities which would permit the operation for extensive periods along our coasts.

Secretary McNAMARA. Not without detection.

Senator THURMOND. What about with detection?

Secretary McNAMARA. Well, if we detected them presumably they would not continue operating.

Senator THURMOND. Well, I do not know about that. I am just asking the question if they have that capability.

Secretary McNAMARA. Well, Senator—

Senator THURMOND. I understand the answer to be yes. I do not want to quibble with you.

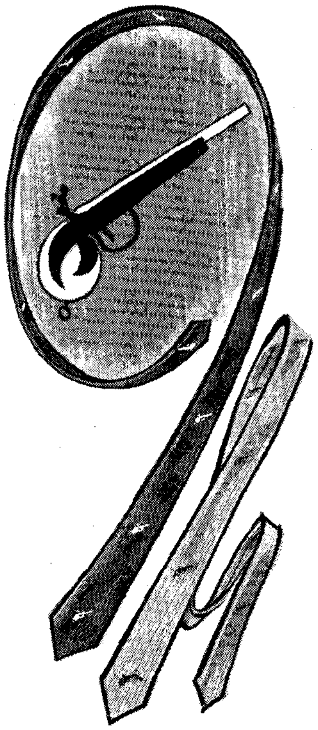
Secretary McNAMARA. No, sir. If by operation we mean the carrying out of operations against our forces, they could not continue to carry out such operations once we detected them. [Deleted.]

Senator THURMOND. As I understand your answer, it is that they do have the range capability which would permit the operation for extensive periods off our coasts, but that we would detect them if they did?

Secretary McNAMARA. Yes, that is correct.

Senator THURMOND. Is that what you mean?

Secretary McNAMARA. Yes, sir; that is correct.



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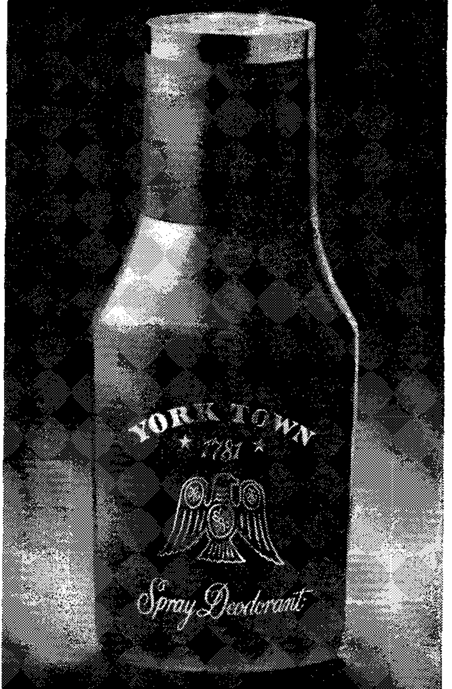

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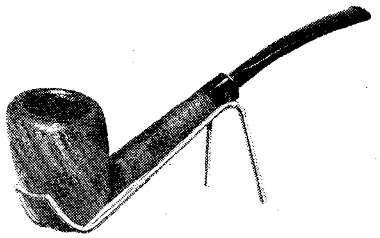

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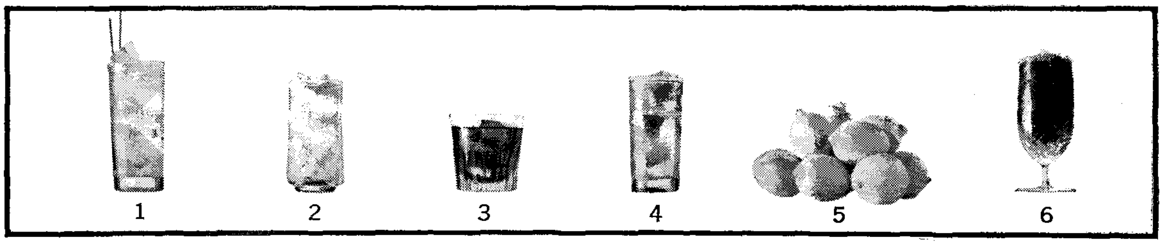

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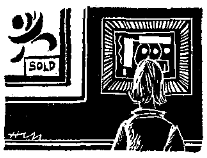
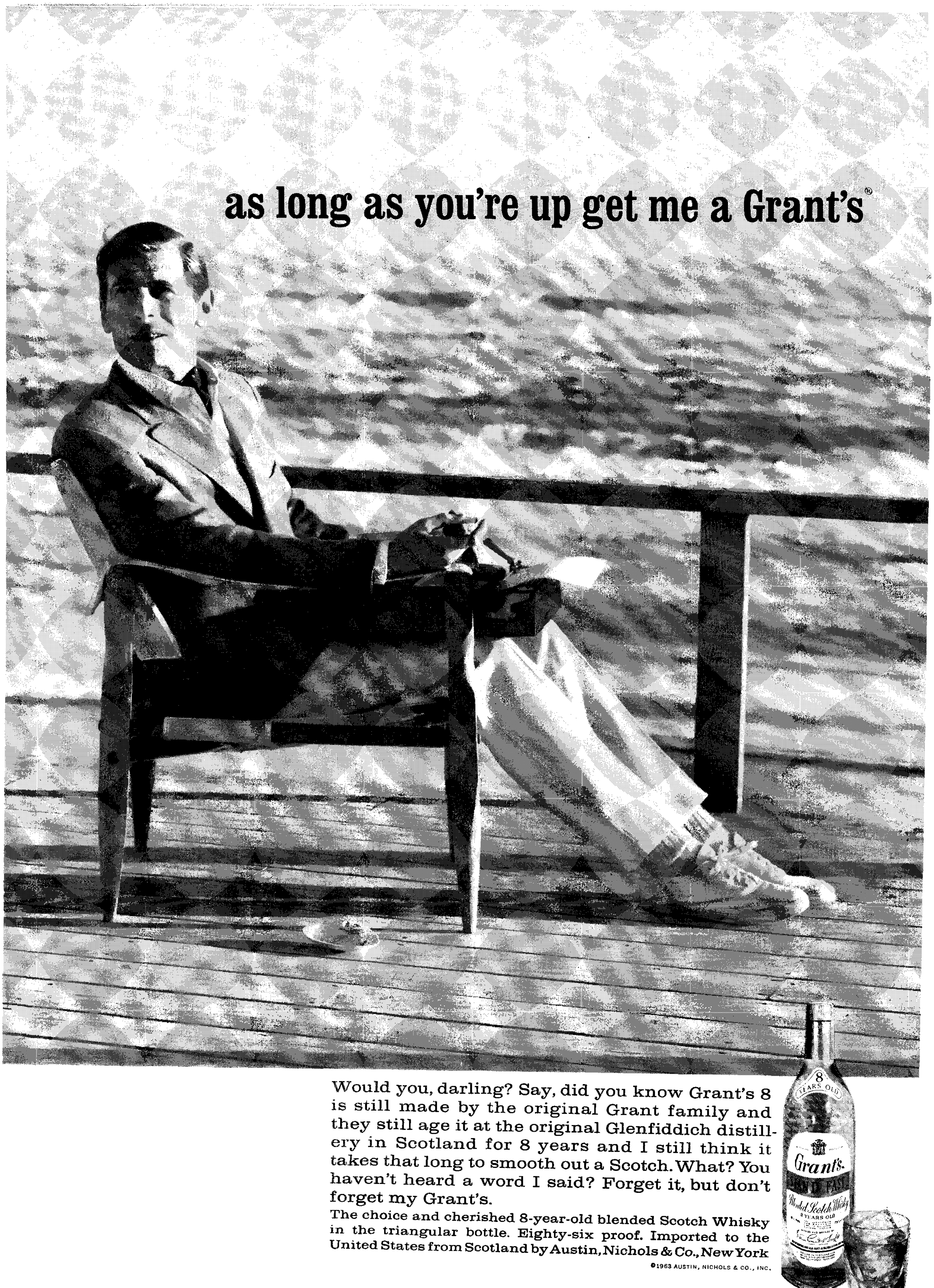
Abstract Expressionism may not be as dead as we keep being told it is, but there is no denying the will to see it dead. For professionals of the art world—dealers, museum directors, critics, contemporary historians—the largest flaw in the success achieved by American painting during the past dozen years has been the overemphatic presence of the artist and his personality in the work. In the most popular sense of the term, American painting has been excessively "Expressionist." Pollock, de Kooning, Kline, Guston have invested their canvases with too much freedom, too much angst. Rothko, Still, Gottlieb, Newman have brought to theirs too much of the arbitrary and the absolute. In thrusting himself or his idea into the picture, the artist also drags into it doubts about art, uneasiness about his identity, conflict with the environment, traditional bohemian ambiguity and defiance, even the crisis of contemporary society. The paintings of Gottlieb are impeccably organized, with every relationship between hues calculated with microscopic finesse, yet to Gottlieb these lucid, calm surfaces have signified cosmic cataclysm, as in the recent series entitled "Blast!" In a "Post-Expressionist" adaptation of Gottlieb's style, paintings like his would lose their ominous overtones and be named "Painting" or "Lavender and Blue."



Besides reminding the proud possessor, or the still prouder critical enthusiast, of the world that he and the artist share, Expressionist painting also reminds him of the distance between the artist and the art appreciator—a distance of pathos, since in our epoch the rule has been for the rhythm of creation to be a phase in a rhythm of confusion, misery, letting go, and even self-destruction. Expressionist painters have failed to live in a manner conducive to the peaceful enjoyment by society of the fruits of their labors. Their canvases and they themselves have been a nuisance both to the aesthete who wishes to react to the work of art exclusively as a pleasure-inducing object and to the history-conscious art expert and collector who seeks an objective trend with which he can identify himself and earn a place in the chronicle of contemporary art.

Thus, the turn against Abstract Expressionism by proponents of vanguard art has been motivated less by impatience for something new than by a will to reject what has been done—a rejection that had previously manifested itself in the systematic nibbling away of the meanings of Abstract Expressionist works through translating them into purely aesthetic terms. The initiative for the turn has come less from painters and sculptors than from the art press and other powers in the art world. The major objective has been to displace the artist, with his maladies of creation, in favor of a new kind of aesthetically sophisticated craftsman, satisfied to exhibit his skill in manipulating subject matter or some painting idea. Institutional support for this goal is by now practically unanimous in New York; *Art News* is the only organ that stands against it. Official sponsorship this season has gone overwhelmingly to the deadpan extracts from the daily scene known as "pop" art and to depersonalized abstraction and emblem-making. Exhibitions have been cleaned up, have become what one might term *mahler-frei*, or artist-free.

"Americans 1963," at the Museum of Modern Art, is the coolest show in town in any medium, except for the "Toward a New Abstraction" exhibition, at the Jewish Museum, where the paintings themselves add awnings and pistachio ice cream. (I should mention that the Jewish Museum starts a two-week vacation on Friday, June 14th.) My colleague in the Talk of the Town department inhaled the spirit of reconciliation behind the façade of the "premeditatedly outrageous" at the Museum of Modern Art and, like the dying Falstaff, "a' babbled of green fields," but he left to these columns the unkindly task of critical elaboration. In this assembly of art works there is not an Expressionist stroke or shape, except for two wood carvers, Gabriel Kohn and Michael Lekakis—plus, to confound the doctrinaires, Claes Oldenburg, leader of the "pop" artists, who says that he is for an art that "accumulates and spits and drips," and proves it by the surfaces and the draftsmanship of his enamelled hamburgers, his sewing machines, and his 7-Up lettering. Lekakis's dancing wood whorls and Kohn's leaning and interlocked free forms in laminated wood remind us that at the moment a vigorous surge of Abstract Expressionism is occurring in sculpture. Its fate in painting has, however, been sealed, at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the Museum of Modern Art show as elsewhere; otherwise, it would be hard to explain why half a dozen artists (among them such leading painters as Esteban Vicente and Jack Tworkov) who have never been included in the "Americans" exhibitions at the Museum should not have replaced artists in it.

The pictures first met on the gallery floor are exercises in eye-shifting dispositions of crosses, rectangles, and circles in variations of color value and size. The statement by the artist, Richard Anuszkiewicz, in the Museum catalogue helps put the spectator in the proper tiled-laboratory mood: "My work is of an experimental nature and has centered on an investigation into the effects of complementary colors of full intensity when juxtaposed and the optical changes that occur as a result," and so on. This mood will not be disrupted in the cubicle of Sally Hazelet Drummond, whose careful over-all diffusions of colored dots that drift toward centers of density bear such titles as "Bluebird," "Hummingbird," and "Drone," and who believes that "all great art is an attempt to reveal the structured, infinite, and beautiful order that lies deep within all existence." David Simpson's paintings are composed of horizontal bands of color with occasional blottings, and he is equally concerned with the beautiful, while being, of course, mindful of the new. Robert Indiana, an adapter of signs and stencil markings; Chryssa, a more resourceful sign-maker and manipulator of patterns, imprints, and lettering; James Rosenquist, with his collage effects of advertisements, which here tend toward an undisturbing Surrealism; Jason Seley, a sculptor who "adds" and "subtracts" auto bumpers into constructions often endowed with art-historical titles; Marisol, whose painted-wood-and-plaster cutouts can give the Mona Lisa and George Washington a family likeness to Buster Keaton—all these give predominance in the show to the idea man and to an art in which there is no one in the picture, or, if there is, someone who is keeping mum. Lee Bontecou's erotically menacing protrusions of steel, wire, and canvas, with their sixteen-inch-gun apertures and smoky crevices, are the only non-neat items in the exhibition. (The enamelled surfaces of the Oldenburgs give his "spit" a sanitary look.) Yet a reverse effect is created by her drawings, which have the mechanical precision of the art of the early part of the century. In this art of revivals—for actually there is nothing new either in this show or in the one at the Jewish Museum—Bontecou's reliefs return

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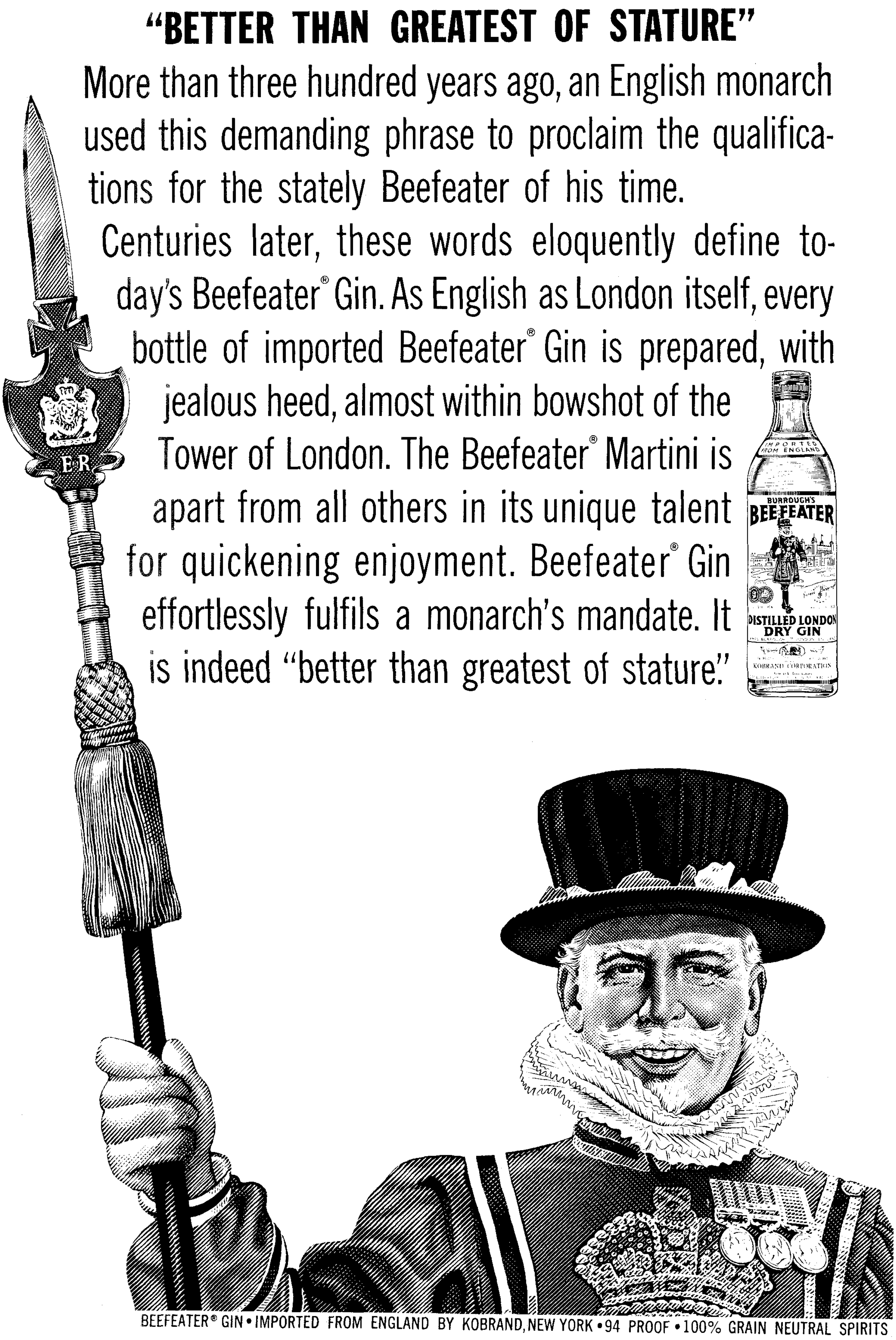
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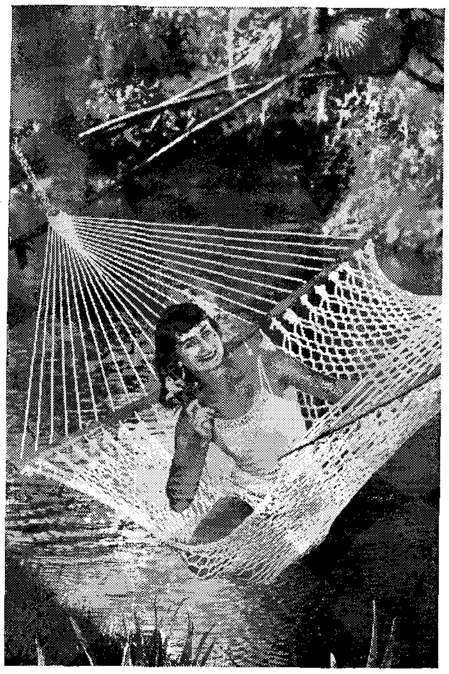
legitimately to Duchamp and Dada; like Kohn, Lekakis, and Oldenburg, she escapes neo-aesthetic blandness. On the other hand, Edward Higgins' welded-steel-and-painted-plaster sculptures are emblems in three dimensions, and might seem at first glance to belong with the other contrived images in the exhibition, yet they do not quite meld into the cold décor, for Higgins' conceptions have hallucinatory overtones and suggest—particularly the piece called "Untitled"—that they owe more to imagination than to calculation. Another imaginative artist, Richard Lindner—a well-known Surrealist, whose work is represented by an excellent selection—has been growing bolder and sexier. It is interesting to note in the context of this show, of which, in the main, art is the sole ideal, that both Lindner and Higgins state in the catalogue that they rarely think about art and have doubts about its importance.

There are no doubts in the mind of Ad Reinhardt. He knows exactly what art is, and even more exactly what it is *not*. Reinhardt, who descends to us from the dogma-ridden thirties, is the neo-aesthete par excellence. He has combined historical inevitability ("The one direction in fine or abstract art today is in the painting of the same form over and over again") with aesthetic objectives purified of all content or reference ("The one subject of a hundred years of modern art is that awareness of art of itself, of art preoccupied with its own process and means, with its own identity and distinction"). His statement in the Museum catalogue, five or six times the length of any other, lays down the law that "art-as-art is nothing but art" and the dictum "No Expressionism or Surrealism. 'The laying bare of oneself,' autobiographically or socially, 'is obscene.' " (Reinhardt's quotations are attributed in a footnote to "the ancients;" their application to contemporary painting is, of course, his own.) In my opinion, Reinhardt is the intellectual pivot of the new art that is offered as a replacement for Abstract Expressionism. This painter of evenly tinted all-black, all-square canvases of identical size is the link between prewar ideological painting and the current purist products presented at both the Museum of Modern Art and the Jewish Museum. He is also a theoretical focus of "pop" art by way of his war of nerves against contemporary creation, the drive of his own painting toward zero, and his paralleling of the Orientalism of John Cage, the mentor of the "pops." The "new" abstraction is derived from a historical self-consciousness about be-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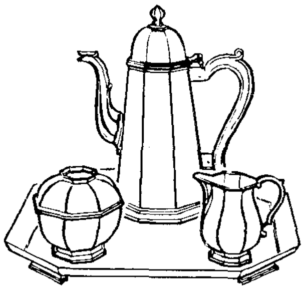
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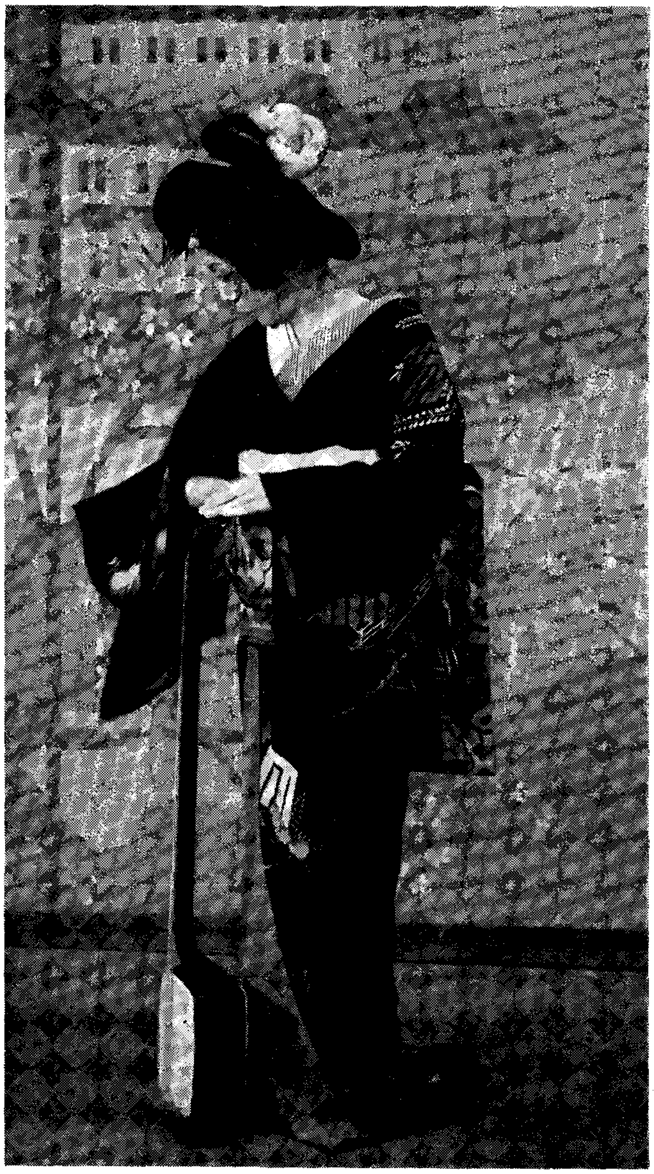

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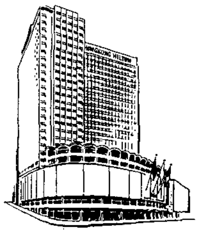

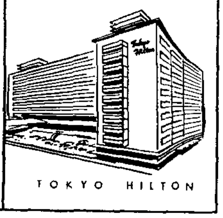

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ing new and radical, combined with the flight-from-politics impulse of the past fifteen years to deny all content or values in painting except those of art. Like Rothko and Newman, Reinhardt conceives of an art of one idea, which may be repeated with minuscule variations from painting to painting. (To get rid of all visible variations took only one more logical step.) In this respect, he is an Abstract Expressionist, and his work has been appreciated in the Abstract Expressionist context. Yet no one has pursued with more fanatical persistence a program of exorcising the artist from his work and destroying the social and intellectual communion among artists. That his services as the would-be executioner of Abstract Expressionism have awakened not a flicker of appreciation from other enemies of this movement is one of the ironies of his end-of-the-line situation as an Abstract Expressionist. The "black monk" of the Abstract Expressionist crusade, Reinhardt represents the domination of art by ideology to the most extreme degree. He calls for a type of painting utterly ruled by concept and executed according to recipe. Of all ideas in contemporary art, Reinhardt's idea is the most powerful, since it seeks not to oppose other ideas or insights but to obliterate them. He is the disciple in art of the Lenin who in 1907 characterized his attacks on other Socialists as follows: "That tone, that formulation, is not designed to convince but to break ranks, not to correct a mistake of the opponent but to annihilate him, to wipe him off the face of the earth." All painting is to sink into Reinhardt's black, square trapdoor. "The one thing to say about art," he writes, "is its breathlessness, lifelessness, deathlessness, contentlessness, formlessness, spacelessness, and timelessness. This is always the end of art." On a page of the catalogue following this credo, a profile photograph of Reinhardt brooding in shadowy silhouette at the end of a wooden bench against a square window of his studio reinforces his poetry of grand negation at the same time that it contradicts it by setting the artist in the foreground of his characteristic square composition.

In the happy galleries of the Museum of Modern Art show, Reinhardt's works had to be roped off, as if they might bite. His paintings, a guard told me, had stimulated more hostility than any works since Dubuffet's. I suggested that the Dubuffets looked more aggressive. "These are aggressive enough in their own way," he replied. He was right, of course. Yet there is a difference. Dubuffet bites the art public,

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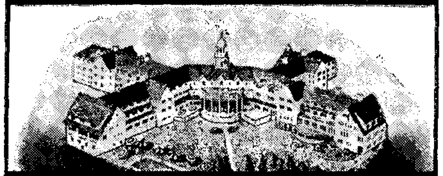

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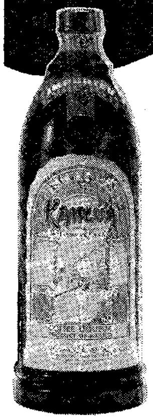

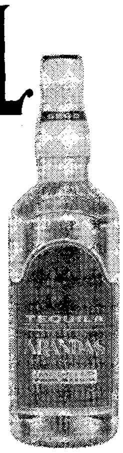

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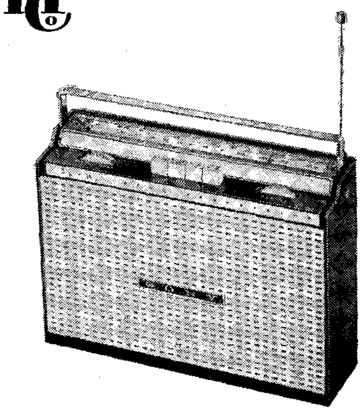
Reinhardt other artists. "The one struggle in art is the struggle of artists against artists, of artist against artist, of the artist-as-artist within and against the artist-as-man, -animal, or -vegetable," he writes. Or, as the Leninist slogan of the thirties put it, "The main enemy is at home."

THE Museum of Modern Art exhibition is a fair reflection of official concepts of what is new in art in 1963; apart from the effects of its presentation, it makes no attempt to intrude any philosophy or program into what is being done. Quite different in intention is the "Toward a New Abstraction" exhibition at the Jewish Museum—as scandalous a piece of steam-rollering as has appeared even in these days of planned hero-making. Never has mere decoration been presented with more pretentiousness and yet remained mere decoration. If the Museum of Modern Art selections combine the mind-crushing dogma of Reinhardt with eye-catching froth, the connection between dogma and taste inspiration is exposed in the stage setting of the nine painters at the institution on Fifth Avenue. Each artist has a critic to back him up—no mere statement by the artist, as in the Museum of Modern Art catalogue. Among the lenders to the show are other critics and art historians. In compensation, and to further certify the cementing of unity between the artist and his audience, the introduction to the catalogue was written by a prominent collector of contemporary art who was once devoted to Abstract Expressionism but who now, in bellicose tones, characterizes current art history as a fortunate liberation from the influence of Willem de Kooning. "What was taken to be a revolutionary style in the late forties was, in reality, the logical extension, final flowering, and summation of an era: the post-Cubist art of Europe," he writes. Having thus disposed of the kind of painting that put American art on the first plane of interest throughout the world (I am told that Europeans are marvelling at the present sabotage in New York of the painting that made it a global art capital), our collector-prognosticator speaks of "true inheritors and implementors of our new abstract traditions." (I trust that in using the self-contradictory term "new traditions" the author of the introduction was not misled by the phrase "the tradition of the new.") The work of these heirs is, we are told, "revolutionary," but "the attitude toward the work is non-expressionist; it is ordered, constructed. It is painting of a careful



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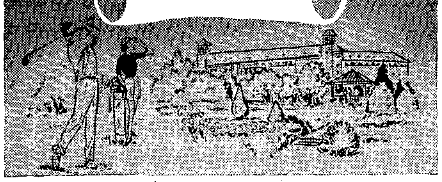

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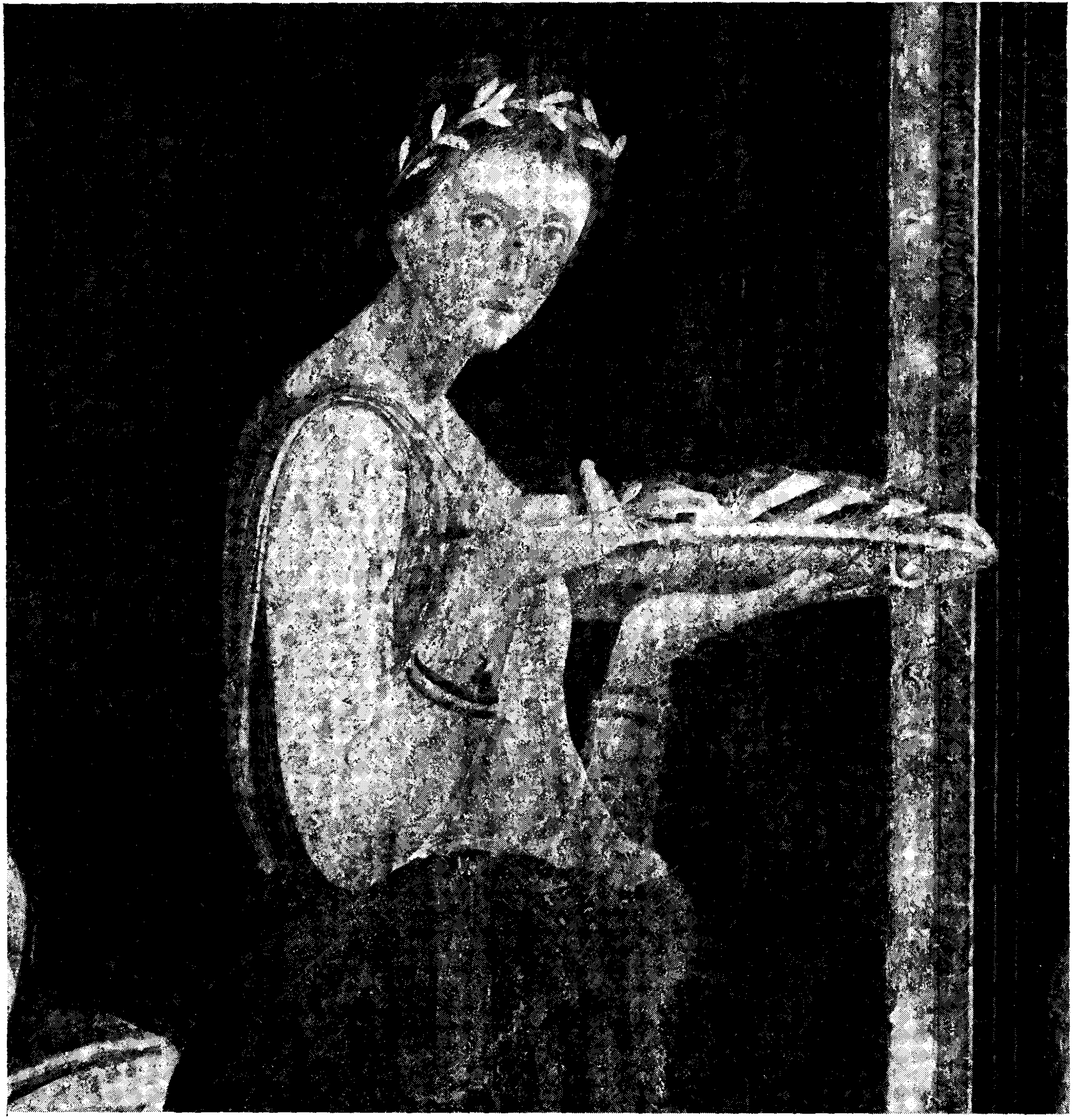

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and visibly wrought balance. . . . The painting appears as a preconceived idea and . . . the stress is on the finished work." The ideological and craft essence of the new art apparently made it possible for "those of us who have planned and discussed this exhibition [to find] it relatively simple to delineate who belonged, who didn't, and who was on the borderline and why." The crux of the new revolutionary, conceptual, orderly, constructed, and balanced paintings that so readily revealed their secrets to the man with the checkbook is that "there is no longer that total sense of identification [of the artist] with the work; rather there is a sense of discretion, of removal which says, 'I am no longer the painting and it me. It is there, and it is what I say, but it is not all of me, for I have something left outside of it with which I control it and the rest of my life.' "

This first bourgeois manifesto in the history of art, with its call for mental and social security in painting, cannot, of course, be laid at the door of any artist. Yet some of the artists in the show would appear to have had a hand in composing it, and, as at the Museum of Modern Art, most are living up to its program. The paintings of Miriam Schapiro feature a central panel within a field of gray, like the band in a Newman, though it is wide enough to contain a series of symbolic objects set in compartments, in the manner of early Gottliebs, but one above another, and realistically painted. Since Miss Schapiro's favorite symbols are the egg and the golden arch, and since only three or four years ago she was an Abstract Expressionist of the wilder sort, her new borrowings and mythmaking kept casting into my mind thoughts of the goose that laid the golden egg. Another converted Abstract Expressionist overtaken by "discretion" is Kenneth Noland, who shares with Raymond Parker a huge, square room, its magnificent unbroken walls hung with gigantic paintings. From a decorator's point of view, the effect is stunning. As paintings, however, the only satisfactory works in the room are Parker's "Painting" dated 1958 and his "Painting" dated 1963. Noland's work is neither more nor less feeble and inhibited than it was before his abstractions became "new." He composes targets with a systematic blotting of the paint upon raw canvas, leaving a ghostly edge, as of run-off turpentine. His most recent paintings in the group abandon the target for arrangements of mathematical shapes inside one another. "Lebron," of 1961-62, a gray circle within a blue oblong within a yellow

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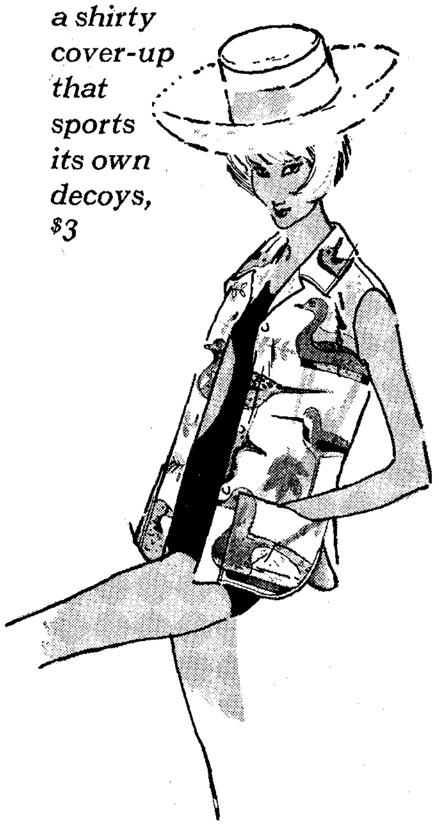

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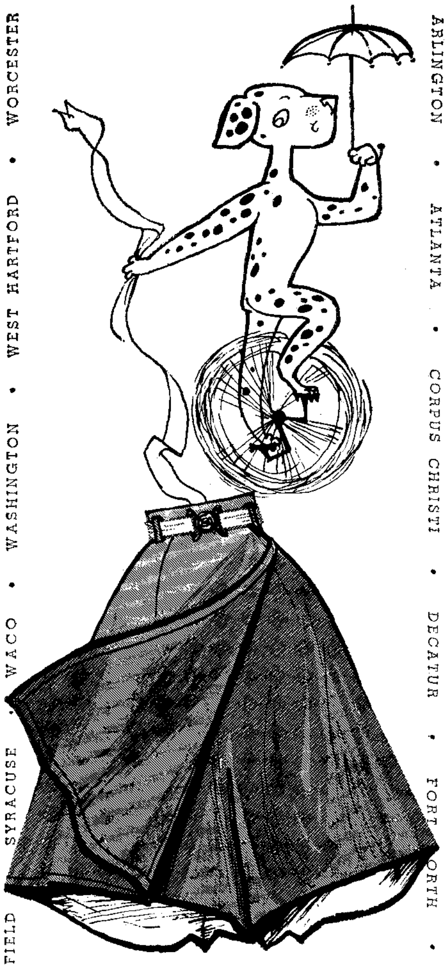

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oval within a white circle within the gray square of the canvas, suggests by its attractive forms and savory pastel shades an enlarged season pass to some expensive club. (Perhaps that's what it is.) In "Spread," of 1958, the outer circle of the target flies outward and spreads, by blotting. This painting invites comparison with the more dynamic Expressionist poster in the New School for Social Research exhibition of German political art, which uses the same motif. "Lake," of 1959, is a diffused blot in the manner of Helen Frankenthaler, who, I suppose, did not "belong" in the show because she is too well known or because she has been too closely identified with spontaneity and chance in painting. In any case, her kind of paint blotting is characteristic of another exhibitor, the late Morris Louis, whose parallel stripes are vertical and diagonal, rather than circular, as in Noland's targets, and whose "Green by Gold" is the only entry of his that approaches a composition issuing from the experience of painting, as opposed to the execution of a design concept. Another composer of stripes with absorbed edges, Frank Stella, produces geometrical compositions resembling those of Anuszkiewicz, and also resembling, unfortunately, a ceiling ventilator installed almost directly above his canvases. With Noland, Louis, and Stella, the new abstraction reduces itself to the consistency of the paint, since in other respects their work adds nothing to that of abstractionists who have been with us for twenty-five years, such as Charmion von Wiegand, Burgoyne Diller, George L. K. Morris, and Richard Poussette-Dart, or newer "purists," like Ludwig Sander and Leon Polk Smith.

Ellsworth Kelly's entries are good old "hard-edge" painting, out of Albers and Glarner, very competently achieving electrical retinal results with blues, greens, and reds, or with blues alone. In the bold dimensions of his forms, Kelly is more interesting than Anuszkiewicz, who tends toward similar color effects. "Blue Tablet," of 1962, cleverly produces an illusionistic Newman by recessing half the canvas, thus creating a band of shadow that varies with the position of the spectator. George Ortman inlays his surfaces with arrows, crosses, circles, and hearts enclosed in diamonds and squares, often backed by stripes. All have a more or less specifically totemic intention, but while the holes in "Circle," of 1958, evoke a ball-rolling game at a fair, "New York City Totem," of 1962, is a diagram of sex

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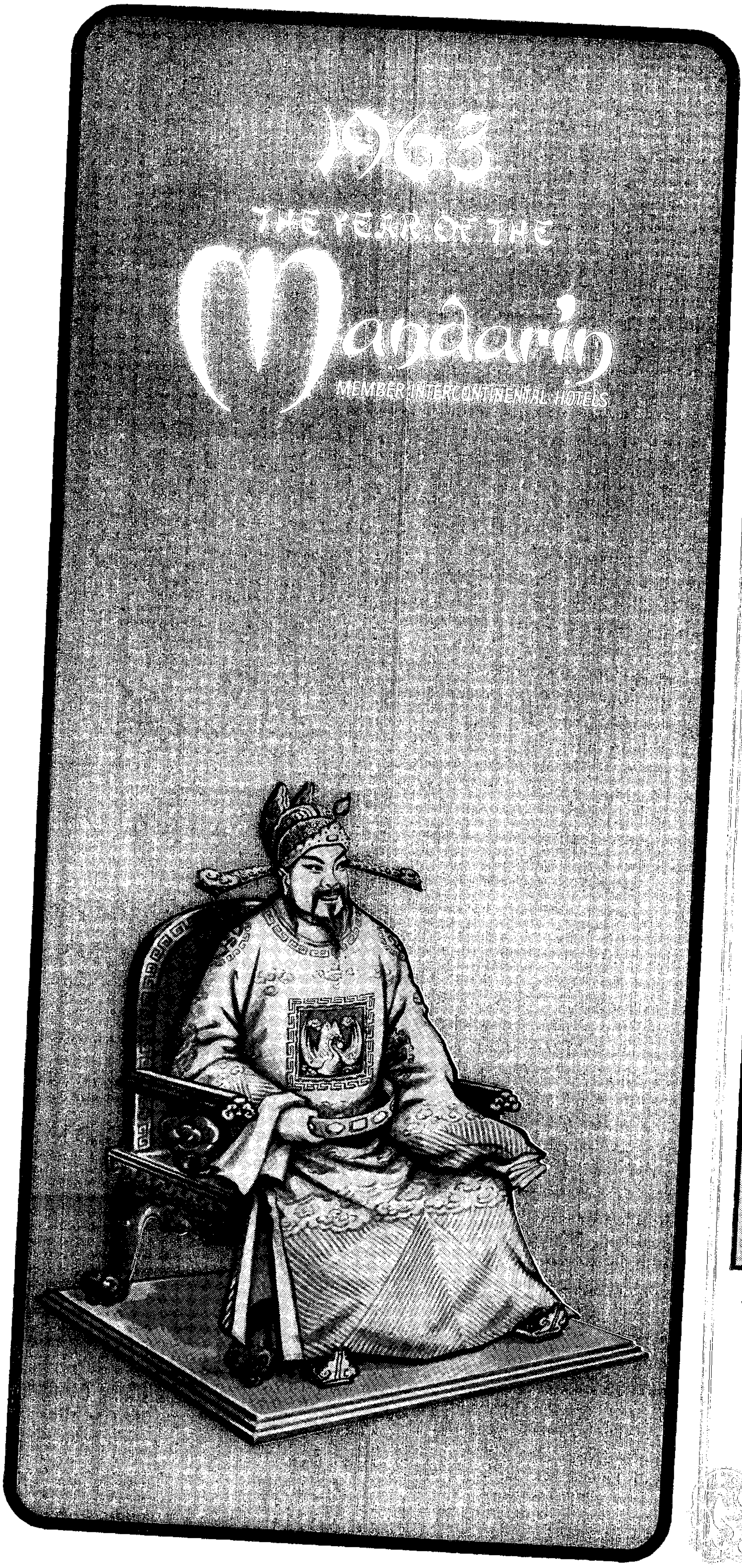

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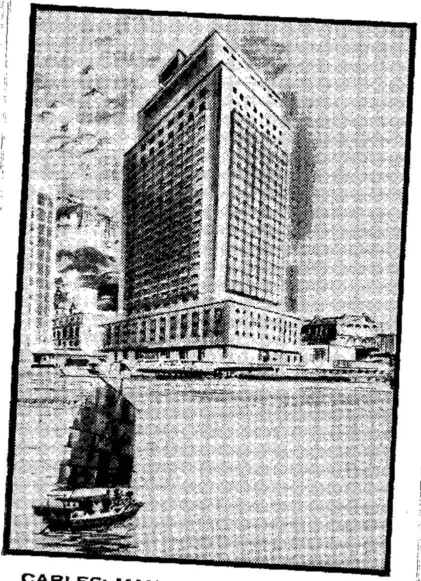

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that is more typical of his recent work. Ortman's blues, whites, purples, and yellows are strong, simple, and pleasing, and his puzzles invite speculation.

Besides Raymond Parker, the only painter in the show whose paint handling contains emotional quality is Al Held. Speaking of "belonging," Held, Parker, Ortman, and Kelly are the best painters in the show and do not belong in it. Held, especially, is a full-fledged Tenth Street Expressionist (his work has interesting affiliations with that of Nicholas Krushenick), who paints huge, heavily loaded, knobby-surfaced canvases in which the size is not merely an overexposing showcase for an unimpressive image, as with Noland, but the means of conveying an expansive and enveloping—including self-enveloping—emotion. Compare Held's "The Big A" with Stella's "Pagosa Springs"—a cutout of an "H" done in white and bronze parallel lines, like a radiator cover—and the difference between creative painting and what the introduction calls "a sense of discretion, of removal" will become clear.

In the last and most discreet artist, Paul Brach, the spirit of Reinhardt that reigns over this "New Abstraction" exhibition is, appropriately, brought fully to the surface. Brach paints squares, rectangles, and circles that disappear into a background of the same hue. His three largest canvases are all square, but he lacks the extremism of character or conviction to make them exactly alike. Brach, also an ex-Abstract Expressionist—none of the artists at the Jewish Museum is very young—has in the past few years become an artist of "invisibility," "voids," "subtraction." All in all, he has adopted the idea of one idea. But it is into a field of *blue* that his arrangements disappear, not into the black extinction of Reinhardt. The incantation that the latter has pronounced against Abstract Expressionism has had the effect not of precipitating a holocaust of painting but of turning some painters back toward craft practice, through which they are prepared to please the tastes of the emerging vanguard audience.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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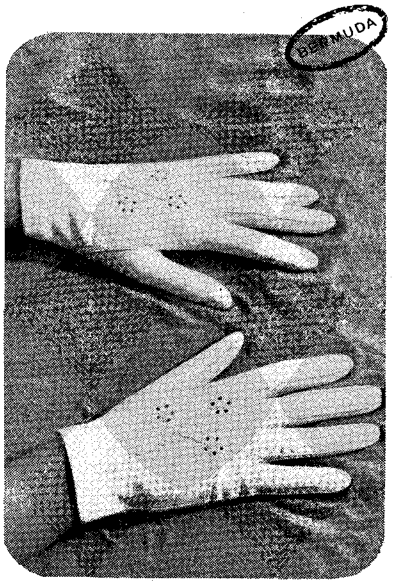
Dorothy *Haworth* Rigner wants to thank all the members of the class who responded so generously last year to "the call" for Annual Giving. She says it makes all the work worth while! She has vacationed in Nassau for six years now.



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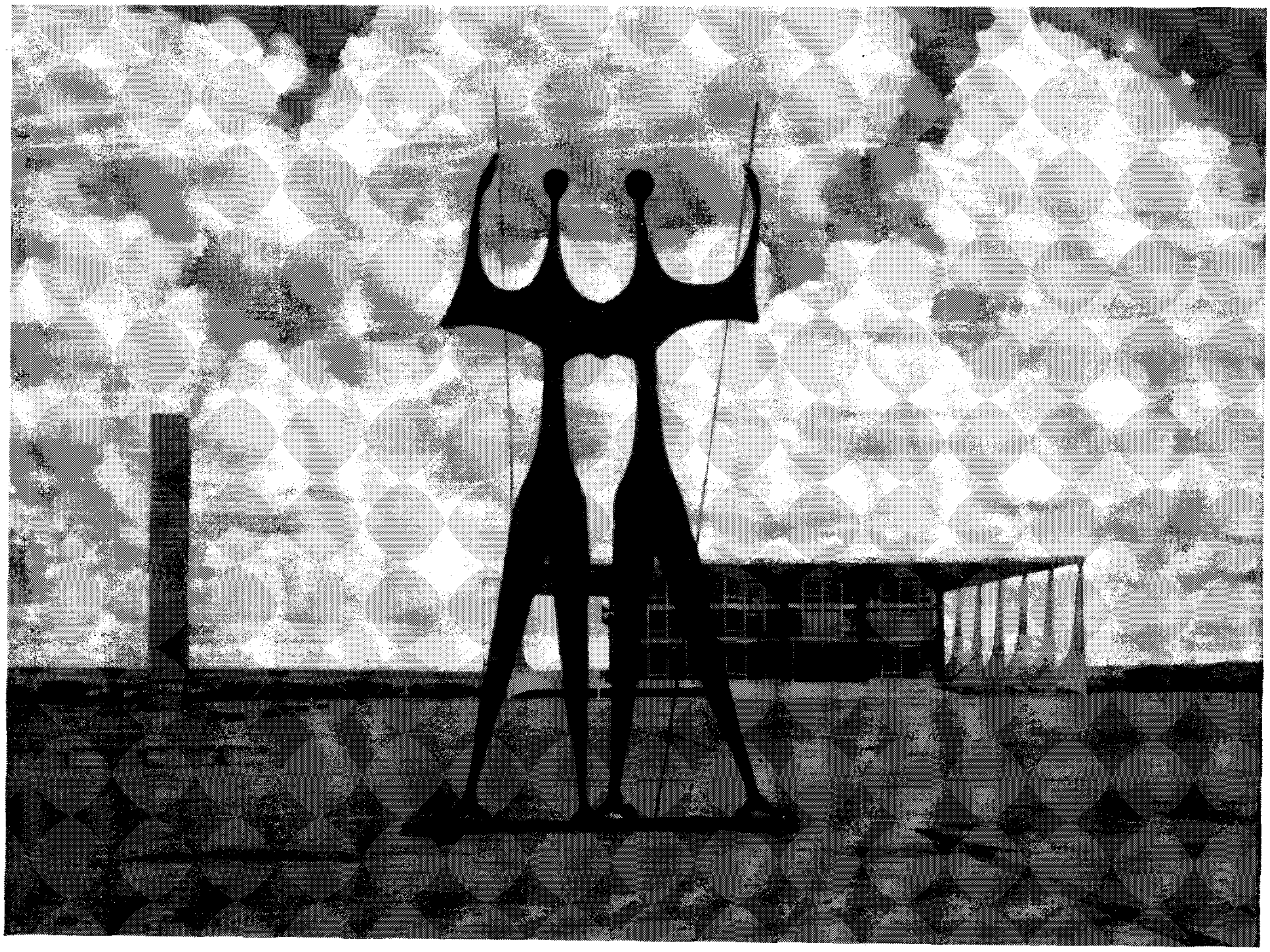

Sculpture: "Candangof" (Pioneers of Brasilia) by Bruno Giorgi; Palace of Justice; Brasilia, Brazil

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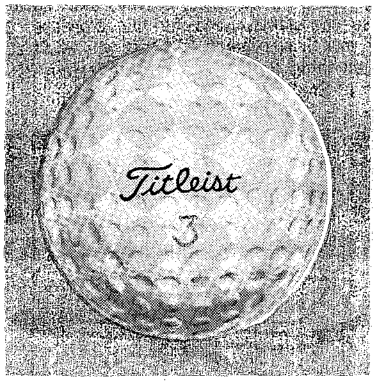

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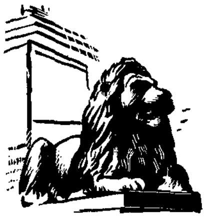
JUNE 5



THE knowledge that Pope John was dying lay sadly at the back of the beautiful Whitsun holidays for people of every denomination or none. In this country, where there is still much deep-seated suspicion of all things Roman, his death caused a quite unprecedented feeling of sorrow and shared loss among non-Catholics, from Canterbury down to families who go to church at Easter and leave it at that. It was not simply the undoubted fact that everybody saw lovable goodness on their television screens and recognized it. His insistence that human beings are equal in dignity and freedom of choice in the eyes of God was what large numbers of people here and everywhere, it seems, wanted to hear and had all but despaired of hearing. The sound, liberal good sense of Pope John and his famous encyclical "Pacem in Terris" went home to their heads as well as to their hearts, which mourned him sincerely on Monday when he died, having perhaps changed the climate of Christianity for all.

IT is not only two-legged Londoners who are having to adjust to altered skylines and radically transformed vistas when they look about them these days. The Zoological Society of London has just opened to the public another completed section of the new zoo that is beginning to take shape in Regent's Park under the interested gaze of visitors and of the residents, who, during the last three years or so, have become conditioned to the racket of cranes and excavators at close quarters as one more extraordinary sound effect of the human jungle. The whole layout will probably not be finished before the end of the sixties, partly for financial reasons, partly because the program has to be planned in stages, with a constant reshuffling of animals out of their old condemned quarters and into temporary lodgings so that a fresh site can be cleared. By then, even a veteran elephant of particularly retentive memory may have difficulty in recalling what the old place looked like. The Society is going through its most expansive phase since it was founded, in 1826, by the great Sir Stamford Raffles, Sir Humphry Davy (then president of the Royal So-

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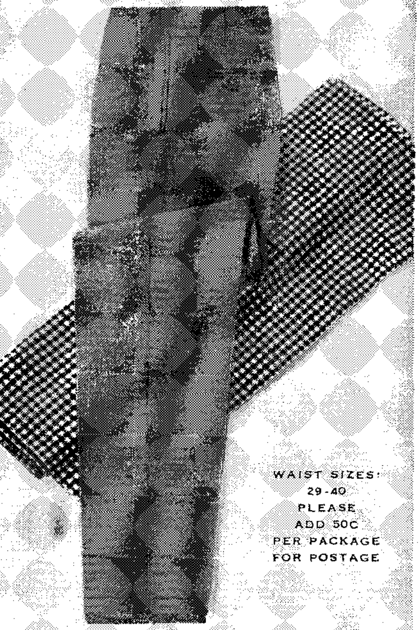

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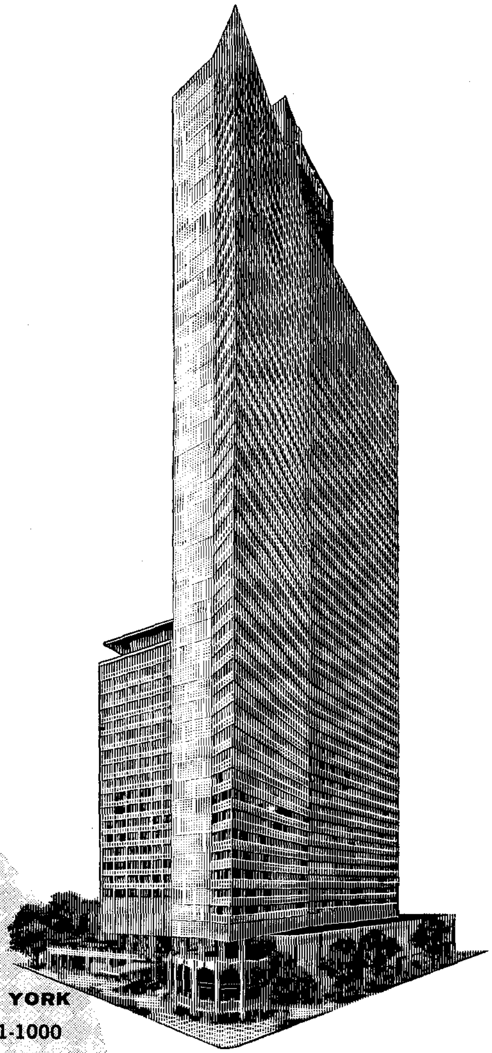

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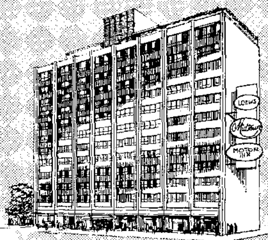

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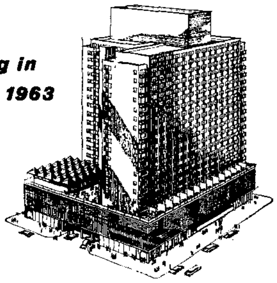

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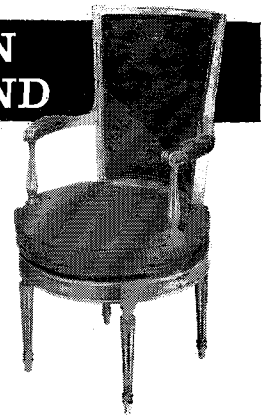

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ciety), and other eminent naturalists. George IV gave it its first royal charter in 1829, and in January of this year the Queen granted it a new one, which was identical in stating the Society's purpose as "the advancement of zoology and animal physiology, and the introduction of new and curious subjects of the animal kingdom," but scrapped some obsolete features in the original constitution and brought various things up to date in its management. For instance, the president (at the moment, Prince Philip, whose interest in wildlife is not confined, as local opponents of blood sports indignantly assert from time to time, to shooting stags and expensive little birds on expensive big moors) and the important offices of treasurer and secretary to the council (Dr. Terence Morrison-Scott and Professor Sir Solly Zuckerman, respectively) will now be elected for a longer term of years, which in this case should see the redevelopment plans through under the same team. The Society's reformed constitution also makes new provisions for the deploying of its funds, which have never been princely. Although large numbers of British take the London Zoo comfortably for granted as a valuable public possession—a landmark as familiar as the British Museum or the National Gallery, a generous educator, and a solace to all ages—it rather surprisingly receives no state assistance. Its finances are dependent on the subscriptions of its thirty-six hundred and eighty-eight (as of the end of last year) ordinary and scientific fellows, on its takings at Regent's Park and at its out-of-town open-air zoo at Whipsnade (both these sources of income can be badly hit by a dismal summer, like that of 1962), on legacies in the wills of friends, and on reviving transfusions of money from the big givers, such as the Ford Foundation, the Wellcome Trust, and the Nuffield Foundation. These three provided munificent backing for the two fine research institutes now being built on the grounds of the zoo for the study of animal physiology and of diseases that afflict men and beasts alike. Three years ago, a private admirer of the Society, Mr. Jack Cotton, the financier who had a share in putting up the Pan-Am Building in New York, presented it with a handsome quarter of a million pounds. Not surprisingly, the recently completed buildings and paddocks that Prince Philip opened the other day have been called "the Cotton terraces."

Sir Hugh Casson, who planned the new zoo, together with the Society's architect, Mr. F. A. P. Stengelhofen, is

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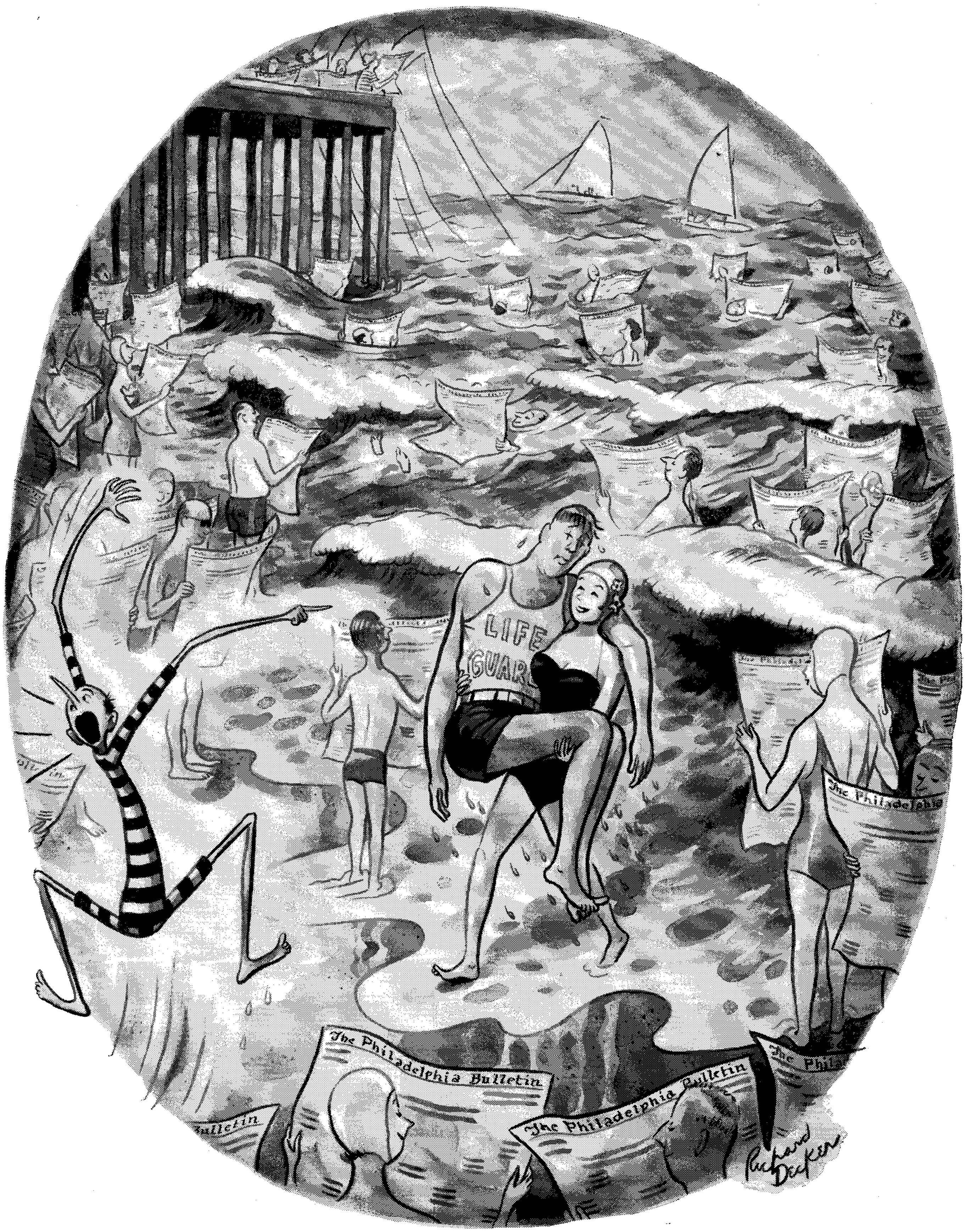
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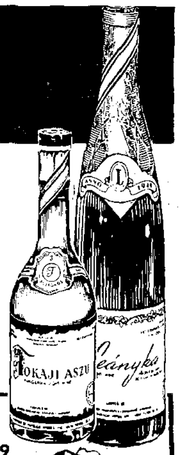

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by no means the first planner to produce a scheme for the landscaping and building of the place as a whole, with the idea of showing off the animals and pleasing the eyes of the human beings equally. Decimus Burton prepared one in 1826, which unfortunately was never finished, and one or two later attempts were wrecked by the onset and aftermath of world wars. (The bombing raids of the second war, of course, did quite a bit of damage to the zoo.) Some of Burton's designs got built, however, and still survive, among them the charming black-and-white Clock Tower, which looks as though it had come out of a child's toy town; the elegant little Ravens' House; and the famous Giraffe House, scheduled to be designated a building of historic and architectural importance. This has just been excellently and very simply enlarged by Mr. Stengelhofen. A feature of the new zoo is that it will be, as much as possible, a prison without bars. Walking around the paddocks behind the new buildings for bison, zebras, and camels, which were designed by Mr. Peter Shepheard, one finds oneself all but nose to nose with the animals, separated from them only by fairly narrow moats of water, and in the houses where wooden bars currently exist between the gentler residents and the visitors, the bars will be gradually replaced by less distracting wires. The hope is that by then the animals will have got used to the idea of a psychological deterrent and will do nothing about it, which is one that human beings have learned to live with, too. Sir Hugh Casson's Elephant Pavilion is still under construction, but, to judge by the model on view at the zoo, it will be the most interesting and boldly untraditional of the new structures. Its immensely solid-looking circular concrete ramparts—something like a "Beau Geste" desert fort—are dominated by an outcrop of curious tall, yawning copper-sheathed funnels, which give an impression of trunks raised amiably for buns but are actually shafts to focus daylight, with dramatic effect, on the elephants below, since the visitors will wend their way past the pens in darkness. The controversial aviary designed by Lord Snowdon when he was plain Mr. Armstrong-Jones has been started on a site beside the bottle-green Regent's Canal, which will reflect its completed pattern of wires suspended between tremendously high tubular-steel pyramid frames, like a vast, startling mobile. Here the public will be in with the birds, behind the fine wire mesh, gaping upward from a pedestrian bridge at the high fliers and downward at the waders and other

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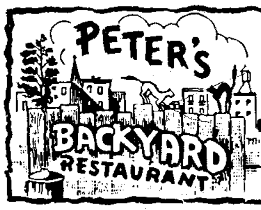

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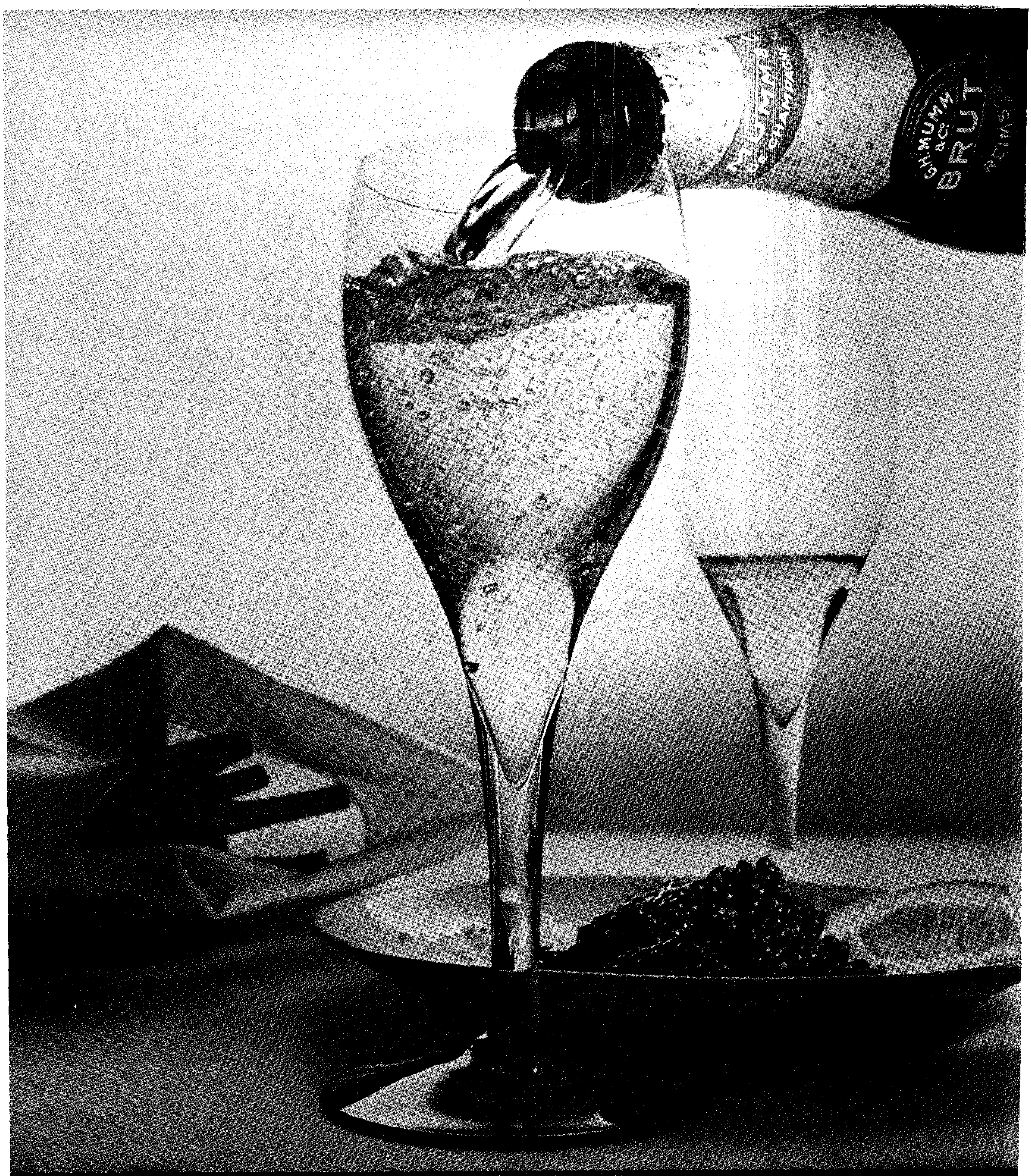
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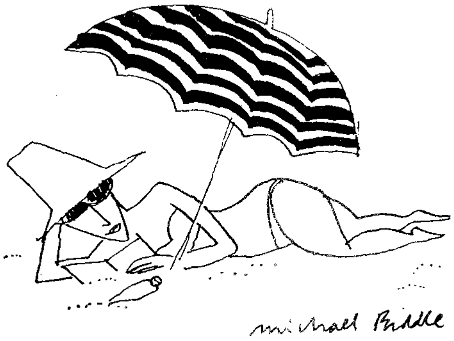
waterfowl that will apparently live in amity in the pools beneath.

All these projects are being embarked upon by the Society with new confidence, because, for the first time in its hundred and thirty-seven years of existence, it has become an independent tenant of the site in Regent's Park, which is Crown property, and which it previously occupied by royal permission. Since the Crown Estate Act was passed in 1961, however, the Society has been permitted to lease the land, in more down-to-earth fashion, from the Minister of Works.

THE Glyndebourne Opera has just opened its twenty-second season—the first without the Pickwickian figure of its founder, John Christie, beaming courteously at the dinner-interval picnic parties of strangers eating lobster salad on his lawns. His son, George Christie, has inherited this unique creation, which seemed to be functioning as admirably as ever the other evening, and was, as usual, sold out, even though the price of seats has again been raised—to balance its standards of perfection with ever-soaring costs, the management sadly explained. The three-month season opened with Gunther Rennert's production and John Pritchard's conducting of an opera new to Glyndebourne—Richard Strauss's last work, "Capriccio," written when he was seventy-seven. The idea was suggested to him by Stefan Zweig after Zweig, who had collaborated on one opera with Strauss, fled from the Nazis to Austria and then, when Austria fell, to South America, where finally he committed suicide. Eventually, the libretto was written by Clemens Krauss, but it was no great shakes as an idea in the first place, as most of the critics of the Glyndebourne production coolly felt, adding that the opera was a curiously mannered, tinkling, esoteric piece to come from a great composer in 1942. The subject is a sort of intellectual houseparty in a château near Paris in 1775. (The date is right away a dig in the ribs and the memories of exceptionally well-informed operagoers, since it was the



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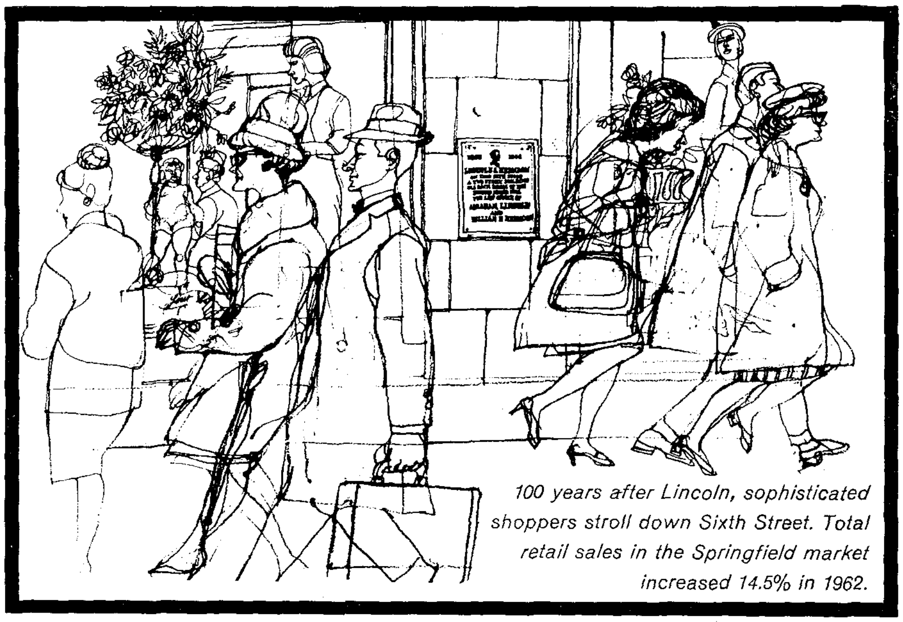

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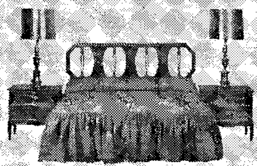

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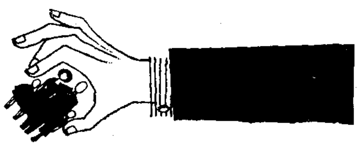

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year after Gluck's opera "Iphigénie en Aulide" had set the musical world at loggerheads over the merits of his theory that a score should simply and naturally carry along a dramatic story, as against that of the Italian school, which held that the words were just an inconvenient necessity for a display of florid singing.) The young dilettante aristo host, his beautiful widowed sister the Countess, and various guests from the world of the arts are gathered to concoct an entertainment for the lady's birthday. They argue endlessly, like characters in a Thomas Peacock novel, talking their heads off all night over the problem (one that seems to have fascinated Strauss, who for twenty years had been partnered by a librettist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, of equal genius to his own): Which is more important in an opera—the music or the words? For those who did not understand German, and maybe for some of those who did, the debate seemed lengthy and only occasionally great Strauss. There were many silvery reminders of "Rosenkavalier" in the score, and Dennis Lennon's midnight-blue, candlelit salon was elegant. The Countess was sung by the enchanting Elizabeth Söderström, looking like a junior Marschallin who had not yet met Octavian as she tried to decide between two suitors, a composer and a poet (well sung by Horst Wilhelm and Raymond Wolansky), to give the dry bones of the argument not very carnal flesh. A Baron Ochs would have shattered the whole affair with one coarse kick of his heavy human foot.

It seldom happens that three London galleries have concurrent exhibitions of one artist's work, especially when that artist is all but unknown here. By one of those mysterious impulses that apparently convince several good judges simultaneously that something or someone is due to return to fashion, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Arthur Jeffress Gallery, and the Grosvenor Gallery are all showing the work of Alphonse Mucha, the Czech artist who around the turn of the century became the rage of Europe and the United States as the major prophet of *art nouveau.* The wits also called it "macaroni art," on account of the pasta-like loops and arabesques with which Mucha surrounded his erotic, seven-foot-high females, and which were copied, as the Mucha craze invaded furniture, metalwork, and jewelry, in everything from bentwood to beaten silver. Mucha first made his name with his theatrical posters for Sarah Bernhardt, of which the

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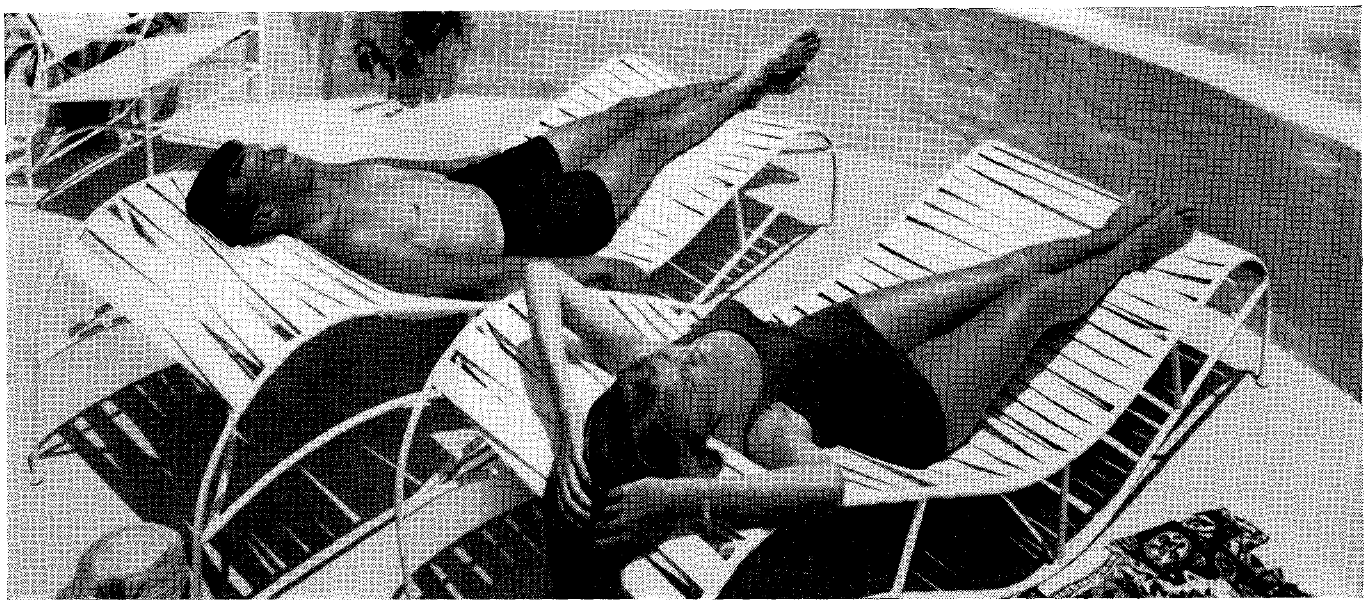

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most famous are on view in the large, exhausting V. and A. show. He was a beautiful draftsman, and the exhibition includes delicate botanical drawings as well as designs for such everyday objects as knives and forks and hatpins and fireplaces, which poured from him in a too easy stream of invention. There are also what seem like miles of his vast women, at once coldly statuesque and oddly sexual, crowned with his typical lilies or peekabooing from the crescent moons, horseshoes, and other symbols that he used obsessively, again and again. The Mucha style is said to be traceable in Beardsley and Gauguin, and it clearly influenced the charming artist Walter Crane, whose illustrations for children's books were the delight of Edwardian nurseries in England. The new interest in it, strange though it seems, has perhaps something to do with many people's growing sense of deadly boredom with abstract art.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

REMARKS TO A DEPRESSED PATIENT

If you call the kind gods of the unconscious to your pain—
the great wise father, merciful and mild,
the warm red womb, the sleeping child—
they will all come, soothe you again,
make you cry sicker,
do you no good.
They will do you in.

You need your brothers, the loud battling fools—
spilled beer, bad jokes, black eyes;
your sisters with their nasty tongues and nails—
mutinous, sleek as cats, deceitful, bland;
fights, breakage in your secret room;

your mother screaming "Order!"
with her broom
clutched in her hard, unthinking hand.

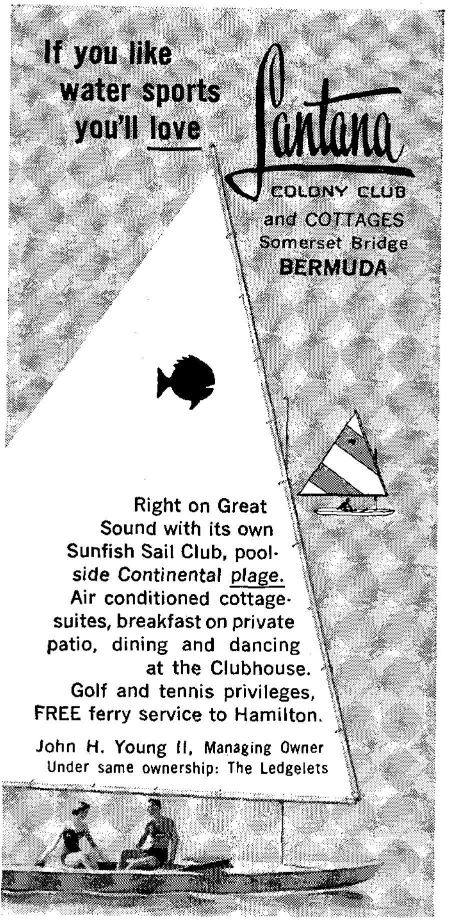
—Ames Rowe Quentin

•

Van Nuys—Burglars made off with $20,600 in coins from a Van Nuys shop during the weekend, police reported today. Officers said the burglars forced the rear door of an adjoining store and then cut through a wall to enter the coin shop owned by Danny Crabb at 13762 Victory Blvd.

The greatest fortune anyone can bequeath to posterity is a healthy body, productive work habits, and knowledge of importance of wise management of time and money.—*Los Angeles Citizen News.*

Hear *that*, Danny Crabb?



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THE RACE TRACK

Encore

THERE was something rather splendid about Chateaugay's indifference to the muddy track for the ninety-fifth running of the Belmont Stakes, at Aqueduct last Saturday. After following the leaders for a mile of the mile and a half, he came sailing along in the last quarter to win by nearly three lengths from Candy Spots. Choker was third, a length behind. Of course, the scene was dominated by Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots, who won the Santa Anita Derby, the Preakness, and the Jersey Derby and is the most talked-about California three-year-old since Silky Sullivan, and by John Galbreath's Kentucky Derby winner Chateaugay, but—to the surprise of almost everybody—there were seven starters for the race. On the face of it, the best that any of the five other colts could hope for was third money, but their owners were willing to take a flyer for the cash and the kudos.

In spite of the crowd in the paddock, I managed to get a good view of the two stars. Chateaugay was the pick of the lot on looks and conditioning, just as he had been in both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, but Jim Conway, who trains him, wasn't too sure that he would like the footing. Candy Spots, I thought, was light in flesh and very drawn-looking. Meshach Tenney, who trains him, had told me, a day or two before, that Candy Spots eats eight or nine quarts of oats a day, plus a big ration of a special fodder prepared at the Ellsworth ranch, and all the hay he can get, but it doesn't show. As the horses began the parade to the post, the pony who accompanied Candy Spots whinnied, and Tenney remarked, "You know, that fellow has never whinnied at any other horse in our stable, but he always does it when he goes out with Candy Spots."

Because of the size and shape of the Aqueduct racecourse, the Belmont had to be started on the turn between the backstretch and the homestretch. This was most unusual, but all the runners had a fair break. Bonjour was quickest away, and led for half a mile before he was joined by Candy Spots. At the end of seven furlongs, Bonjour had had

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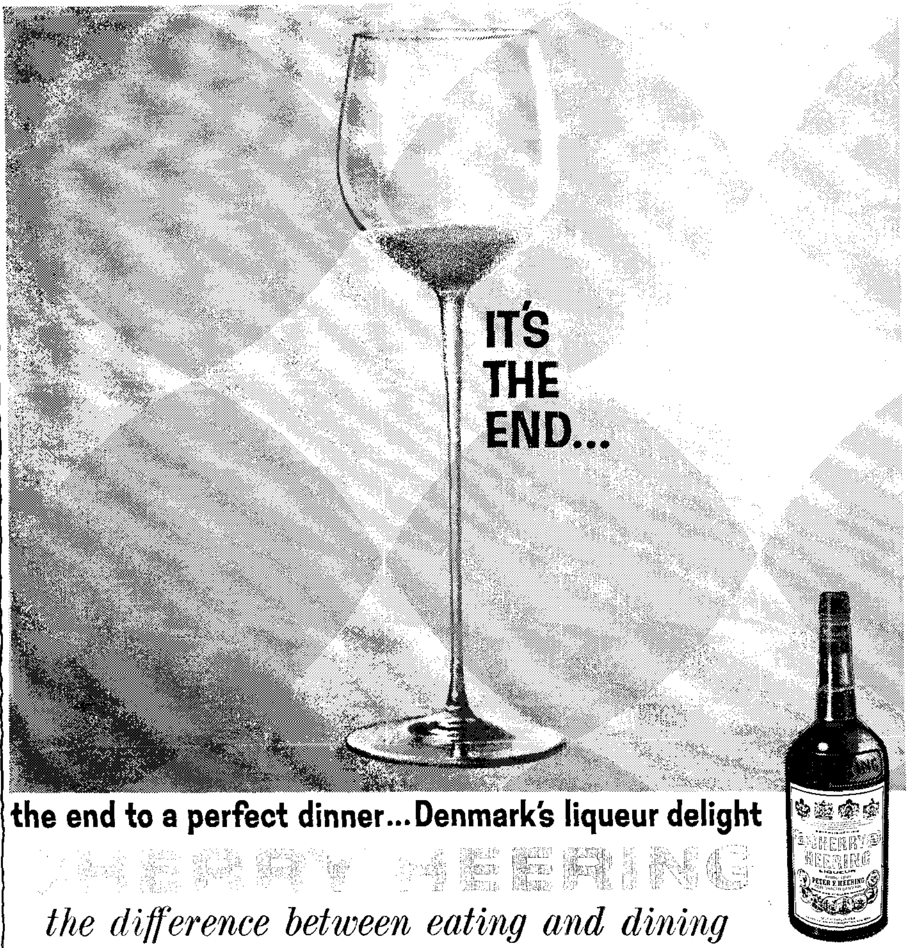

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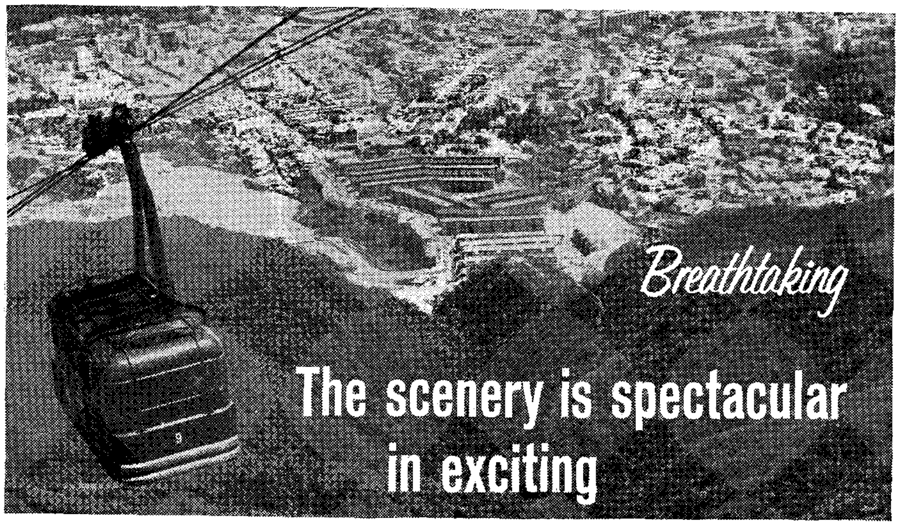

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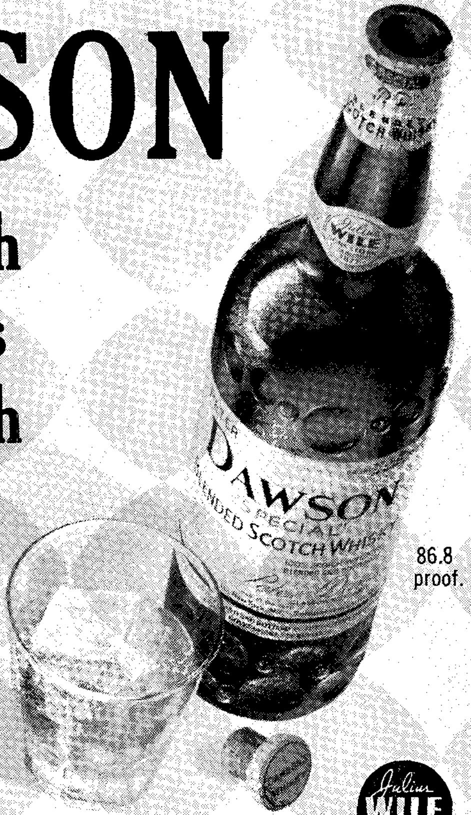

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enough, and Candy Spots went on alone. Then, on the long turn for home, Choker moved up to his heels, but Candy Spots drew away easily. Meanwhile, Chateaugay, who had begun his run, went into third place. At this point, the race lay in the balance. Candy Spots was striding out smoothly and powerfully, and Chateaugay was going so well that it was impossible to tell whether his speed at the end would swamp Candy Spots or whether the irresistible gallop of Candy Spots would hold off Chateaugay. In the next few seconds, the question was answered. As Chateaugay swung into the stretch, he increased his pace perceptibly, and when Candy Spots was asked for a final effort he didn't have it, so Chateaugay passed him in the last furlong.

Immediately there was criticism of Shoemaker's handling of Candy Spots. (Isn't this always the case when any rider is beaten on an odds-on favorite?) For my part, I saw nothing wrong with the ride. Some people also said that Candy Spots stumbled as he turned into the stretch. I didn't see that, either. Perhaps our idol has feet of clay—and you know what happens to clay when it comes in contact with water. There was plenty of water on the backstretch. Shoemaker said that his mount choked up in the stretch, just as he did when he was beaten in the Kentucky Derby. Shoemaker doesn't know why. Now Candy Spots will run for the Chicagoan Stakes, a six-figure mile-and-a-furlong event at Washington Park in Chicago this weekend. He should win it. Chateaugay, whose share of the Belmont purse was $101,700, will have a nice long rest; his next start will be in the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct, on July 13th. To own such a colt is a delight, and to have bred him and his full sister Primonetta is an achievement. Mr. Galbreath is to be congratulated.

By the way, attendance at Aqueduct last Saturday was 53,281. The management was disappointed. It expected at least sixty thousand. I suppose the uncertain weather had something to do with it, but could it also be that racegoers prefer seeing the Belmont Stakes run at Belmont Park?

—AUDAX MINOR

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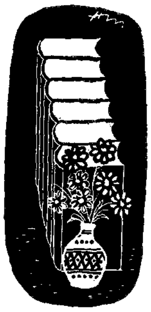
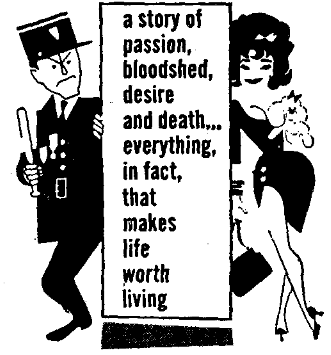


"V.," A COOL, skilled, enigmatic first novel by a young American named Thomas Pynchon (Lippincott), should be read at least twice or left alone. Even its difficulties are difficult to spot. At first, the book is largely surface—middle-of-the-road writing (with flourishes limited to occasional pale metaphors), a smooth Irish-tenor tone, and conventionally unfolding dual narratives. Then odd things begin happening beneath this surface. Most of the characters, whose queer surnames are nouns or adjectives, like Flake, Stencil, Profane, Winsome, Ploy, and Sphere, disconcertingly slip out of focus when stared at too long. They indulge offhandedly in such wayward occupations as alligator hunting in the New York sewers and solo exploration at the South Pole. A curious being named V. is introduced, and her identity, never clear from the start, grows increasingly elusive. Echoes of old myths, swatches of Surrealism, and fat symbols glide by and disappear. One eventually has the sensation of having got tangled up in a sizable Sargasso Sea (the book is just under five hundred pages long) crowded with unidentifiable fauna and nameless hulks. But at least one blank-faced fact becomes plain after a second reading: Pynchon, half joking, half serious, has no intention of allowing the meaning of his book to crystallize. Instead, he supplies just enough information (some of it red-herring), innuendo, and implication to enable the reader to supply his own guesses. The book, in fact, resembles one of those Add-a-Part phonograph recordings, in which one instrument is omitted, leaving a hole to be filled by industrious amateurs. (The next logical step would be the Add-a-Part novel, in which one or more suggested characters are omitted, to be filled in by the industrious reader-writer.) Pynchon is not out to embarrass anyone; one meaning, he seems to say with a shrug, will do as nicely as the next.

The book has two distinct but inseparable narratives, which are meted out alternately in bits and pieces. Benny Profane is the hero of the first one. He is—in fiction and in life—a cliché. Fat, listless, uneducated, and in his twenties, he takes whatever is offered him—a bathtub in which to sleep, a woman, a bus ticket—and he gives practically nothing in return. His skills encompass road building, being a night watchman, and alligator hunting in those sewers. He is clumsy and continually at war with inanimate objects, which trip him, pinch him, and slam in his face. Much of his speech is distilled into the expletive "Wha," which may be interrogatory or an expression of resignation or befuddlement. Most of his time is spent travelling uselessly back and forth on the Times Square-Grand Central shuttle or, when he is out of town, up and down the East Coast. But Profane is an attractive figure. He is kindly and easygoing and conscientious about his anti-existence. He is funny, and possibly more astute than he lets on. He is an individualist, who runs parallel to, rather than with, his acquaintances, among them rich and poor Beats, sailors, painters, and jazz musicians. One of these figures, Herbert Stencil, is the key to the second narrative. Stencil is in his fifties. In Henry Adams fashion, he invariably refers to himself in the third person singular. He, too, is a ceaseless shuttler, but, unlike Profane, who never goes after anything, he is in constant pursuit of the mysterious V. (The inanimate and the animate, action and inaction, myth and fact are pitted against each other throughout the book, and form its skeleton.) With the help of papers left by his father (a British agent, drowned off Malta in 1919) and his father's wide circle of subterranean connections, Stencil has fruitlessly pursued V.'s shadow up and down the Western world for ten years. (The time of the book is the mid-fifties, but it ranges back to the eighteen-eighties.) He has discovered that V. is probably Victoria Wren, a genteel English girl and dabbler in prostitution who first appears in Florence in 1899. She reappears a few years later in Cairo. In Paris, in 1913, she is nameless and in love with a young female dancer, and in 1919 she turns up in Malta, under the name of Veronica Manganese. She is almost forty now, and has acquired a glass eye with an iris like a clock. (One of her lovers in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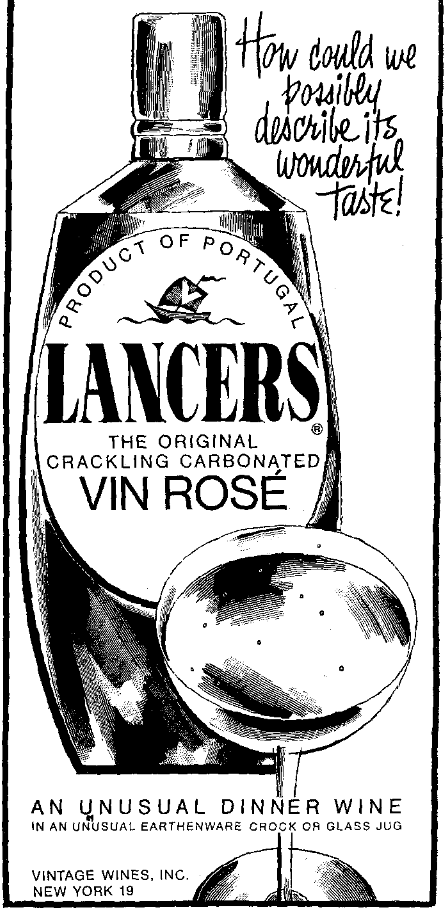
Malta is a mutilated English airplane pilot of the First World War named Godolphin, who was once beloved by a male plastic surgeon, who, in turn, alters the nose of one of Benny Profane's associates in New York. Godolphin's father, moreover, was one of Stencil senior's sidekicks and a celebrated explorer. We are already well into Pynchon's web.) Three years later, V., or what seems to be V., surfaces in South Africa, as Vera Meroving. Twenty-two years go by, and V. returns to Malta. During an air raid, she is pinned under a beam in the cellar of a bombed house; there she is found, dressed as a priest, by street urchins, who, instead of freeing her, disassemble her. They take out her glass eye, remove a sapphire from her navel, and unfasten one of her feet, which is artificial and encased in a gold slipper, and then they apparently leave her to die. (All this is calmly observed by one of Stencil senior's ex-informants, a man whose daughter is also a member of Profane's New York circle.) But young Stencil refuses to believe that V., who would now be about seventy-five, is dead, and near the end of the book he is off to Stockholm on a fresh scent.

V. is a super all-purpose symbol. She is the archetype of the chameleon figures who have floated down to us on myth from prehistory. She is evil, for whenever she appears, rebellion and discord break out. She is the Old World, with its polished, labyrinthine ways. She is the Holy Grail. She is nostalgia. She is what philosophers pursue. And Profane, as mysterious as a curbstone, is her New World counterpart. Or, if you wish, he is merely profane. At first, these two seem wholly negative. But V. and Profane, in their dissimilar ways, magnetize their worlds, and even each other. Profane, drawn ultimately to Malta, contracts a strange fever, which, it is thought, is a sign that he has been possessed by the spirit of V.

Pynchon's book, with all its Beat jigging, is, unlike its swampy predecessors, free of sentimentality and self-pity. He is a knowledgeable nonsense novelist and a satirist. But he is not cruel. His satire is done simply through the revelation and amassing of characteristics, which, after a time, unavoidably tip this figure or that toward foolishness or stupidity or vulgarity. Pynchon, an excellent reporter, leaves these conclusions to us. However, this laissez-faire method eventually overflows. The book is too long and often drones. It is overburdened with fantasy and eccentricity and the bizarre, which lose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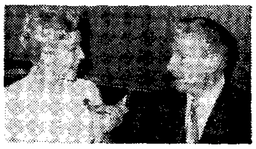
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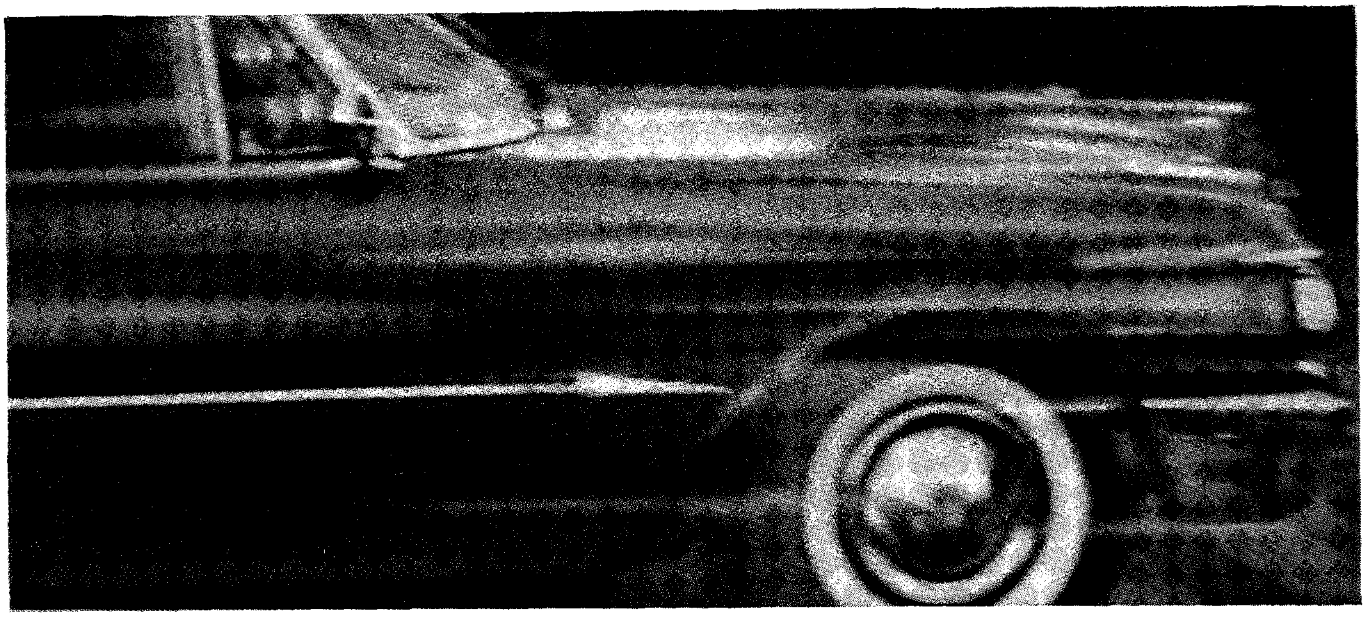

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DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK CITY their shape when they are not framed by reality. "V.," in short, is a welcome oddity—a comic novel whose author doesn't take it seriously enough.

"CAT'S CRADLE" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is an exception to the rule that novels about the end of the world are self-indulgent exercises in nihilism. Like "V.," it is a nonsense novel, and an unholy one, but its end is incidental to its means. For Vonnegut is a good and funny writer, whose subject matter—the tiresomeness of human folly—no longer enrages him. He is interested in laughter, not reform. The very structure of the book—a hundred and twenty-seven brief chapters—resembles the monosyllabic sound of laughter. His light, self-effacing prose is equally suitable, and so is the book's chief setting—the imaginary Caribbean island of San Lorenzo, which epitomizes the corruption, slackness, and greed that the Caribbean often seems to foster. A finished gallery of grotesques, who come in all shapes and sizes, forms the ballast of the book. Most important are the Hoenikkers. The father is a Nobel Prize scientist and one of the inventors of the atomic bomb. He is an abstraction who cares more for the anatomy of turtles than for people. Not long before his death, he jokingly invents ice-nine, a substance that immediately freezes any liquid it comes in contact with. His three miserable children—an ugly six-foot daughter, who is a superb jazz clarinettist; a pasty son, who constructs exquisite scale models; and a second son, who is four feet tall and a bad painter—inherit a fragment of ice-nine and indirectly cause the end of almost all life on earth. In addition to the Hoenikkers, Vonnegut gives us an American career ambassador who is an extraordinary combination of pompousness and self-mockery; a Hoosier bicycle manufacturer and his wife, both of whom induce a hysterical edge in Vonnegut's laughter; an old-fashioned small-town fathead who runs the plant where the elder Hoenikker did all his research; and a Negro, born on Tobago, who invents a religion called Bokononism, based on a doctrine (a kind of hideous inversion of Christianity) that is an incorruptible and self-admitted tissue of lies designed to make its believers completely happy. (Lewis Carroll is rapidly overtaking Dickens as a comic godhead.) Vonnegut's vision of the end of the world is carefully inconclusive. There is an outside chance that the survivors—the narrator, who has written

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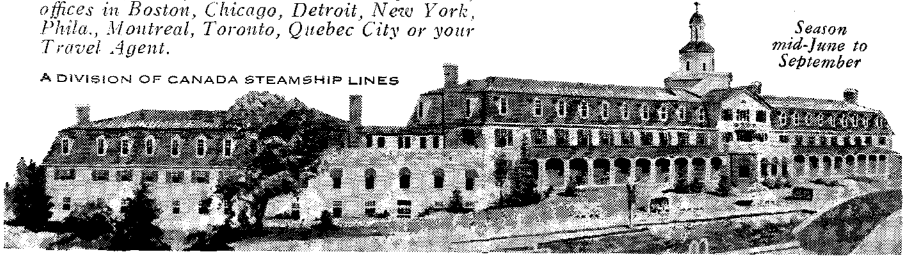

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Some of the material in this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

the book we have just finished reading, the Hoosier couple, the Hoenikker boys, and the founder of Bokononism—will discover how to melt the ice that embraces the world. Nihilism is too easy for born comedians like Vonnegut.

ESTIMABLE first novels are often long on agility and short on content. Paul Brodeur's "The Sick Fox" (Little, Brown) is the reverse. A solemn, brooding, highly compressed book, it has the substance, and even the manner, of a large Jamesian novel. Harry Brace, its hero, is an American Intelligence agent stationed in a rural part of southern Germany during the Occupation. He is bewitched by the area's isolation, its weather, its timelessness, and its women. Then a rabid fox appears in the countryside, and after the ensuing consternation Brace abruptly sees that he is in an enclosed backwater inhabited by people who are arrogant, regimented, hypocritical, and even a little mad. But Brodeur turns his lights on and off too quickly, and we are left with spots before our eyes instead of a clear vision of long-stunted human beings on their sorry, changeless rounds. Brace himself is given more attention, and in a way this is unfortunate, for—impulsive, illogical, seedy-minded, and lascivious—he comes through as nothing more than a boor. And I suspect—for purposes of structure and balance alone—that this is not what Brodeur wanted him to be. (Question: Now that the Victorian-Edwardian taboos have finally been lifted from sex in fiction, must every hero be a satyr and every heroine insatiable, and must their extravagances always be photographically described? Answer: Yes, and may the pendulum start back soon.) For all this, the largely untouched and valuable substance of the book stays with one, like the sight of a fine roast being carted off to the kitchen before second helpings have been offered. Perhaps Brodeur, a gifted writer, will not rush himself and us so much the next time.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE VICTORIANS AND THEIR READING, by Amy Cruse (Houghton Mifflin). An enchanting excursion into literary history—an account not of writers writing but of readers responding. During Victoria's long reign, which was a great era in English letters, an intensely appreciative audience awaited books that might charm, delight, improve, or instruct

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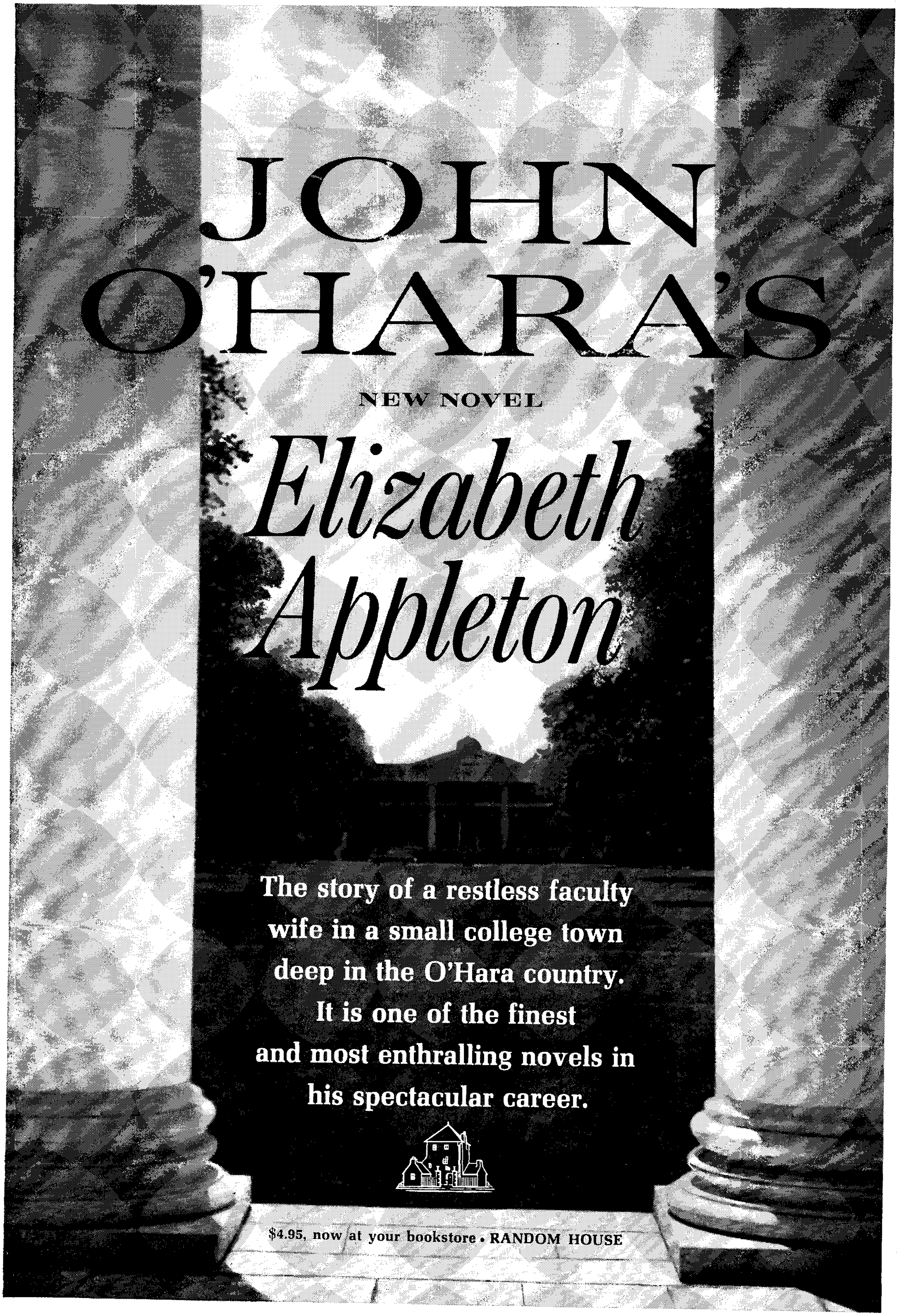

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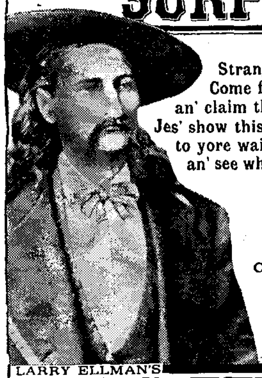

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them. We still share some Victorian tastes—for Dickens, say, or Lewis Carroll. Others are mystifying; the poet Martin Tupper was as highly regarded as Tennyson, and Miss Cruse quotes a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, explaining why he prefers the now forgotten novels of Charlotte Yonge to "Madame Bovary." (He felt that a comparison demonstrated that life in the country was more attractive for women in England than in France.) Miss Cruse, who always writes with sophisticated sympathy, doesn't belabor another puzzling point, though it does keep coming up—the Victorians' view of books as potential dangers, like firearms or epidemics. Even George Eliot worried lest girls indulge in "indiscriminate reading." But at least the Victorians took books seriously; some of Oscar Wilde's young followers really did turn up at parties carrying lilies. Miss Cruse's study is pure pleasure—sweetness, light, and urbane glee—for serious and not-so-serious readers of today.

THE THIRD REPUBLIC OF FRANCE; THE FIRST PHASE, 1871-94, by Guy Chapman (St. Martin's). The first volume of a projected two-volume history that is to investigate the question "How came it that France, which has produced so many stout-hearted leaders to support a heroic soldiery, gave itself a series of governments which prepared its collapse in sixty days?" Here Mr. Chapman describes how, after the Franco-Prussian War, the Republic grew as a jerrybuilt accommodation among contending French groups and as a system that Bismarck, triumphant but wary, would tolerate. The French Right was split among three kinds of monarchists—legitimists, Orléanists, and Bonapartists—and two kinds of clericals, ultramontane and Gallican. The Left (which was, by and large, not very radical) was split among various sorts of republicans, and by the ambitions of various leaders. The Left grew slightly; it found strength, as Clemenceau had predicted, in a new social stratum, the small bourgeoisie. Nevertheless, the country remained indifferent to the ideological struggles in the Chamber of Deputies, which was filled with politicians who did nothing memorable except leave their names to obscure streets. Mr. Chapman describes French social and economic life outside Paris as being at least a century behind England's and Germany's. (Here he—and we—benefit from some comparative-

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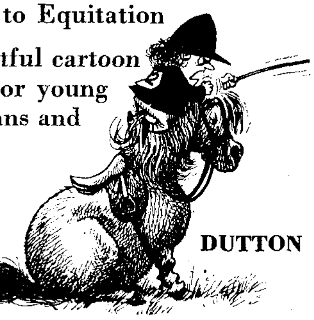

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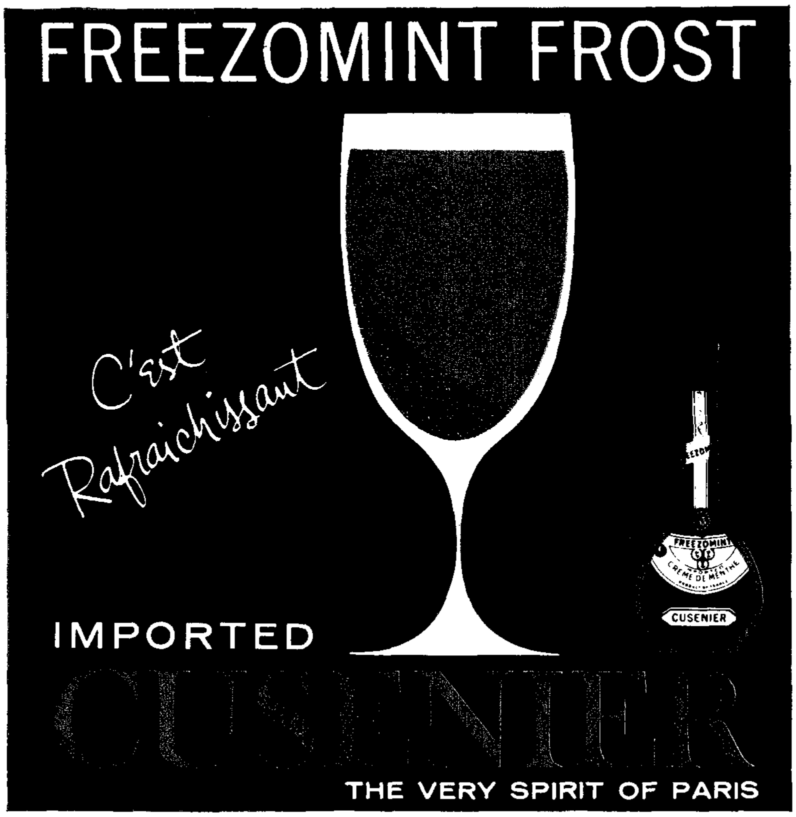
ly recent research, which has looked carefully into village records and small-town fiscal documents, and provides a sense of the people's past.) French techniques of agriculture, industry, and finance were backward, literacy was low, and the domestic market dwindled because the birth rate was falling. All these circumstances scarcely encouraged political involvement. Mr. Chapman's exposition of two sets of complexities—the tricky political tides in town and the sluggish eddies and crosscurrents in the country—is wonderfully clear. His book is less lively than some—it's so carefully minute—but far more useful than most.

THE DILLINGER DAYS, by John Toland (Random House). The subject here is the wave of violent crime that broke briefly over the Middle West and the Southwest in the early nineteen-thirties. It was a strange, almost neo-Jesse Jamesian phenomenon. The targets, like those favored by James, were chiefly banks (always unsympathetic victims), and the criminals, again like James but unlike the earlier Capones and the later Costellos, were white, Protestant, native-born Americans, most of them fresh from the farm. Mr. Toland properly centers on John Dillinger, of Indiana (whose favorite food was bread and gravy), and his gang (Harry Pierpont, John Hamilton, Homer Van Meter, Baby Face Nelson), and the eleven banks they robbed in their thirteen months of action, but he also works in the equally wild and equally fleeting careers of other wanted men (and women) who rode the roads that year—Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, Verne Miller, Pretty Boy Floyd, Machine-Gun Kelly, and Ma Barker and her affectionate sons. Much of the material is new, the organization is excellent, and the writing is clear and unaffected. The result is a first-rate period piece and an absorbing entertainment. Photographs and an end-paper map.

THE GENESEE, by Henry W. Clune (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The thirty-seventh volume in the Rivers of America series, and a most enjoyable one. Its quality is almost entirely attributable to the skill and vivacity of the author, for the Genesee, which rises from a hillside pasture spring in north-central Pennsylvania and flows north through western New York and empties into Lake Ontario at Rochester, is not a river of much importance. It is only about a hundred



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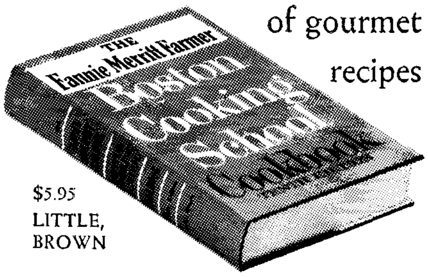

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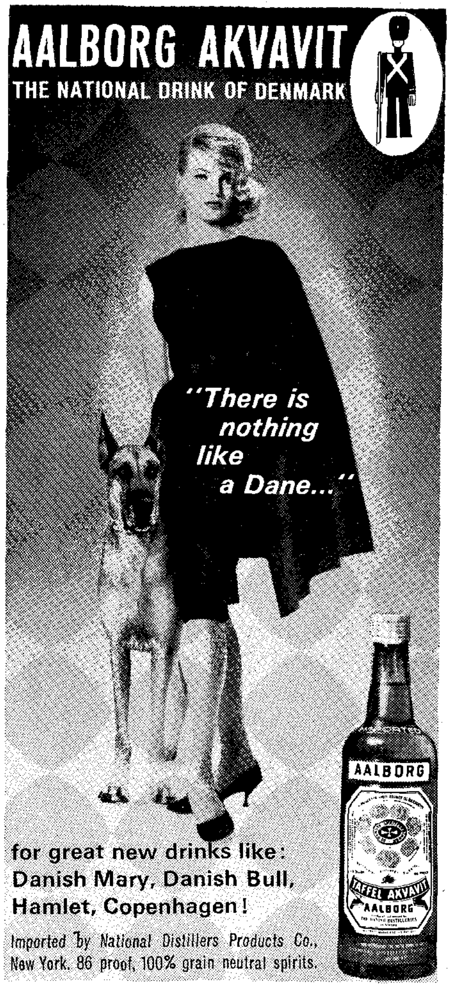

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and fifty miles long, and its course is so broken by falls and cataracts that it has never been usefully navigable. It is merely a pretty river with a fertile valley that the white man early filched from its Seneca owners and converted into prosperous farms, quiet villages, and great estates. (The Genesee Valley Hunt is the third-oldest in the country.) But that, in Mr. Clune's hands, is enough. He has lived on or near the Genesee all his life, he seems to know every scrap of its history and all of its legends, and his affection for it is unbounded. Illustrated with drawings by Douglas Gorsline.

No. 10 Downing Street: A House in History, by R. J. Minney (Little, Brown). A handful of English history, politics, architecture, and decoration, as materialized in the official residence of Great Britain's Prime Ministers. Though No. 10's façade on Downing Street is modest, Mr. Minney shows (with floor plans) that it's a big place—three houses put together and set in an attractive garden. The first Prime Minister who lived there was Sir Robert Walpole (1676-1745)—who counts pretty much as the first Prime Minister in English history—but before the nineteenth century Prime Ministers did not move in as a matter of course; some of them had bigger town houses. By the twentieth century, the house was regarded as a historic monument, and, until very recently, it had too few bathrooms, sagging floors, and foundering foundations. This last defect was partly attributable to the sloppiness of seventeenth-century construction and partly to the shoddy operations of Sir George Downing (Harvard, 1642), a political turncoat, a crook, a government official (Pepys' superior), and a real-estate speculator. The house's architectural history is the most interesting part of the story, because it's the least familiar. Still, Mr. Minney follows a number of other noteworthy historic developments attentively, among them the gradual disappearance of mistresses and peers from the English political scene.

Ta Ta, Tan Tan—"Fight Fight, Talk Talk": The Inside Story of Communist China, by Valentin Chu (Norton). This survey includes some history, lots of statistics, a modicum of righteous indignation, and too much insistence on the mysteriousness of the mysterious East. Mr. Chu, who now works for *Time*, was born and raised in China, which

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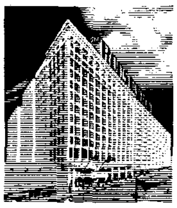

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gives him some obvious advantages in interpreting Chinese culture. He can, for instance, assure Westerners that Chairman Mao's poetry does not lose anything in translation—it's perfectly awful in Chinese, too. Mr. Chu's assessment of the Communist regime is that it's cruel, gruesomely inefficient, and unpopular. And Red China, he says, is much less of a military menace than the United States supposes. His book is full of such authoritative-seeming good news. If only he had given us footnotes! He explains that he thought they would be cumbersome, and perhaps they would have been. Yet they might have offered inexpert American readers some guarantee that Mr. Chu's conclusions reflect more than his (and our) wishful thinking.

A PRIMER ON GOVERNMENT SPENDING, by Robert L. Heilbroner and Peter L. Bernstein (Random House). The authors have put an unspeakably complicated subject—government finance—into simple, short, and sensible shape. They summarize the best contemporary economic thought on the role of government in stimulating the economy, answer all the standard objections to government spending, and clear up the meanings of words that have been obscured by argument. They themselves are arguing, of course, but their method is most persuasive—calm, impeccable exposition.

NOTE: "Fly and the Fly Bottle" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) is a collection of Ved Mehta's reports on the historians and philosophers of England, which first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AFTER THE FINE WEATHER, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row). Mr. Gilbert's splendid new suspense story is set in minor diplomatic circles in a little picturesque town in the Tyrol. Laura Hart, a pretty, outspoken, and entirely charming young Englishwoman, is visiting her brother, a very serious, good-tempered British vice-consul. Just after Laura's arrival in town, a dreadful assassination is done during a public ceremony, and Laura holds the key to the identity of the assassin. A heavy snow begins to fall, cutting the little community off from authority and, perhaps, from help; the railway line out to Italy and escape is dynamited; and a new Nazi shadow falls darkly over the land. What more could anyone ask? And there *is* more—a good-looking English cloak-and-dagger man who talks

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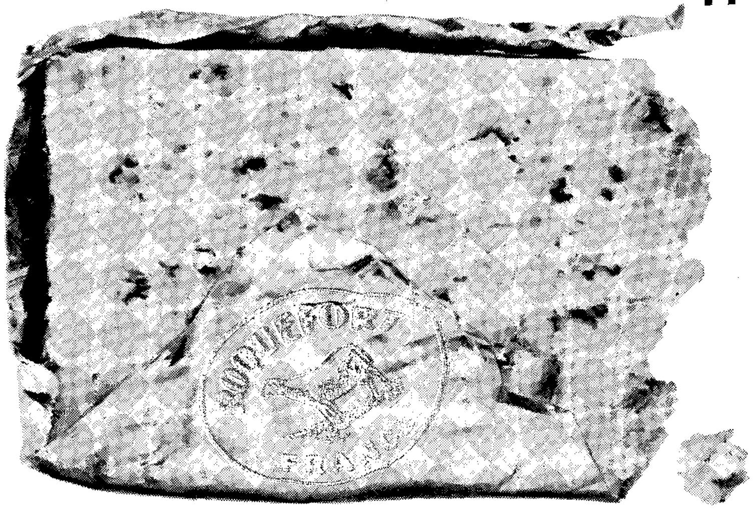

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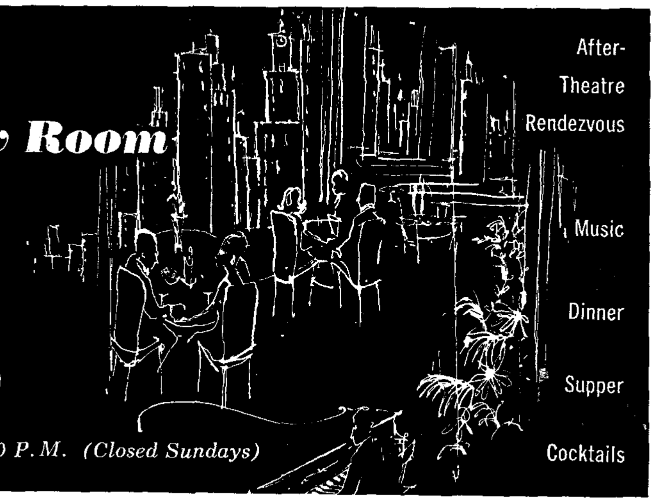

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brightly, sees all, and drinks too much, and several restaurants of the robust, romantic type that Strauss used to sing about.

THE TROUBLE MAKERS, by Celia Fremlin (Lippincott). Married hell in a London suburb. Several families, in which the husbands come home only to rage and shout or glare in silent disgust and the wives gather daily over coffee to gossip and pry and compare their disenchanted notes, are involved, but it slowly—though ever so breathlessly—becomes apparent that one of these marriages is more hellish than the others. The outcome, as precisely charted by Miss Fremlin, is practically strangulating. A truly superior thriller.

UNTIMELY RIPPED, by Mark McShane (Doubleday). A gory village tale about a new and very modernized Jack the Ripper. The scene is Greyton, a quiet place in Lancashire, where three handsome Viennese sisters—Sophie, Lissy, and Magda—have been living for twenty-five years in a large Victorian villa that is as overopulent as its owners and, like them, of a disgraceful reputation. The sisters are happy, cheerful, grasping prostitutes. Early one morning, the middle sister, Lissy, is found mutilated and dead in the market square. The town is agog, but the reader, very calm, knows there are only two important questions to be answered: First, which sister will be next? Second, of all the men we meet here, which one is the murderer? Mr. McShane is capable, fair-minded, and clever, and he has written a very good story.

•

State Senator D. Clinton Dominick, who introduced a bill to make air raid shelter drills mandatory at the last session of the Legislature, withdrew the bill in March. In a telephone interview, the Newburgh Republican explained:

"It would not be proper for the Legislature to require three shelter drills a year in all of our schools when most of them have no shelters. It would serve no purpose, and might even be harmful to have children go to shelters that were not there."—*The Times*.

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•

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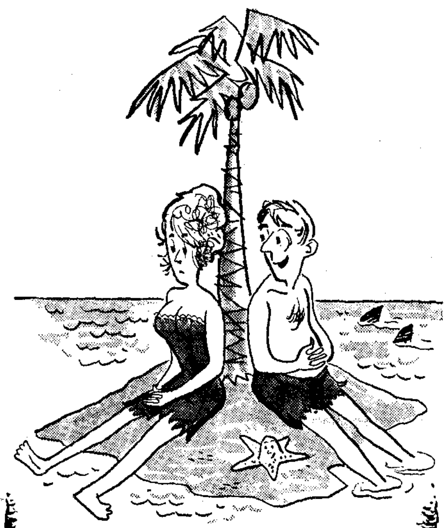

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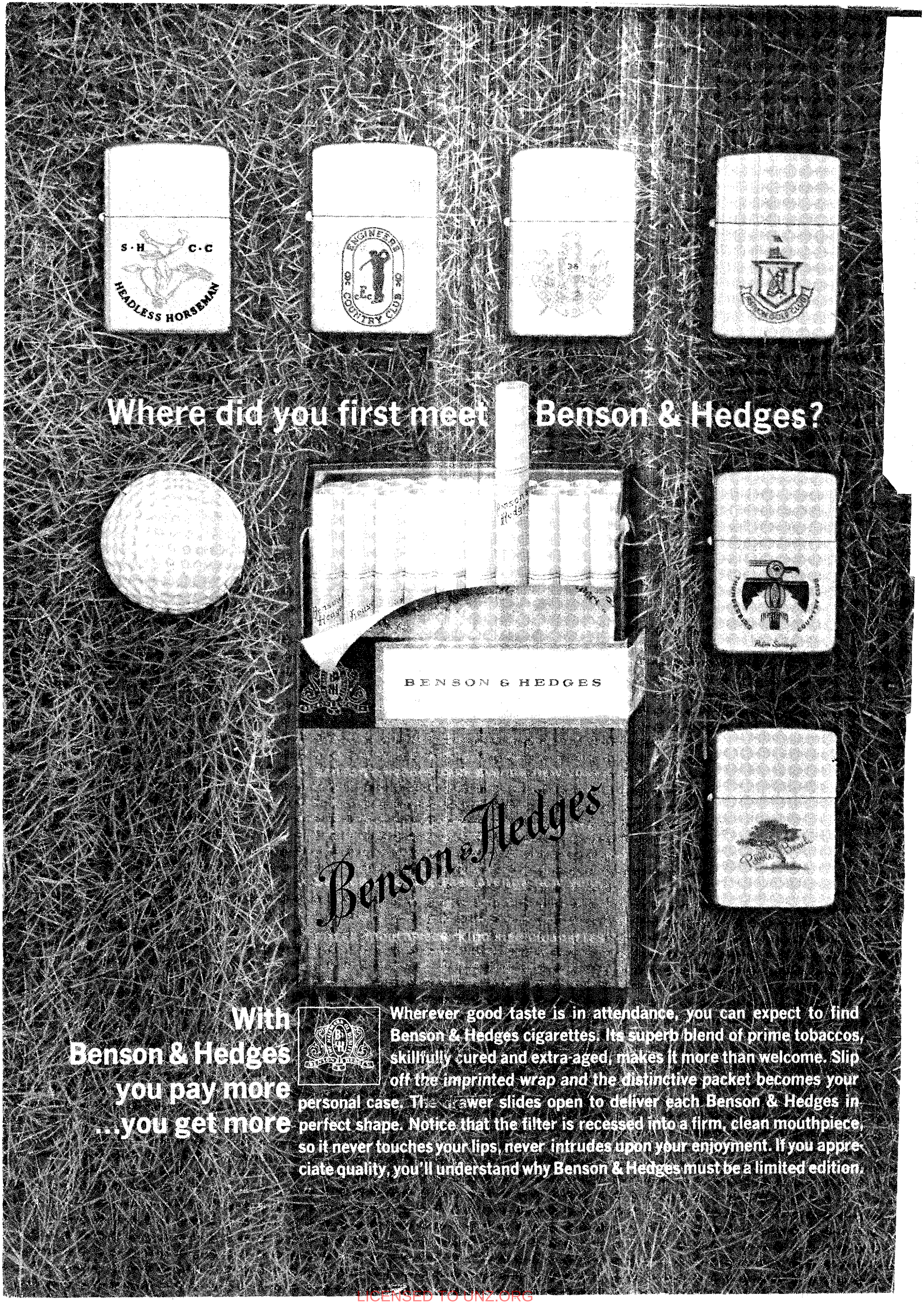
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